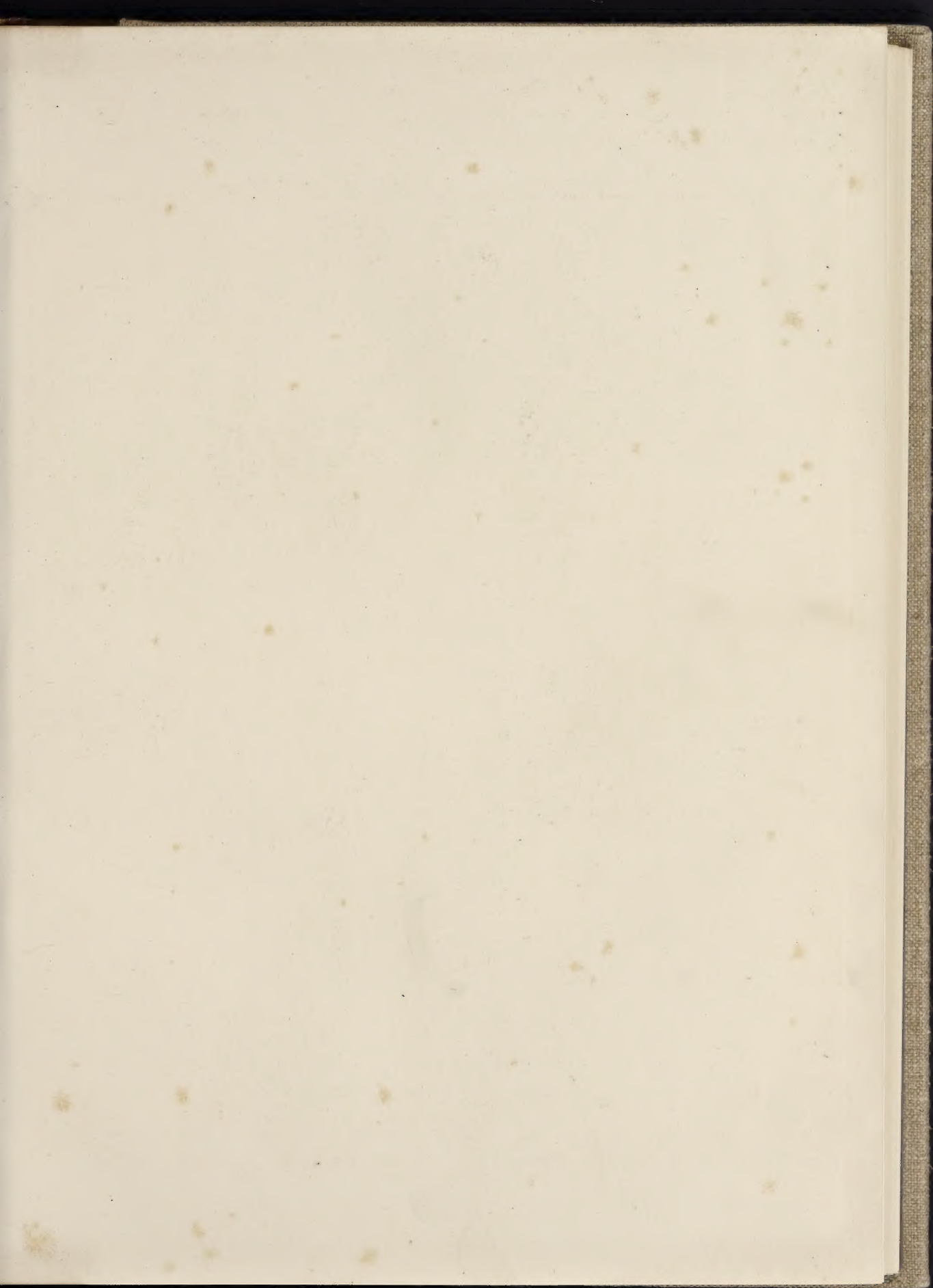


THE
ART JOURNAL



THE ART JOURNAL



SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, BART. PRA.

"THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES."

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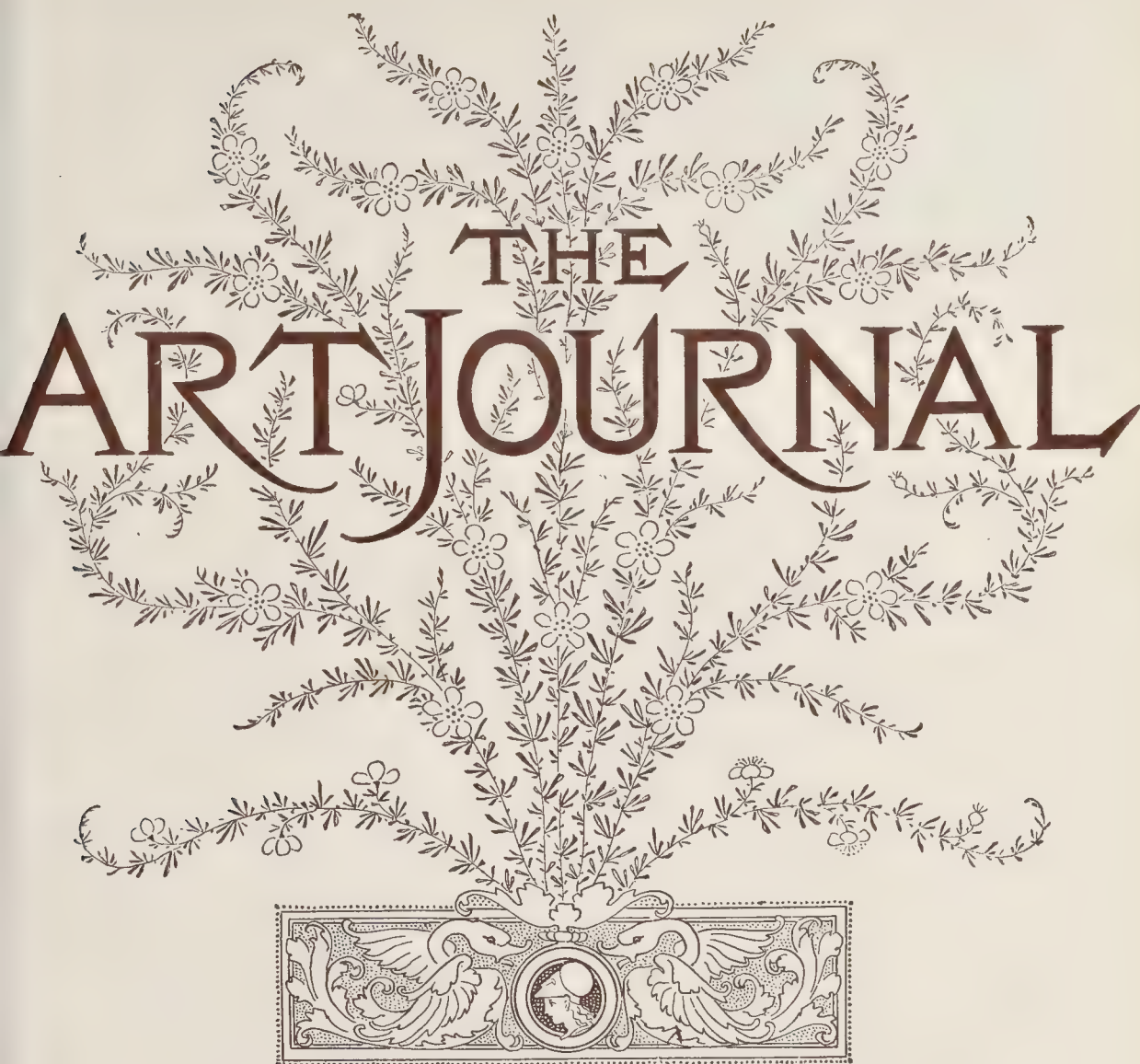
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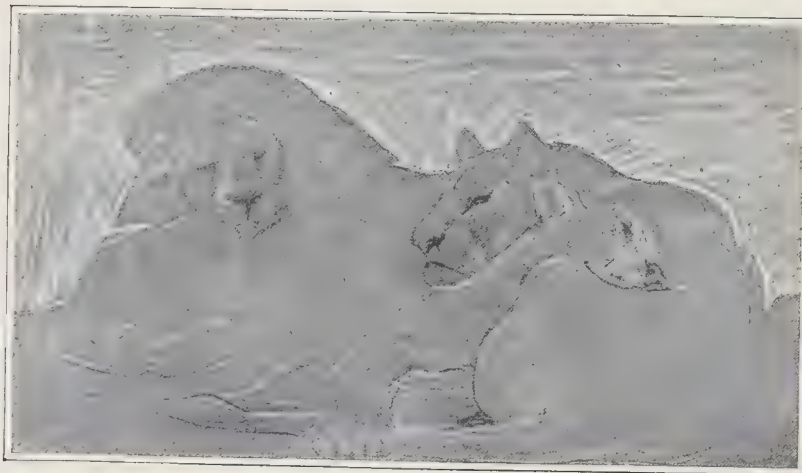
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SILHOUETTE. GROUP OF LIONS. By J. M. SWAN, A.R.A.

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FOR 1896.

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AS THE ART ANNUAL, or Christmas Number of THE ART JOURNAL, finds its way into the hands of many who are not regular subscribers to THE ART JOURNAL itself, the proprietors take the opportunity to describe its chief characteristics, and to give some idea to intending subscribers as to what may be expected in the volume beginning in January, 1896.

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FOR 1896

the arrangements will be similar to those of the immediately preceding years, but developing still more towards ideal artistic excellence. Many

subjects have been selected, and a list of the principal artists will be given in *THE ART JOURNAL* for December, 1895, and for January, 1896. It may be mentioned, specially, that as the

PRESENTATION PLATE

has proved acceptable, a similar presentation will be given to Subscribers for the year 1896.

This plate will be an Etching from a picture by

ALMA TADEMA, R.A.,

hitherto unpublished and one of his most characteristic subjects. This Etching will be 20 inches high, and on compliance with certain conditions, an impression will be presented to each subscriber for *THE ART JOURNAL*, 1896.

One main feature of *THE ART JOURNAL* for 1896, in addition to the Presentation Plate, will be a series of articles by Mr. Claude Phillips, on

THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE MACCULLOCH, Esq.,

for which exclusive permission has been accorded to *THE ART JOURNAL*. Mr. MacCulloch's collection, as all artists are aware, has been formed during the last few years from the chief pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy. From the President to the principal outsiders examples of the best works have been secured, together with a few very choice canvases from France. These, when thus brought together in the volume of *THE ART JOURNAL*, will be the most thoroughly representative collection of British pictures of the end of this century.

In technical articles, Mr. Lewis F. Day will again wield his virile pen. Mr. Fred Miller will contribute some papers on Art Workers at Home, Mr. J. M. O'Fallon on Birmingham, and others on interesting subjects in various parts of the country.

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THE ART JOURNAL,

1895.

THE LANGHAM SKETCHING CLUB.

THE Langham is the father of sketching clubs. It is sixty-four years old. It arose in the mediocre days before the beginning of the various reign of the present monarch, years before a pre-Raphaelite had been heard of, in naïf times when the object of the life class—attached to the Sketching Club but distinct in many ways—was declared to be “the study of historical and rustic figures.” Historical and rustic entirely defines the aims of these honest searchers for the picturesque. If the word picturesque was not invented already, it must have been created for the use and pleasure of the Langham Club. To study historical figures was to prepare for the costume-picture of the period, that is to clothe the model with the makeshifts so dear to Thackeray, and to make an illustration of him.

As to the rustic figures, they were the only figures which Art, outside of caricature, could well add to its landscapes. They were to cross the brooks, to take father's dinner to the field, to hurry away from a thunderstorm, and generally to give an interest to the scenes as Art called upon them to do. But that these Crusaders and these hinds were to be drawn from the living model was the fact worth noting. Whatever may have been the degree of exactitude which painters impose upon themselves, illustrators in those days troubled the model extremely little. It is impossible to suppose, for instance, that “Phiz,” who began early but worked right up into the sixties, thought it necessary to work from the life for his illustrations. He began by establishing a convention of the figure for himself—a convention that did extreme violence to the truths of action and anatomy, and even to those of gravitation. In the interests of humour this draughtsman was wont to fold up the standing figure so that it was almost sitting. It is the invariable, invincible joke—the attitude of the comic and the serio-comic character, intended to suggest now something cunning, now something ignominious, but always a point of resolute if ready-made fun. It is, in this respect, a great failure in modern eyes. It does not amuse us. Even if it struck us as good grotesque to make the male figure stand and walk

at this extraordinary angle, even if the buffoonery were merry buffoonery, the sense of the impossibility would be constantly with us. We might smile, but it would not be at the human humours. Look through any early Dickens books—“Nicholas Nickleby,” at a first venture—and you will find this unhandsome prank played with the figures, even with the hero's. No Dickens illustrator held himself bound to draw



THE OFFERING. A LANGHAM SKETCH BY ROBERT SAUBER, R.B.A.

from the model until the time when Mr. Marcus Stone took up the work. We do not suggest that in illustrating "Our Mutual Friend" or "Great Expectations," Mr. Marcus Stone

tardy fame. Then the Water Colour Society seems to have had in the Langham Sketching Club a kind of novitiate. E. Duncan was a member, so was J. D. Watson. So was



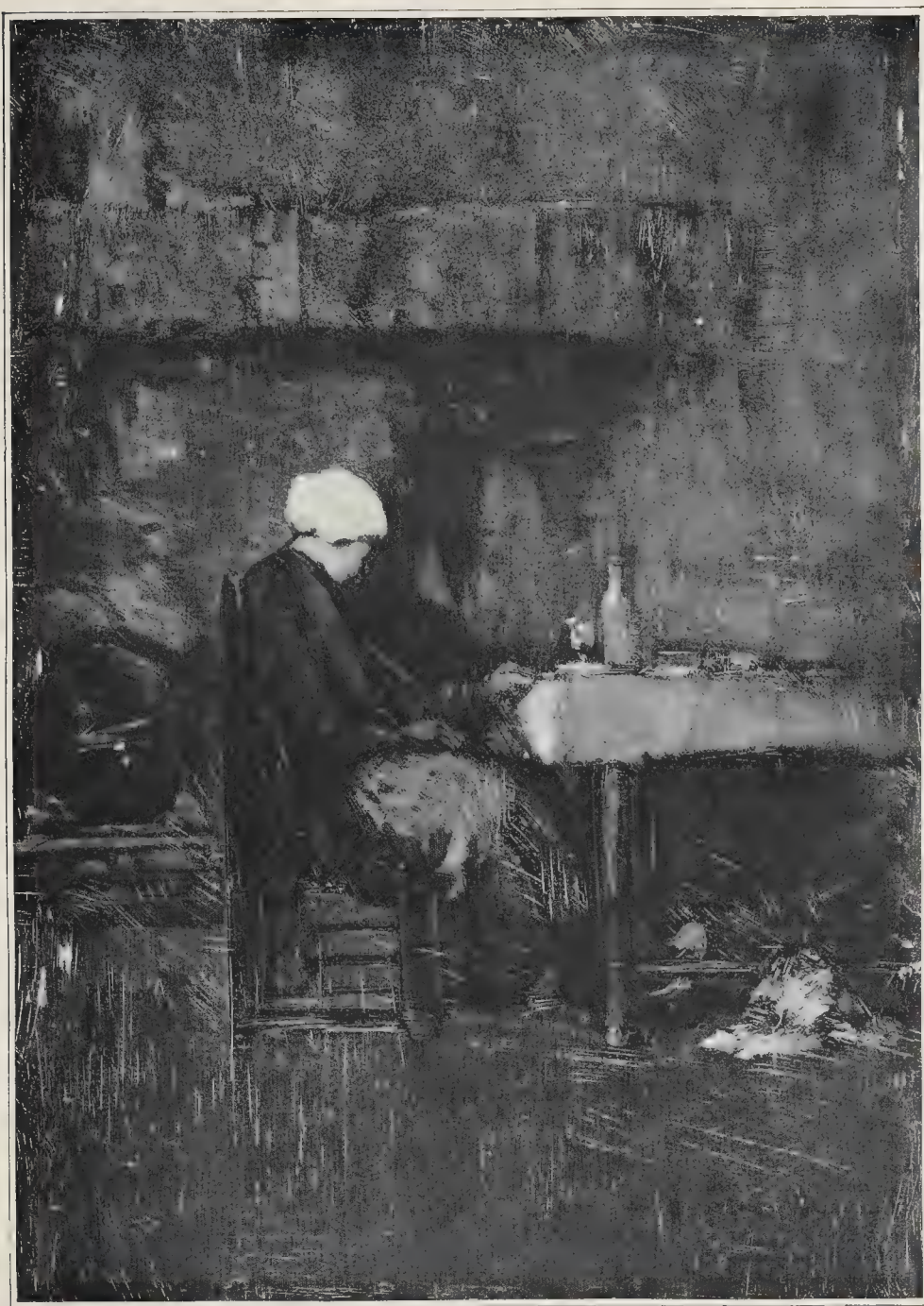
UNWELCOME GUESTS. A LANGHAM SKETCH BY G. G. KILBURN, R.I.

produced anything but rather wooden drawings—he was young, and he has doubtless applied harder words to them than these in his riper years—but he drew from the figure, and book-illustration was not done from the figure by his elders.

We have taken Hablot K. Browne as a representative; but, strange to say, his own name is in the list of the members of the young Sketching Club. He was fifteen when it was founded in 1830, and had not yet decided upon the career that proved so brilliant. It is probable that the realists of that day worked from the life as a kind of preliminary; it prepared them to work from imagination. And with very different results and methods this is much what the Langham Sketching Club is doing to-day. It is a school of training for observation, memory, and the after-impression. But of this more is to be said by-and-by. Meanwhile, to pause a little longer upon the names of past members of the Club. George Lance was amongst them, and J. D. Harding, representatives of the Art of the mid-century. With Lance and Hunt a certain kind of technique, which the world has now agreed was not wholly worth while, was made perfect. Names more familiar to our own times are those of Sir John Tenniel and Charles Keene. To look back upon the *Punch* work of the one is to take a survey of forty years of European history. The one or two weeks—surely they are no more in any living memory—when Sir John Tenniel did not do the *Punch* cartoon, were interruptions in a most familiar and life-long routine. Charles Keene was one of the few masters of the line produced by England, who died in the height of a rather

Alfred Fripp, and so was Carl Haag; so were C. Müller and Louis Haghe. What promised to be a new school, in a far more legitimate sense than we have been accustomed to of late, dawned in the Langham Sketching Club, with the too-brief careers of Fred Walker and J. Pinwell. Paul Poole prepared here for the Royal Academy. So also did Mr. Poynter and Vicat Cole. Other Academicians who worked in these classes were Mr. H. S. Marks, Mr. Frank Dicksee, Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Leader. Charles Birch prepared for sculptor's work by drawing there. The British Artists received from the Sketching Club Mr. Douglas Almond, Mr. G. C. Haité, Mr. R. Sauber, Mr. Breakspere, Mr. Dudley Hardy, and Mr. Edwin Ellis amongst others. The Institute gathered in Mr. W. Pike, Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Edwin Hayes, Mr. C. Cattermole, Mr. Weedon, Mr. E. Blair Leighton. All these were amongst the most constant and diligent workers; and many of the following names are known, and some are famous:—Albert Moore, J. Holland, G. Dodgson, W. Goodall, E. A. Goodall, Mark Anthony, Julian Gortch, J. R. Planche, A. P. Newton, J. Fitzgerald, J. Lawlor, H. Jutsum, W. W. Deane, E. J. Cobbett, J. W. Glass, Lake Price, T. Allom, J. Tourrier, J. H. Mole, T. B. Hardy, E. Lundgren. All these names are on the records of past members of the Langham Sketching Club.

When the project "for the study of the rustic figure" was begun there were but eight adherents. They were all young, and they worked together for the purpose of dividing the expenses of a model. They took a modest room at 29, Clipstone



THE FRUGAL MEAL A LANGHAM SKETCH BY DUDLEY HARDY, R.B.A.

Street, and began their studies in the month of March, 1830. It is obvious that the Club has changed its purposes as well as its place and name since then; for the eight pioneers were bent upon studying rather than on sketching, properly so called. In those days there were fewer Art schools, fewer studios, and presumably, fewer models than there are now in London. Much later that dearth endured. Indeed, it was not until the little Renaissance shook London to its centre in the early days of the Grosvenor Gallery, and all the builders in the suburbs showed one tall window to the north, that the profession of artist's model became so conspicuous. The Langham Club was throughout its earlier years not only a seminary for painters, but a seminary for models. Many a career, accessory to Art, was begun there. "The rustic figure" was quickly passed upon the way to wider studies. There have been famous models. Only in 1875 died an old man who had been a model for Sir Joshua Reynolds. To be sure, it was for the 'Infant Hercules' that he had sat, and probably he remembered little of the first great President, the master of English painting; but this model's life stretched over a period of incalculable changes. He sat, as it were, in the wings and behind the scenes of that stage upon which appeared the great figures of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Raeburn, Etty, Lawrence. He saw the Early Victorians in, and saw them out. The vogue of the 'Derby Day' was an incident of his late middle age, and the rise of Mr. Whistler an episode of his closing years. He found the world gay in powder and the grand style, and he left it upon the point of becoming mediæval with the re-entry of Mr. Burne-Jones. The model must needs pick up no trifling knowledge; at any rate, more than enough to equip a critic. The chat of painters is in itself a whole technique of Art-criticism. He sees, besides, the artist in his desperate hours; he also

It ought to be specially noted that none of the sketches reproduced here are studies from the model. They are simply memory pictures painted on Friday evenings between seven and nine o'clock. At seven the subjects for the evening—one for figures and one for landscapes—are commenced. A week before the subjects were announced, and now each worker must choose his own ideal and paint it from memory without reference to models of any kind. The Langham Life Class, which, as already stated, is a separate organization under the same roof, meets every evening from Monday to Thursday for the special study of the draped and nude model. The complete establishment is styled the "Artists' Society for General Study from the Life," and all subscribers to this Society are by right members, if they so desire, of the Sketching Club which is the subject of this article. Many painters are members of the Langham Sketching Club without being subscribers to the Artists' Society, and each candidate for the Sketching Club has to submit a time-sketch to the members before election and to go through a rather severe ballot—one black ball in five excluding entrance.

The value to the artist of such rare institutions as the Langham Sketching Club is readily understood. After the two short hours are over, the work to which pictorial expression has been given is freely and sometimes even severely criticised by brother members of the brush. Outside distinctions are for the moment lost, the cleverest man comes to the front sooner or later, and many a reputation has been founded on a Friday evening at the Langham. Besides this many a well-known painting, afterwards distinguished on the walls of the Royal Academy, has been inspired by a Langham sketch.

There is a particular interest and—from the point of view of the Sketching Club—a particular value in the studies of nature done by gaslight indoors and in a two-hours' sitting. For this



"NOT CAUGHT YET!" A LANGHAM SKETCH BY THOMAS BLINKS.

brings news from studio to studio; and on the night of the Academic elections he and his comrades gather about the doors for the first news of the new Associate. He whose principal employer is the successful candidate, carries the tidings out to whatever suburb may be the dwelling of the fortunate man, and receives a willing guinea.

reason, and as a recognition of his right to priority as the able permanent President, we mention in the first place the reproduction of a landscape sketch of Mr. George C. Haité. It illustrates admirably what a memory sketch ought to be. It is an exercise and a test, and is intended to have subsequent effect and influence upon more actual and deliberate work. It



RAN CLOUDS. A JINGHAY SEPT 11 BY GEO. C. HALL, R.R.A., PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB.

is intended also to be in some sort an achievement, inasmuch as it must be both true and beautiful; but its principal object is to train the painter, to stimulate his vision and his memory. A memory sketch is not a picture, nor is it a study for a picture. It has a completeness of its own, for it represents the essential impressions upon the memory—all the significant facts of a scene that remained to make the picture in remembrance. Mr. Haité has the invaluable quality of freshness, and of this the limitation of time is doubtless a kind of safeguard. Something of this, which is of course at its best in colour, is rendered in the black and white. Full of landscape character—of the spirit of



ON THE RIVER. A LANGHAM SKETCH BY DAVID GREENE.

the scene—is this full-page 'Rain Clouds,' by the President. His record of a sky of various grey, full of rain that comes up with a wet wind, is joined with a scene of the willowy banks of a stream in a flat country of low horizons.

Next we mention a figure subject, in which invention and memory play equal parts—invention for the aspect of the figures and active memory for the natural facts of light and of form which are their conditions. The artist, Mr. Robert Sauber, has chosen for his sketch of 'The Offering' one of the subjects that ruled mediæval art—the Visit of the Three Kings to Bethlehem. The sketch is the work of a colourist; light and colour are alike of noble quality, and the little work glows with beauty. Modern painters who re-consider and re-design these master subjects of an earlier art gain for their work the interest of all the schools. Flemings, Siennese, Florentines, Umbrians, Lombards, Romans, Venetians, Germans, Spaniards, Dutch, French—all have worked on the Adoration of the Kings. Thousands of churches, hundreds of galleries and museums treasure the variants of this theme of night, lamplight, dusky and dim background, gold and gems, rich dress, simple drapery, sacred feeling and expression. The painters have taken the manger and stable from their own villages, but in the Wise Men they have had the opportunity for exotic fancy. All dreams of the gorgeous East, all fables of travellers, and traditions of the desert and the watchers of the skies found expression in the figures and retinue, garments and gifts of the Wise Men.

The painter of animals (which do not remain still for their portraits) needs a memory. For him the sketch from remembrance is an invaluable test. "The only way," has said a famous painter of horses in motion "to get the knack of remembering, is to make a real mental picture by taking one intent look and then shutting your eyes instantly. And this mental picture you are able afterwards to recall—at least, long enough for a drawing." Mr. Thomas Blinks has not given himself, in his memory sketch, 'Not Caught Yet,' the task of drawing the creature in swift movement. But he has given himself the task of drawing a fox, and it is not at all an easy

matter to see a fox. When a fox is seen by the eyes of mankind he is generally going so fast, or is so far off, as to be no very available subject for Art-students. His figure in a moment of extremely alert pause, as drawn for the Sketching Club, is admirably full of arrested action, of life, and of the promise of flight. The fox has dropped his brush out of sight of the enemy, but he is not, for all his reputation, so cunning as the harmless kitten, who always drops his ears; for Mr. Blinks shows us the compromising ears erect. No one, by the way—not even Mr. Couldery or Mme. Henriette Ronner—seems yet to have rendered this bit of kitten-tactics, which, however, is invariable. The moment the kitten gets into ambush and wants to look over its barricade at the foe, the prey, or the playmate, it flattens its ears. The individual may not reflect, but the race knows that their upstanding points would betray him.

Mr. Dudley Hardy's sketch, 'The Frugal Meal,' comes as satisfactorily in reproduction as does the work of Mr. Sauber. There is in the original a singular beauty in the rich white of the woman's cap and in the restrained brightness of the tablecloth. The artist is famous far and wide for his black and white work, but few who admire these for their enterprise and life are aware of the sense of colour, mass, light, and dark which is proved so finely in this distinguished Langham sketch. Mr. G. G. Kilburne, one of the oldest members and treasurer of the Club, one of its most studious and able members, contributes to this record a figure-subject which he has dressed in the always interesting Empire costume. Arrest for debt is an incident which plays a pretty constant part in the plays and novels of manners of that period and of the preceding century. Mr. Kilburne's 'Unwelcome Guests' are old friends therefore. The work, in this instance, is so full as to make the limit of two hours seem narrow indeed. Although memory plays no inactive part in the truthful arrangement of the subject, the figures, and the accessories, it is rather as time-sketches than as memory-sketches that these exercises interest the outsider when they are concerned with imaginative compositions. The artist knows better than does the mere spectator how much the conscious memory has to do. Mr. David Greene's sketch, 'On the River,' is a well-considered composition, and a faithful rendering of Lower Thames scenery with which every one is familiar.

A second article accompanying another set of sketches, will treat more generally of the present condition of the Sketching Club and of its later history.

THE HOUSE OF A JAPONIST COLLECTOR.

I.

THE house of a collector has always something which speaks of an individuality, especially when the curios have been gathered, not from metropolitan markets, but each in the locality of its production. Every object has its own little history, and tells something of the place of its birth, and recalls some trait of the scene and time of its acquisition, and very often of the quaint personality of its vendor. To me, as I sit, whilst carrying on my literary work—dictating to a stenographer, and surrounded in my study by objects gathered in the far East, and during peregrinations through the cities of Kioto, or in the ancient districts of Shidzuo-ka, or among the groves on the hill-sides of Nikko, or in the temple-annexes of Nara—I seem to be almost always living a double life. The one brain-sphere is dealing with social questions of

to-day, discussing "barrack pauper schools," provincial work-house infirmaries, the massage scandal, the anti-vaccination craze; or one or other of the battles and crusades, in which it has seemed to be the unavoidable fate of my life to be largely and almost continually and inevitably engaged. With the other half of my brain I am for ever recalling notes and impressions, listening to half-spoken words, and renewing unexpressed reminiscences of old Japan from the objects around me, the twofold activity giving variety and preventing fatigue.

When, therefore, I was asked to contribute to these pages something of my impressions and experiences of Japanese Art in the form rather of a more or less instructive, and yet personal and conversational character, concerning my little world of Japanese treasures, I accepted the congenial task as



THE STUDY OF THE JAPONIST COLLECTOR.

a recreation, a sort of walk round a garden of Art-flowers—the repetition of the pleasant messages which I get from them daily as I pass from room to room, or sit in my study at my daily work, where in the cases repose types of all the products of the ancient daimio kilns, and my eye lights on the shelf decked with specimens of the artist potters of old Japan. For in the olden time commerce was not a factor in Japanese life, and every industrial product and object of use was tinctured with the spirit and moulded by the system of feudalism. Each provincial lord enjoyed, among other amusements and whims, that of employing potters, whom he sheltered in his park or the garden grounds of his Yashiki—potters who produced wares of utility or of fancy, each following for centuries a local tradition; “garden-wares” which never came into the market, on which no price was set, and which are many of them now priceless in a twofold sense. Such pottery was presented by the daimio as gifts to his friends and adherents, to his feudal upper lords, and sometimes to the Shoguns.

One and one only of these daimio potteries has survived the wreck of feudalism and that birth of commercial competition which dates from only about thirty years back. That one is a little kiln in the great garden enclosure of Count Matsura, once the Daimio of Hirado. He still retains his ancient home in Yedo, with its grand old garden in the very centre of Tokio. This had been there before the name Tokio had been given to Yedo, which was, two hundred years ago, already a great city. It was then a metropolis newly chosen by the Tokugawa dynasty as their seat of power. Hither each provincial daimio (feudal lord) was bound to resort for a given number of months in each year. He was there under the eyes and the orders of the governing Shogun.

Here still lives the old daimio of Hirado in something of feudal state in patriarchal domesticity. Accompanied by Mr.



WHITE FLOWER AND BUD IN OLD HIRADO PORCELAIN.

Inigaki, my wife and I had the pleasure of taking part, in his home, in one of the ancient “tea ceremonies” of which we still hear so much. But these are only the dying remains of the gracious customs belonging to the leisurely and cultivated bygone ages. This daimio stands between the past and present. His home is a large picturesque pine-wood construction, with all its rooms connected, *simplex munditiis*. The household is attired in the costumes of the early part of this century, with snowy matted flooring, sliding walls, and partitions of paper and screens painted by the artists of an elder day. The house is almost devoid of ornament, except here and there a low table in lacquer, and writing-boxes, and *hibachis* for warming, or a flower-vase in bronze, of priceless value, because it is from the cunning hands of Seimin or Toun, or some yet earlier artist. From the wall of the dais and recess (*tokonoma*) are suspended a set of three hanging pictures (*kakemonos*), changed from day to day, or week to week, according to the season or the festival, or the domestic incident to be illustrated.

It was in a separate annexed building especially devoted to the purpose that this famous master of the tea ceremony (*Chanoyu*) gave us our lesson in the solemn etiquette of that ceremonial. Hardly anything was omitted, either of solemn self-concentration or ceremonial salutation; the lighting of the fire, the handling of the implements, the raising of the bowl to the forehead, its reception and return on the open palm (not with closed hand), the examination and respectful admiration of the historic tea-bowl (*cha-tsue*), the



HIRADO SWEATPOT BOWL. Type copied at Plymouth.

wiping with silk, the ceremonial cleansing, were all performed in turn for each individual. Meantime the young Countess (whose husband was away in England, at Cambridge) entered from a sliding panel, and with respectful obeisance on her knees saluted her husband's father and the guests, and joined the circle.

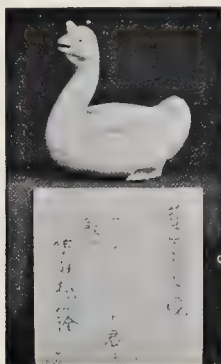
Afterwards we passed out into the garden, and he took us to his potters, who were then working to make presents for the then Tzarevitch, whose visit to Tokio was anticipated. That visit never came off. It was cut short by the attack made upon the Russian Prince at Odsu by an old Samurai, who resented the presence on Japanese soil of the representative of the hated Russian house which had deprived Japan of its possessions at Saghalien, and whose forced reception was regarded by the people as a humiliation for their Mikado.

On the shelf facing me in my library is a small swan (illustrated above), then and there modelled and baked in purest white clay with spotless milky glaze, the only modern representative of the exquisite old wares of Hirado, and which was sent home to me after a few days with the inscription on the box as follows:—"Presented to Mr. Ernest Hart by Count Matura. Made in his garden, April, 1891."

The Hirado ware of modern times is much more pretentious, and to suit the market it is often potted with extraordinary complexity and skill. On the same shelf stand two elaborately pierced and beautifully potted pagodas of the modern Hirado ware which I purchased at the Paris Exhibition, where they took the gold medal. I value them, however, far less than the little swan or the dozen pure white Saki cups with which the young Count subsequently presented me in England as a token of his father's and his own goodwill and kind remembrance.

The other specimens of old Hirado porcelain in the case have each their little story. The large shell-shaped receptacle for sweetmeats in brown and blue and white (illustrated opposite) is a specimen of another variety of old Hirado, which is interesting because it is the model and progenitor of much of our own old Plymouth and Bow wares. Their evolution by descent may easily be seen on examining the illustration. Characteristic models of the old kiln are the Chinese boys under a tree (*karako*). By a Japanese convention these pieces rise in value according to the number of the boys; my piece (here illustrated) has only one. There are a few (but I have never seen one in Europe) which have seven boys. More dainty are the little sprays of cherry blossom and bough, delicate alike in modelling, material, and colour, which were used as paper weights. Although themselves so slight, they were sufficient to keep in place the thin transparent sheets of tough, unsized paper on which the Japanese of old painted rather than wrote with brush and Chinese tube what we call their writings. For just as much of their painting was calligraphic, so their writing is pictorial; and when executed with a just sense of beauty of line and

variety of brush work, was valued as much as a picture. Into every one of the daily practices and needs of life Art entered; and long before we woke to the idea of what is now known as Ruskinian doctrine, it was the traditional rule of Japanese Art "to decorate construction, rather than construct decoration." These dainty blossoming paper weights and the flower and bud of a peony, mounted on a carved wood stem, which lies beside them, have also their historic interest. These paper weights are the forerunners and the motherpieces from which Meissen learns its characteristic flower decoration. For all our European porcelain and most of our European pottery are but copies and offshoots of Chinese or Japanese originals. Our European porcelain factories are the children of yesterday, and derived their technique, their forms, and their colouring from the East, where these arts have been practised for centuries. I say, designedly, factories, for in Europe the rules of commerce so govern even what are called Art-products, that everywhere in such factories workmen are many and artists few; and those artists, sad to say, even at Sèvres, Chantilly, Dresden, in our own Minton and Worcester factories, are by no means chiefly occupied with form and delicately shaded colour, or with decoration such as specially fits the object, but are, and especially were, chiefly occupied in painting "pictures" upon teacups and "landscapes" upon saucers, and pictures and miniatures as for a wall decoration. This is an



SMALL HIRADO SWAN,
WITH JAPANESE INSCRIPTION BY
COUNT MATSURA.



CHINESE BOY. BROWN, BLUE, AND WHITE HIRADO WARE.



MOTHER AND CHILD.
STATUETTE IN FAIENCE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. PROBABLY BY KENZAN.

outrage alike on fitness, taste, and purpose, of which the old Japanese could never be guilty. This fashion of treating a teacup as a portfolio drawing they adopted after they gave up, forsooth, copying the Japanese and began to try to do something out of their own heads and purely European.

Dresden and Chelsea imitated with deft felicity from the Japanese their decorative statuettes (*okimonos*), and often with skill in modelling and an eye for colour which will always give these dainty Dresden and Chelsea figures a deservedly high place among historic porcelains. But how little they have advanced beyond, if even they ever attained the level of the

models of old Japan, may be seen at a glance by an inspection of two of my favourite statuettes. They often speak to me of old Japan as they stand gracefully glancing at me during my morning's work. The one is a mother playing with her child, a faience of the middle of the seventeenth century and of the Kenzan style, probably by him. The other is carved out in porcelain clay at Imari; it has come out of the kiln without losing the delicate proportion, the shapely grace or perfection of any of its delicious curves and Kakiyemon diapers, showing the beauty of her many-coloured but richly-harmonized brocaded robes, and is an unsurpassed masterpiece. She is the famous Hetaira Ousugumé, the Aspasia of mediæval Japan, and the favourite of Kakiyemon; but I will not answer for the precise date of this piece, which was, however, sent to me by the greatest expert in Japan, as an authentic work of his. At any rate, it has the stamp of a master hand in every line of its culture, as in every diaper of its decoration.

But here I must stop to call to mind where, when, and how I first came across the leading pieces of my collection of Hirado ware. It was at Nagasaki, the first port which the steamer reaches on its way from the China seas to Japan, a charming city built in a bay about a mile long, and surrounded by hills of magnificent colouring.

Passing through the streets of Nagasaki with my wife and sister, we saw, for the first time, that dainty and unforgettable picture of a new life in a dainty costume, streets of dolls' houses in which everything is to the newcomer a charm and a delight. We had but two or three hours to spend, as we were bound for Kobe and Yokohama, through the Inland Sea, so that I, with my chosen guide, who will deserve a few words of grateful recollection hereafter, bowled off as fast, each in a jinricksha, as our tandem teams of two men each could hurry us, to the house of a man who had been recommended to me as the best expert and dealer.

At Nagasaki one expects, from its geographical situation, to be able to pick up a few specimens of old Satsuma as well as of Hirado porcelain. As to the former we were wholly disappointed, although he had some specimens which he vaunted much. After dropping our shoes at the threshold and making many salutations in response to his prostrations, during the course of which he was careful to touch the floor once with his forehead, and after waving aside with European brusqueness the *hacotille* of the shops to which he first invited our attention, we climbed into an upper room, bare of all decoration, and on the matted floor of which cushions were placed for us, who were incapable of sitting on our heels. Then a file of little kneeling, bowing, and smiling boys were sent continuously running backward and forward, bringing from the go-down, mysterious boxes from which appeared porcelains wrapped in silk, lacquers in brocaded bags, and bronzes making a great show of age. I had, however, passed a long apprenticeship before in distinguishing really meritorious works and their modern imitations; most of the so-called Satsuma had neither the hard paste nor the ancient *fishroe* crackle, nor the ivory glaze of the ancient ware, and although ingeniously stained by much boiling in green tea, and sometimes purposely chipped and ostentatiously mended with gold lacquer, they were all dismissed, and finally our friend confessed with smiling serenity that they were the handiwork of a priest, Morita, living some forty miles off, who was a very good man for old Satsuma. Next came a selection of old Hirado, and from these I was able to select the shell-piece illustrated on page 8, the white



FIGURE OF OUSUGUMÉ, KAKIYEMON WARE OF IMARI.

flower, and the finely modelled monkey (page 11), of choicest white, pure in colour as driven snow, and free from the ugly green reflection due to the imperfections of greenish glaze in the Hirado of modern commerce.

Then came the question of price, which had not been broached, and as we sat, each with his own little tea-tray bearing a dainty equipage of teapot and water-

pot of purest white porcelain, with faint decoration of blue, sipping the amber-coloured, instantaneous infusion of the sun-dried tea leaves of Uji, and munching delicate little *Mochi*, we began our negotiations. Our friend, who was a good specimen, or rather a bad specimen, of the wily Japs of the out-ports, corrupted by much habit of commercial chaffering, but retaining his varnish and the old habits of Japanese courtesy, would name no price. "Hart san," whose lectures on Japanese art he possessed translated into his native tongue, and whose reputation had (alas!) come before him, and who honoured him with a visit, what he wished he must have, and at his own price. The value of these poor objects, unworthy as they were to be looked at, was altogether 400 yen, £48; but, perhaps, as he



OLD WHITE HIRADO WARE. FROM THE PRINCE'S PRIVATE FACTORY.

him two hours' trouble. But the gentle courtesy of his race never left him, and our colloquy ended by his thanking me for inspecting his poor objects, and regretted that in value we differed so much. Half an hour afterwards I sent back my guide, and we settled on a transfer of the objects at a very little over the price I had set upon them.

Such are some of the trifling but pleasant reminiscences which my china cabinet in my study has always in store for me; but there are many of them, and every cabinet has its own little treasury of tales and morals of Art; some of which, perhaps, may not be unworthy to be set down in a subsequent paper.

ERNEST HART.

THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES.

NOTE ON THE COLLECTION OF MR. GEORGE McCULLOCH.

'THE Garden of the Hesperides,' by Sir Frederic Leighton, is one of the principal pictures in the collection which has been in process of formation by Mr. George McCulloch within the past few years. With a liberality far beyond any other collector of this time, Mr. McCulloch has acquired from the principal painters of England examples of their finest work. Besides the fascinating 'Garden of the Hesperides,' the collection contains what may be termed the masterpiece of the President, 'The Daphnephoria,' together with some of the best works of Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. J. M. Swan, Mr. Luke Fildes, Mr. George Clausen, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. B. W. Leader, Mr. Blair Leighton, Miss Henrietta Rae, and many others. Mr. McCulloch has also a few of the better-known foreign figure painters of to-day, notably 'The Vio-

linist,' by M. Dagnan-Bouveret, and important examples of Bouguereau, Van Haanen, and Ribot.

A splendid gallery is now being built for these pictures in South Kensington, but as this large building cannot be ready until the end of the year, THE ART JOURNAL will call attention to the collection by publishing 'The Garden of the Hesperides' only, at present, reserving the entire series for illustration a little later.

'The Garden of the Hesperides' is published as a large engraving by Messrs. A. Toth & Sons, who have kindly permitted the issue of the accompanying plate.

'THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES.'

The Hesperides are three or more maidens. The earth is their god-mother. They have lived from the beginning of time without marking its progress. They are wholly unoccupied, except that one plays on a lyre, and sings. The one

who should be shelling peas is asleep. The business of looking after the apples belongs to the snake. The words youth and age are unknown to them. As it was in the beginning, it is now, and shall be.

The Island of the Hesperides was vaguely supposed by the ancients to lie far away in the West. It will help to the understanding of what is before us to accept his conjecture as fact. At sunrise we enter the Garden. The blue is the blue of the sea. The voice is the voice of a maiden. The notes are those of a lyre.

The story of the Golden Apples, as Wm. Morris has told it, is of "a ship of Tyre that, against the will of the seamen, bore Hercules to an unknown land of the West that he might accomplish a task laid on him by the Fates." The land he describes is the land of the legend, and is, as nearly as may be, the island of which we have so sweet a glimpse in the picture.

The "strong man" of Morris's poem was followed by two others who alone of all the crew of the ship that was bound for Tyre, dared adventure the garden. They kept at a distance, however, so that he seemed to the maidens to be unaccompanied—

"About the tree, new risen now to meet
The shining presence of that mighty one,
Three damsels stood, naked from head to feet,
Save for the glory of their hair, where sun
And shadow flickered, while the wind did run
Through the grey leaves overhead and shook the grass
Where nigh their feet the wandering bee did pass."

It may be remarked that the figures are recumbent in the picture. It is possible that they started at the sound of a

step and arose. They would have looked as beautiful either way, but standing figures cannot be easily brought within the circumference of a circle. What is true of women is as true of serpents. The critic of the *Athenæum* remarked this, and wrote thus:—"The composition is simple as it is massive, and the lines of the limbs of the Hesperides, in their flowing completeness and elegance, harmonize with the folds of the snake's body in a manner which evinces at once the ease and the resources of the artist, who, with singular judgment, has framed his composition in a circle."

Of the succeeding incident—the slaying of the dragon—we must suppose the three maidens to have been passive spectators. The narrative here reaches its climax, but it would have been far from the painter's purpose to have brought it into the picture. A Hercules "panting with fury" would have seemed out of place. The subject is, in fact, one for the sculptor, and one which Sir Frederick himself—as witness 'The Athlete and Python'—has triumphantly dealt with.

I am tempted to quote again:

"Silent and motionless ever stood the three;
No change came o'er their faces, as his hand
Was stretched aloft unto the Sacred Tree;
Nor shrank they aught aback, though he did stand
So close that tresses of their bright hair, fanned
By the sweet garden breeze, lay light on him."

The poem is rich in pictures as perfect as this. But the artist must deal with one at a time. Perhaps on another occasion Sir Frederick may be inspired to attack the subject again. Let us rest content for the present with what we have.

ERNEST RADFORD.

WILLIAM HUNT.



THE BLESSING. BY WILLIAM HUNT.

WILLIAM HUNT, often scornfully called the painter of cowboys and birds' nests, was, nevertheless, a greater master of his material, namely, water-colours, than any artist who has painted in that medium. From the capabilities of water-colours he extracted a greater number of nature's truths than any other painter, Cox not excepted. Both these artists were perfect masters of technique, and they never what is termed "fumbled" or "fudged out" their themes; on the contrary, at every stage they expressed their impressions deliberately and surely, giving the utmost value the material could render. In other words they never produced what is called "feeling" by dulness and "dirt."

Hunt has sometimes been called the "prentice pillar" of the great group of English water-colourists; the fifth pillar of the five, in fact, who may be said to have formed our great school.

Strictly speaking, however, Hunt was not a landscape painter, like the other four, although even in this department of Art, as I shall presently prove, he was as beautiful and as original as any of them. His genius has been scorned and despised because, like Burns and Wilkie, he chose his subjects chiefly from peasants and people in humble life. Every subject, however, he elevated as they did. It is said he had no imagination because he painted *direct* from nature, and could not, therefore, idealise a paid studio model into a Madonna, or a goddess, or a seraph, or a Saviour. Hunt's works were at least real; as real as Raeburn's great portrait of Scott, which expressed the soul and character of his subject. In his realism he gave us discourses on colour, modelling,



"Too Hot." By WILLIAM HUNT.

artistic selection and arrangement, and unrivalled technique. If Hunt's subjects are wanted, his, and his alone, will be called for, for he has never had even the ghost of a rival. Turner himself had not such mastery over his material, and dreamers may dream of a second Turner, but they cannot of a second Hunt. Hunt exhausted his own subjects; he has left nothing beyond.

His love of nature was so intense and full that his pictures of primroses and violet-banks lead us to the woods; to God's gardens, where he worshipped; to the meadows sweet, among grasses and wild flowers; and to the summer sun.

After such lovely pictures one may be pardoned for smiling at pitiable and puerile performances in the shape of cut flowers arranged in regulation vases, some of which, we are told, are the work of *masters*. Hunt was, moreover, a renowned painter of rustic life, and he had greater sympathy with common day labourers than he had with professional models, who sit for characters as the subject demands. He knew the peasants, body and soul, and found among them what Burns and Dickens found, hearts which could go out to Wilkie's 'Blind Fiddler' and 'The Rent Day'; and they loved their painter and cheered him on to fulfil his mission. The still-life, so called, which he so often painted, was to him part of *them*, and the "accidents" of nature, which he found everywhere in God's gardens, breathed of the lowly bread-winners.

The primroses and the may-sprays were not mere regulation "vase" studies, but living leaves from the book of nature. The commonest sea-shells and fishes interested him, as they do the scientist, and they lived in his art, which meant dulness and death to all other workers in that field of nature. From those wondrous regions of nature, far below the surface of

attenuated and emasculated Art-fashions, Hunt, like the naturalist, sent to the surface numbers of God's jewels, and discoursed on their features, their laws, and their exquisite qualities, like the true painter he was. What he shows us is high Art, and the subject has little to do with it. Hunt's technique, and especially his brilliancy, is so extraordinary that no box of pigments seems capable of supplying the materials. The marvellous light and depth, however, are not produced with colours in juxtaposition, as they are in the box, but are made by laying one rich colour over another, starting, however, with a solid chinese-white ground. In early life, Hunt painted without the use of body-colour, and it was not till his middle period that he used it. It is quite certain, however, that as no luminous sky can be produced with body-colour, so no still-life of the highest excellence can be produced without it. Hunt found this out, and left off the excessive use of transparent colour when he painted his wondrous still-life pictures. He never, however, at any time used body-colour in his figure painting. Body-colour painting in the ordinary sense means mixing the pigments with body-colour. Hunt never did this. He painted on body-colour which was laid on the objects thick, and then left to dry to hardness. He would, for example, roughly pencil out a group of plums or grapes and thickly coat each one with chinese-white, which he would leave to harden. On this brilliant china-like ground he would put his colours, not in washes, but solid and sure, so as not to disturb the ground which he had prepared. By this process the utmost value for obtaining strength and brilliancy was secured, for the colours were made to "bear out" and almost rival nature herself. Certain it is that no still-life painting can



"GOOD NIGHT." By WILLIAM HUNT.



THE SHY SITTER. BY WILLIAM HUNT.

rival Hunt's drawings. Turner employed the same means when he painted in oil, in his late period; when he tried in oil to rival the purity and aerial effects of the water-colours. Hunt's backgrounds, however, were painted to a great extent with transparent colours, with the exception of portions, such as lichens, mossy grasses, etc., which were first prepared with white, like the chief objects in the drawing. By this subtle method a contrast was obtained between objects and background, and he secured also *chiaro-oscuro*, out of which the living work came forth. Let any one try to copy a fine Hunt drawing, as the writer has frequently done, and he will find how dull and dead his copy is when compared with the original.

Hunt was not only a superb rustic figure and still-life painter, but his interiors and landscapes are also of the same class. Hunt's landscapes are strangely like those by John Linnell, *senr.*, in water-colour. The most interesting folios of Linnell's landscapes are at Redhill; and when the writer was shown them by Mr. William Linnell, he expressed his surprise at their marvellous resemblance to William Hunt's. Mr. Linnell said, "Yes; my father and Hunt were fellow-pupils under John Varley, and Varley sent them to nature to make such studies as you see." Hunt, therefore, was a first-rate landscape painter, at that early time, for his, like Linnell's, is masters' work, and on a level in water-

colours with one of the greatest of all landscape-painters. Curiously enough, in his own department he was also a rival of Turner. Mr. Fawkes, of Farnley, in Wharfedale, possesses an album of superb studies in colour by Turner, of dead birds and various still-life subjects. None but the keenest experts would know that these were not early studies by Hunt, and the only difference is that Turner had not seized the character of colour and form in such a marked manner as Hunt did.

Hunt was a consummate draughtsman; he could draw as delicately as Gainsborough and Cosway, and as vigorously as a Venetian. His leading feature, however, was *character*. Everything he did had this rare feature, not only in drawing but in colour. No one need ever hope to produce the peculiar nature of the primrose or yellow grape, or, indeed, of anything Hunt painted, to "live" for a moment among his works! He was a master with the lead point and with the reed pen. This can be seen in many of his early portraits, and, as to muscular work, in his studies of St. Martin's Church, and in numbers of reed-pen pictures of figures and still-life. He was like the Nasmyth hammer which could chip the wren's egg or forge the anchor of a man of war. Ruskin among his numberless aphorisms expresses this truth when he states "All great Art is delicate Art."

I knew Hunt, and as I have had the singular advantage of living for many years among numbers of Hunt's choicest works, I have no reserve about the encomiums expressed about him. Hunt had an affection for the peasant, and 'The Blessing' might be a study for the centre-figure in Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night." Here (see our illustration), we have character, body and soul, and the "lyart haffets" which mark that hard work and weariness are telling against him. Those who knew Hunt felt that the humble cottar was his friend, whom he truly preferred to those in stations above him. In the cottage he found often "hearts were more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood." He painted what he saw and felt. He furthermore added emblems of their lives, those golden banks garnished with mosses and grasses, which sometimes quaintly concealed a bird's nest which the peasant-boy had hidden. 'The Blessing,' in the possession of the writer, represents a smock-frocked countryman expressing his thankfulness for his frugal meal, and this splendid drawing is probably Hunt's masterpiece. Let the sneering æsthetic "eye-glass" for a moment this production of the cowboy painter, and observe what this simple artist could produce when his soul moved him. Ruskin said it was more than a sermon; it was a poem. Other similar works might be mentioned. I have stated that Hunt rarely used body-colour, even in minute quantities in his figure-work. He used the knife!

No surgeon, however dexterous, could use the knife with

more effect than Hunt. Rather than have his background monotonous and flat, he would scarp up portions here and there, and drop colours into the spaces like mosaic work. He would, in fact, reproduce as far as he could the infinity of nature, even in his backgrounds. Sometimes when he wanted a foil for the tender modelling of his faces, he would plough up the paper with the knife in some bold parts of the garments, and this by comparison, or contrast, would make the flesh look soft and life-like.

Mr. George James, of Trafalgar Square, possesses Hunt's celebrated drawing, 'Too Hot.' It represents (see illustration) an urchin cautiously partaking of some scalding porridge, while a dog watches the operation. This dog, in the immediate foreground, is wholly cut out with the knife, and then painted with a peculiar rough texture, which actually seems to give life to the creature. The other parts are as rich in colour and tone as Hunt himself could make them, but this terrific knifing has tempered and mellowed them into a glow of *chiaro-oscuro*. Other examples of Hunt's subjects are 'Good Night' and 'The Pitcher Girl'; and of his living animal painting, one may be seen at Stirling, in Scotland, at the Smith Institute. This drawing represents a brindled cow in a byre with a cow-boy and milk-pails. "No Dutchman need apply" when such work is about! The animal is a wondrous study of truth in colour, and character of colour, and the interior could only have been produced by Hunt, for it is the most extraordinary study of high lights, low lights, reflected lights, and silver lights in the world.

Like all true work, Hunt's will live for the enjoyment and instruction of the few, who will ultimately leaven the masses with the name of the painter, and perhaps only the name, for to the masses a chromo would be as good as an original. In one particular the most unreserved praise may be allowed to Hunt for being at least a healthy painter, without a thread of morbidity about him. He had, it is said, no imagination. Thank God for it! To him the high idealisms were unreal; whereas God's gifts, such as he knew, were real, and therefore to Hunt's mind true. Imagination so-called has little to do with such masterpieces in Art. Hunt, after all, only did as poets and great painters have done, namely produce artistic gems from suggestions in Nature and Art. Turner did no more. He made dreamy pictures which the public call poetic, and full of feeling, because they are mysterious and undefined; whereas the poetry is really in the subtle chords and fugues of colour and artistic compositions which were suggested by nature and moulded in the Turner mind. They do not see at all what Turner did; for only a close observer can see; *they* look at them from a distance only. The masses want a name from the leaveners, and after that a history.

Hunt readers need no history. They judge the work with the rapidity of lightning, and with unerring instinct. The connoisseur or true judge alone places the painter on his pedestal. Hunt's deficiency of imagination kept him from straying from God's work, which he found in nature, and he cheerfully left higher minds to the things unseen and unknown. Hunt had the true ring of the metal, and that metal was gold. In the preface to the catalogue of the loan collection of Hunt and Prout drawings which were exhibited some years ago at The Fine Art Society, in Bond Street, Ruskin says, "There is one further point, and if my preface has hitherto been too garrulous, it must be grave in notice of this at the close, in which Turner, Bewick, Hunt, and Prout, all four agree—that they can draw the poor, but not the rich. They acknowledge with affection, whether the principal or accessory subjects for their art, 'the British farmer,' the British soldier and sailor, the British market-woman and the British workman. They agree unanimously in ignoring the British gentleman. Let the British gentleman lay it to heart, and ask himself why."

In these enlightened days we hear much of schools, public and private, we see troupes of ladies full of enthusiasm, being posed and placed by teachers to make sketches in oil and water-colours of bits and bobs of picturesque England.



THE OLD SALT. BY WILLIAM HUNT.

But, in spite of "a' their colleges and schools," as Burns has it in "The Twa Dogs," are the present teachers more able than those of the old times, when the masters of our great school of water-colours themselves taught and painted in the presence of their pupils, and gave them at the same time a deep and learned and yet plain lecture on the processes of interpreting nature by the means before them? Have Old Crome and David Cox and De Wint and John Varley been superseded? This may be so, but the results are against the facts. The taste of the people is, as a rule, greatly lowered, and to supply that taste, exhibitions, bazaars, and dwellings are filled with abortions in Art. Has not all sense of form and especially colour disappeared, and terra-cotta, with its bilious livery attendants, taken its place? Have we, with all our civilisation, not destroyed the great and ancient art of the East, and bribed those nations to produce shoddy imitations of an art which was once the wonder of the world? Science and commercial enterprise, or lust, has done its work, and a modern Japanese or Chinese vase will go well with shoddy and shaggy carpets, and German prints and oleography. Those who *know*, however, will have the true things after all, no matter how loud the costers' call; and the Turners and De Wints and Hunts will be of the number.

It is the fashion among ultras to talk of "oils" as the only medium for lofty expression. It may, perhaps, be so; but let it be known that no "oils" can breathe in the presence of



THE PITCHER GIRL. BY WILLIAM HUNT.



THE YOUNG SALTS. BY WILLIAM HUNT.

fine water-colours, certainly in landscape, and in Hunt's subjects. No Dutchman can live a minute in such a presence, for here we have power, delicacy, brilliancy, modelling, and drawing such as oil cannot produce. The clogging mediums and varnishes make it impossible. Hunt himself could do nothing with oils against the purity and brilliancy of water-colours. The truth is, in these cultured and electric times people cannot stop to study, nay, even to glance, at such paltry "boudoir work." This is left to the calm and searching eye of the judge, who studies them and adds them to his choice collection of other great English masters in water-colours.

Ruskin is one of the few whose knowledge of nature and Art justifies his great praise of William Hunt, and I will conclude this essay with his sweet poetic eloquence on three celebrated Hunt drawings, 'The Shy Sitter,' 'The Fisherman's Boy,' and 'The Blessing,' things that the old painter was himself unspeakably blessed in having power to do:—"The strength of all lovely human life is in them; and England herself lives only at this hour inasmuch as from all that is sunk in the luxury, sick in the penury, and polluted in the sin of her great cities, Heaven has yet hidden for her, old men and children such as these, by their fifties in her fields and on her shores, and fed them with bread and water."

JAMES OKROCK.



LAYER MARNEY CHURCH. DRAWN BY A. QUINTON.

LAYER MARNEY TOWER AND CHURCH IN ESSEX.

A RUN of a little more than an hour by the Great Eastern Railway brings one from Liverpool Street to Kelvedon, Essex. This large village, or small town, as it may be safer to call it, is memorable to many as the birth-place of Mr. Spurgeon, the well-known Baptist preacher. Kelvedon is the nearest railway-station for those who wish to visit the Tower and Church of Layer Marney. The distance is described as about five miles, but this may be interpreted to mean a comfortable six miles through quaint, pastoral country. Vehicles can be secured at a reasonable rate at almost any of the inns in the little town. If, however, the weather is at all favourable, the walk to Layer Marney will well repay the industry and perseverance of the pedestrian. The road winds about a good deal, but by the help of sign-posts and occasional inquiries at the cottages of obliging peasants, no one need go far astray.

About three miles from Kelvedon, and half-way to Layer Marney, is situated the pleasant village of Messing, where Roman remains have been found. The church, although to a large extent of recent date, is worth a passing visit. The font has some exquisite carving, and the chancel is lined with oak panelling of the time of James I. At one time, it is said, there was an old and curious wooden effigy of a cross-legged Crusader in mail armour in the church. This was supposed to be the tomb of Sir William de Messing, the founder of the church. Some years ago, when the snows and winds of winter were at their worst, the cross-legged Crusader was burned as fire-

1895.

wood by order of the gentleman who was vicar of the parish at the time.

The walk from Messing to Layer Marney gradually conducts into one of the most secluded and pleasant parts of rural Essex. No one should condemn this extensive home county as flat, and cold, and void of interest, until he has, at least, made an actual pilgrimage into some of its more remote retreats.

The family of the Marneys were owners of the lands in the district which has become associated with their name, as early as the time of Henry II. Several members of the family had considerable influence, not only in their own county, but also in high matters of State.

Sir William de Marney, who in 1402 was High Sheriff of Essex and Herts, and who died in 1414, had a licence from Henry III. to enclose a park at Layer Marney, it being then within the precincts of the forest of Essex. By his will, written in Latin, and dated the same year as that in which he died, Sir William appointed his body to be buried in the choir of Layer Marney Church, and there his tomb stood, up to the time of the restoration of the church in 1870.

Henry VIII., about six weeks after his father's death, married Catherine of Arragon, the widow of his elder brother Prince Arthur, who died without children in 1502. The king was largely influenced to form this alliance by the representations of his Council, who decided that "the same reasons that made his wise father choose to match with Spain were in force still."

F



LAYER MARNEY TOWER FROM THE N.E. DRAWN BY A. QUINTON.

A prominent member of this Council was Sir Henry, afterwards Lord Marney. It was this nobleman who erected Layer Marney Hall, or Tower. Like his grandfather, Sir William, he was for a time High Sheriff of Essex. In consequence of an appointment in the household of the Countess of Richmond, Henry VII.'s mother, Sir Henry came into close contact with royalty, and in course of time attained to high favour with both Henry VII. and Henry VIII. Honours, riches lands, and titles were showered upon him. He became a Privy Councillor, Captain of the King's Body Guard, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Lord of the Privy Seal, and a Knight of the Garter.

Lord Marney was a soldier of some reputation, as well as a distinguished statesman. He fought for Henry VII. in France, and won renown for himself at the Battle of the Spurs. He is described as having been a man of great talent and bravery. "His foresight was large, and his spirit larger; he considered all circumstances that occurred to him; judged what he considered, and spoke what he judged with resolution as to his opinion."

Henry Marney, being greatly enriched, resolved to use

his wealth in erecting a mansion in a manner calculated to perpetuate his name and reputation. He laid the foundation of Layer Marney Hall in 1500, and watched its progress with deep interest. He was, however, destined to pass over to the great majority without seeing the magnificent building fully completed. He received his lordly title in 1523, and died within a year after he was thus ennobled.

Lord Henry left an only son, John, who succeeded to his father's title and estates. Lord John did not survive his father more than one year, and with him passed away the last of the Marneys.

The estate was purchased first by Sir Bryan Tuke, the secretary of Cardinal Wolsey, and afterwards by Sir Samuel Tryon. In the seventeenth century it came into the possession of a family named Corsellis, having been sold to a gentleman known as "Nicholas Corsellis Esq.," a merchant of London.

Lord John Marney, in his will dated 1524, left particular instructions as to his grave and the restoration of the church. He says: "I will there be a tombe sett and made of such

stone as my father's is made of, iff it may be gotten, or ells of freestone . . . to be wrought in every condition as my father's tomb is, except the wawte over and above my father's said tombe; and round about my said tombe I will there be made a grayte of wayscott, and at every corner of the same grayte a principal pillar with a white bypard upon the topp thereof. On either side of my said image I will myn executors ley oon image of brass for every one of my two wives, Dame Crystian and Dame Brygett, is to be laid on my right hande, and the other on my left hande; and at the west end of the said tombe I will there be made an awter where I woll have a priest synging for me perpetually, after such ordences and devices as here in this my present will hereafter I have shewed and declared."

Lord John made a rich bequest of plate to the church and "for the keeping the said plate I will that mine executors shall ordeyn a strong coffer with two locks and two keys. Also to the building of the said church £200 sterling eff it be not builded and fynished at the time of my death."

On approaching the towers of Layer Marney they at once

strike the visitor with a sense of vastness and hoary antiquity. In their gigantic grandeur they point backwards to a vivid dream, soon dispelled by the stern hands of change and mortality. They tell, also, of a hope and ambition which melted away like the mists of the morning.

The original building was square. It enclosed a large court, one hundred and four feet six inches by seventy-six feet four inches. The grand entrance to the mansion was by the gateway between the towers—the only fragment of the structure now remaining. These towers rise on each side of the gateway to the height of eighty feet. They consist of eight stories all told. The space between the towers over the archway is occupied by two large and lofty apartments. Designed, no doubt for purposes of great magnificence, they are now, alas! suggestive of dreary loneliness and decay.

The building, in the days of its splendour, is said to have been for beauty, costliness, and extent exceeded by none in the county of Essex, except perhaps by New Hall, at the time it was a royal residence. Each of the octagonal turrets is lighted by a number of small pointed windows. The two apartments over the gateway have square mullioned windows. The mullions are in the manner of Ionic pillars. Their capitals,

the ornamental decorations on the summit, and the cornices are formed of moulded white earth of exquisite workmanship.

From the summit of the towers on a clear day splendid views are commanded of the surrounding country, with the estuary of the Blackwater and the waters of the sea on the verge of the horizon.

The general appearance of the towers from several points of observation is decidedly picturesque. The ruins, partly covered with ivy and surrounded by trees, with the church close at hand in the midst of the quiet churchyard, all combine to present a most fascinating picture. There are few places in Essex so peaceful and interesting. One can easily imagine that externally this spot is much the same as it was four hundred years ago. The very air is suggestive of a perpetual rural rest and serenity which time and the march of science have utterly failed to disturb. It is a captivating picture of natural beauty and ancient architecture.

All around the pleasant valley slopes away—richly wooded, and in many places with fields ripening to an abundant harvest, as we saw it—and rises beyond to copses and uplands. It is an excellent place in which to pass a few hours of a summer day, allowing all thoughts of railways, and steamboats, and



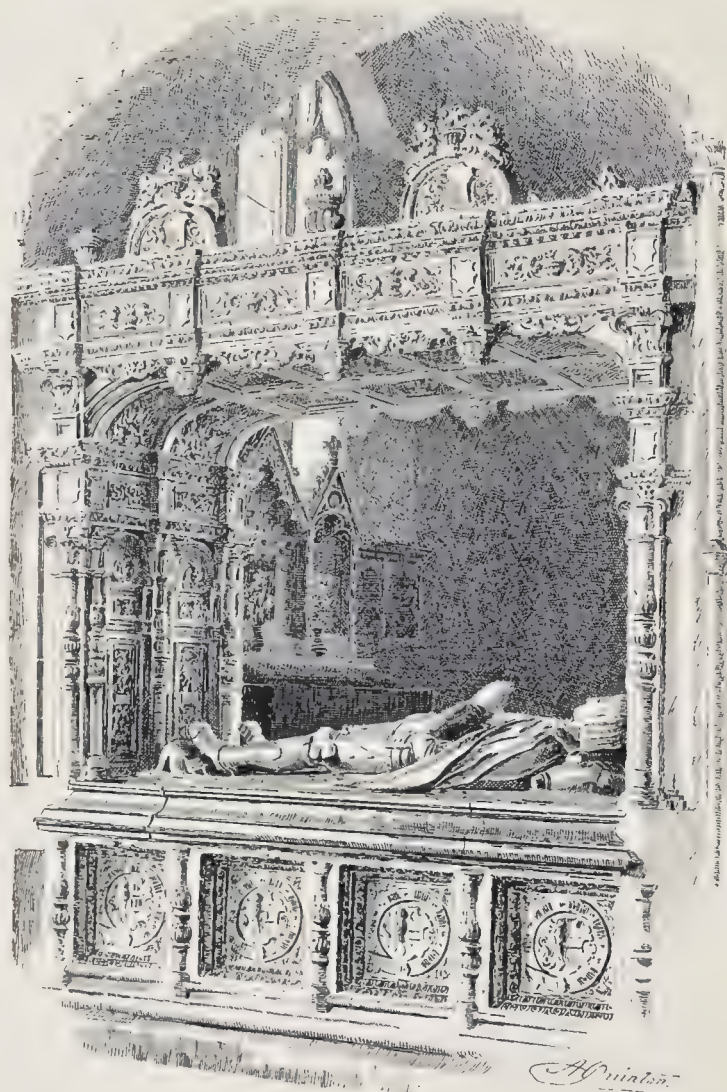
LAYER MARNEY TOWER, ESSEX. DRAWN BY A. QUINTON.

telegrams, and penny postage gently to fade away into a temporary oblivion. But the visitor must not calculate upon

church, the results of which appear in the "Transactions of the Essex Archaeological Society." The writer of these notes

is much indebted to this gentleman for valuable information kindly given. Some years ago Mr. Boys answered the question which, no doubt, was put to him more than once, "How old is Layer Marney Church?" by saying that, judging from the window tracery and other Perpendicular features, he should say about four hundred years old. Further investigation, however, has convinced him that the main part of the building is not quite so old, whilst the foundations, and probably the lower parts of the walls, are a great deal older. He writes: "Just as investigation of the monuments of Assyria and Egypt have brought to light further facts respecting these countries, so have the monumental records of Layer Marney opened out to us something more of its history than an architect's survey would disclose."

The red-brick exterior of the church may perhaps date from the same time as the towers, and probably was the work of the same men. Much earlier, say about 1330, or 1331, a college was founded here by licence for a warder and chaplains to officiate in two chantries. At an early time the whole of the sacred edifice was cased with lead. During the Civil Wars, and, it is conjectured, at the time of the siege of Colchester, this was sold by the churchwardens, and transformed into messengers of



TOB OF SIR HENRY MARNEY, BUILDER OF THE TOWER, LAYER MARNEY CHURCH. DRAWN BY A. QUINTON.

a prolonged stay. The only inn in the neighbourhood, the "Black Lion," welcomes the flying guest, but makes no pretension to provide permanent entertainment for either man or beast.

Layer Marney Church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, is architecturally of a mixed character. The exterior is of red brick, and consists of nave with north aisle, chancel with north chapel, and west tower containing three bells.

The present clergyman, the Rev. H. J. Boys, M.A., has devoted a great amount of time and study to the history of the

death, in the shape of musket-balls.

The tombs of Layer Marney Church are its most interesting features apart from its strictly religious associations. The tomb, of which an illustration is here given, is that of Sir Henry Marney, the founder of Layer Marney Hall with its towers. It stands under an arch at the north of the chancel.

The figure of the aged lord is in black marble, according to the directions of his will. It lies in armour, and in spurs, with the decoration of a Knight of the Garter. The head and hands are uncovered, save for jewels on the fingers. The

hands are raised as if to suggest the act of prayer. The base and canopy of the tomb are of a kind of stamped earth or terracotta. The workmanship is similar to that used for the mullions and parapets of the towers. It is supposed that this terracotta-work must have been executed by Italian artists, brought over for the special purpose.

Near to this tomb, in the centre of the chapel, there stands another to the memory of Sir William Marney, who died in 1414. The recumbent figure is of finely-carved alabaster. It is clad in mailed armour, the head resting upon a helmet decorated with the Marney badge. This tomb has suffered certain disfigurements at the hands of those to whom nothing in Art, even in a sacred edifice, has any value or meaning. One writer, in describing the wanton damage done to the tomb, strongly denounces the "unaccountable yet common practice, which induces the thoughtless to disfigure works of Art by scratching names or tasteless nonsense on the surface."

A third tomb stands in the north aisle of the church, and is that of John, the second and last Lord Marney, who only survived his father one year. It has the peculiarity of the remains of an altar, at the west, forming part of the entire structure. The figure is carved in black marble similar to that of his father, according to the wishes expressed in his will to which reference has already been made. "As one looks at the face of the recumbent figure," says the Rev. H. J. Boys, "and thinks of that care of him whom it represents for the restoration of God's house rather than for the completion of his own, his preference for an altar forming part of his tomb to a dignified canopy above it, one cannot but be sensible of some feelings of regret that that altar is so defaced, and that the whole stands in such dilapidated sur-



LAYER MARNEY TOWER FROM THE FARMYARD. DRAWN BY A. QUINION.

roundings." The north aisle at present is indeed not only dilapidated, but in a state positively dangerous to the safety of the church. Lovers of the venerable and beautiful in ecclesiastical architecture might well extend some practical sympathy to the worthy clergyman in his endeavours to restore this ancient house of God to a safer and more satisfactory condition.

T. McDougall Mundle.

Chelmsford, 1894.

'LE CHEMIN DE LA CROIX.'

MONSIEUR BERAUD, besides being a fortunate painter, is a skilful man. For a long time he was the appointed singer of the charms of the bright-eyed Parisians who sally boldly forth on Sundays, displaying a well-turned ankle when the weather proved rainy, or further protecting a little protesting nose with a Lilliputian muff against the intemperate attention of the east wind. That he has not abandoned these light genre subjects, his canvas, 'Dreamland,' exhibited in this year's show at the Champ de Mars, is ample proof; and the synthesis, as it were, of the usual manner of Jean Béraud finds expression during the last three years in painting of a religious order. It would be more correct to call it the direction of a modern mystical religion, because, in spite of the sincerity of the painter, these sym-

bolical pages are more impregnated with the evangelical spirit that actuates an article by M. de Vogüé, or the socialist lecture of a drawing-room apostle who preaches to an audience of elegant women. This implies no reproach, but is simply a statement. M. Béraud is first and foremost a worldly painter, and inborn convictions do not change from one day to the next to suit the divergence of fleeting phases.

Even in the first picture that marked the reflection of his change of temperament, 'La Femme Adultère,' he showed us this Magdalene of the world in evening dress, diamonds in her hair, throwing herself at the feet of her Saviour after a dinner partaken of by men of fast repute.

In his second picture, 'La Descente de la Croix,' conceived in the same spirit of modernity, it is a workman who stands on

the heights of Montmartre, where the Basilica of the Sacred Heart now stands, menacing with his outstretched fist the free-thinking city of Paris, destroyer of the Holy Ghost in the form of the dead Christ, who has descended from the Cross.

Finally this, his latest work, 'Le Chemin de la Croix,' has issued from the same source. Jesus, bloodstained and bowed down by the weight of the instrument of his torture, wearily ascends his Calvary. Round about Him the Pharisees and

the fanatical and sectarian populace publicly assemble to hoot and insult Him, whilst a man, still young in years, raises his arm as if to strike Him. The Magdalene, deaf to the blasphemies that assail the path of the Divine one, follows Him murmuring prayers, whilst the Virgin Mother, whom the painter has included in the procession that precedes the Passion, desires to assist at the last moment of her Son. Fainting and pallid she is supported by an apostle, whose sobs are pitiful, whilst in the foreground, on the left, a mystical figure



SKETCH BY JEAN BÉRAUD.

—doubtless the spirit of evil—urges a miserable workman to throw a stone.

At the extreme edge of the canvas, are a courtesan and her companion, who appear in evening dress.

But as an opposition was artistically necessary as a contrast, the artist has grouped on the right-hand corner a few who pray to the suffering Son of God. Poor people, peasants, a sailor, a wounded soldier, children led by a nun, with arms extended towards Christ, whilst an old man, supported by a priest, also mutters broken words of prayer.

This sombre arrangement required artistically to be enlivened by a brighter face, and to meet this contingency the painter has added to the group on the right the profile of a bride in the halo of her white veil, invoking the Divine benediction on the new life that is opening before her.

In conclusion, the attempt is a bold one, and expresses exactly the religious sentiment that clings to "Modern Babylon" at a period that has been aptly named *fin de siècle*, and imperfectly rendered by our "up to date," a term which implies the most incongruous manifestations whilst awaiting the regenerating element that is in store. Whether it will prove to be "Dieu, table, ou cuvette," in the words of the poet, the future only can demonstrate.



JEAN BÉRAUD.

JEAN BERNAC.

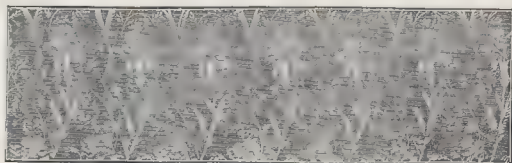
YORKSHIRE CRAFTS.

WOOLLENS AND WORSTEDS.

IT is said that in a famous Scottish dispute as to precedence, gardeners claimed seniority of rank because their calling dated from Adam's fall. But men of the spade had to give way to those of needle and goose on the score that gardening was not a trade, the first of which must have been tailoring, inasmuch as our sinful parents sewed fig-leaves together. Tailoring and the materials required for it have developed enormously since then.

If certain old pictures of the Expulsion are to be trusted, Eve was the first to use distaff and spindle, but it has not come down to us who invented the spinning-wheel nor who was the first weaver. All we know is that Pliny mentions cloth made of wool. It is generally believed that previous to the Roman invasion, Britons used sheep's coverings for clothing in the same simple way as did Brian O' Linn—"the skinny side out and the woolly side in"; but it seems that when Julius Cæsar landed on these shores, B.C. 55, he found the men of Kent were dressing, spinning, dyeing, and weaving wools after Gaulish ways, and that one of these ways produced stripes and checks. Perhaps this is the parent of tartan,

which still carries the title, "the garb of Old Gaul." Winchester was the locale of the first factory, and the fineness of English yarn soon became valued on the Continent, especially in the Low Countries, where weaving was skilful; nor did we vie with the Flemish till long after refugees from Louvain and other weaving centres settled in England. William the Conqueror's queen protected some of her fellow-countrymen who went to Carlisle and afterwards moved to Wales, but the first Flemish weaver to exercise his trade in practical fashion was John Kempe, who in Edward III.'s reign settled at Kirkby Candale (Kendal). There he was close to a supply of good mountain



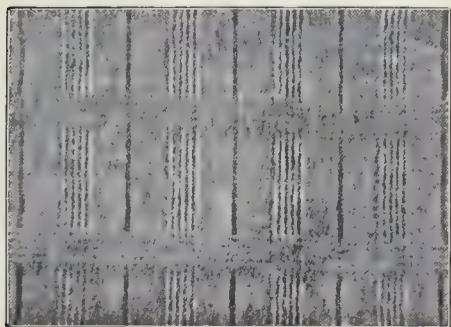
INTRICATE DESIGN IN MOIRÉ. FOSTER & SON. (FIG. 1.)





"LE CHEMIN DE LA CROIX"
 BY JEAN BÉRAUD.
Exhibited in the Turin Salon, 1894.
 Copyright, 1894, by Jean Béraud.

John B. Russell



FLANNEL WITH CAMEL'S HAIR. ALF. PRIESTMAN & CO. (FIG. 2.)

wool, and also of the broom plant which furnished a yellow dye. At that period we exported much wool and imported dyed cloth, as well as the blue dye of woad, for indigo was then unknown. Kempe wove his cloth, washed it in alum, dipped it in a decoction of broom extract and then in one of woad; thus producing the first real English colour—Kendal green.

It was in this reign that the wool trade made marked advance, for the king gave personal patronage to Flemish cloth, and had fullers, dyers, and weavers brought over to work up the wool we produced in a quality only rivalled by that of Spain. Not Edward III. nor eleven sovereigns succeeding him could altogether stop exportation of wool; but troublesome restrictions hampered the trade, and it was not till Elizabeth filled the throne that free export was allowed. Manufacture then progressed by leaps and bounds. As a reminder of the source whence such national wealth flowed, woolsacks were used as seats for all judges in the House of Peers. That a woolsack, even as late as George II.'s reign, was not the prerogative of the Lord Chancellor alone, is shown by a letter of June 10th, 1747, addressed to the Duke of Newcastle by Henry Legge, who was thrice Chancellor of the Exchequer. He says: "My brother has acquainted me with his promotion to the woolsack." This brother was

made a Baron of the Exchequer in 1747. The Commonwealth revoked Elizabeth's act, and not even such extreme measures as the fiat of Charles II., that none but woollen shrouds should encase corpses, served to stimulate the trade; indeed that law was literally a dead letter, for it could not be enforced. At the beginning of this century England paid duty on the import of all wools (the most and best of which was Spanish); in 1825 free ingress was allowed to colonial fleeces and free export was accorded; finally, in 1844 all foreign wools were duty free.

To most persons woollen and worsted are interchangeable terms, but the heading to this article is something more than a "distinction without a difference," although it is true the border-line is sometimes hard to define. Lambs furnish only material for woollen; llama of two different species gives both worsted (alpaca) and wool (vicugna); the Angora goat of Asia Minor provides worsted (mohair); camel gives wool (camel's



EMBOSSED MOHAIR PLUSH. LISTER & CO. (FIG. 4.)



FRISÉ MOHAIR PLUSH. LISTER & CO. (FIG. 3.)

hair); and sheep, which are the chief fleece-bearers, yield both wool and worsted. The undergrowth of sheep's coats, short and soft, makes woollens; that is to say, is prepared by carding for spinning into yarns; whereas the long shiny staple of the outer coat undergoes combing and is "worsted." Combing lays the hairs straight for spinning in the throstle, instead of mixing them up, as carding does for the light fluffy yarn spun by mule machine, and which has more or less of the felting properties that are denied to springy worsted. It is really the broad fact of mixing up by carding which causes interlocking of the serrations on the hairs—an incipient felting as it were—or laying the fibres straight for non-felting goods, which actually separates woollens from worsted, for length of fibre or use of particular machine is no criterion. For instance, some worsted staple is short and is carded first and combed afterwards, and there are woollen wools of greater length than such worsteds. Again, the mule frame, which is the nearest mechanical approach to spinning from distaff, is sometimes used for making worsted

yarn. On the other hand, there is exception even to what is laid down as "broad fact," for although carpet and knitting yarns are of long staple, they are carded and not combed.

The exigencies of space preclude reference to sheep-breeding, woollen-making, etc., in America or elsewhere. But America may not be altogether ignored, for it is the habitat of the llama, which provides the alpaca fibre for that great West Riding manufacture, which was inaugurated by Sir Titus (then Mr.) Salt in 1836. Moreover, America is a large market for English stuff goods, and the new tariff will give at least five years' great prosperity to the Yorkshire mills. It is estimated that duty being no longer *ad valorem*, it will make approximately something like forty per cent. difference to exporters. American women are keen appreciators of the very best class of woollens, and price does not deter them from acquiring it. Hence there is even a greater demand from the United States than at home for the delicate silk warp and fine wool weft black stuffs usually generalised as Henrietta cloths. This name belongs rightly to only one of the materials for which Briggs, Priestley and Sons are famous, but it is the best of them. The wool employed for it is the finest given by Sir Samuel Wilson's Australian flocks, and is so fine that it has to pass five hundred times through the warp before an inch length of material is woven. The beauty of Priestley goods, of which silk warp is the main characteristic, lies as much in touch as in look. The makers are firm in selecting the finest wools and in never hurrying the processes, consequently whether opaque stuffs, or transparent grenadine (Fig. 10) their materials are nearest in refinement of any English woollens to those of French make.

Bradford's first main business was cashmeres with cotton warp, but these soon sounded their own death-knell, and makers then perforce took to all-wool, whereupon trade revived. But though Bradford remains the *only* seat, save those at Rheims and Roubaix, for the manufacture of cashmere and merino, ours have never equalled the French goods. Bradford has a large general business, but worsted is con-

sidered its special trade. Until the power loom was invented there were no factories. Both combing and spinning were done in cottage homes and freighting effected by pack mules. Wool-combers naturally congregated together, as it facilitated the distribution and collection of their work, hence Bradford became a centre for worsteds. Strictly speaking, alpaca and mohair are hair, but commercially they are worsted, and the yarn is spun, the materials made, in practically the same way. Cotton is more used than is sheep worsted for the warps of alpaca or of mohair materials, the best cotton yarns for the purpose hailing from Bolton.

Alpaca and Mohair have had their ups and downs in fashion's favour like all other fabrics, but only one or two manufacturers put all their eggs in the same basket. Messrs. Mitchell Bros. and Messrs. John Foster and Son are the chief of those who do so. Fosters' enormously wealthy concern has prospered because there has always been a demand for such lustre goods abroad, and no slight consumption at home, as the makers were quick to see that they must move with the times and not restrict the output to self-alpacas, linings, and striped mohair. Colours, patterns, and what the feminine vocabulary dubs "effects," are now produced in endless variety. Moreover, there is a general revival of liking for such lustrous things, and to meet all requirements Foster and Son have lately produced a mohair with apparent, not real, coarseness, in a shot warp and weft that gives a granular appearance to the face and renders it suitable to tailor-made gowns. Some years ago, when Bradford trade was comparatively at a low ebb, the Countess of Bective formed a league to patronise the lustrous and stimulate the business, she herself going to Court in an alpaca robe. But no such individual efforts as these can act in appreciable degree on a trade of such magnitude. The "effects" of mohair are inspired by Lyons, as they follow those of silk as near as may be. For the time being fashion has decreed that figuring on all materials shall be insignificant; but this law suits mohair especially well, the gloss of it showing up the patterns so markedly (Fig. 7). That it is workable in most elaborate designs is shown in an intricate carnation pattern thrown on rose foliage ground of a mohair that is silver white, on pink cotton warp (Fig. 1).

Saltaire is almost a town in itself, on the outskirts of Bradford. Its birth and upbringing are entirely due to the extraordinary energy of one man—Mr., afterwards Sir Titus, Salt, the discoverer of alpaca. In 1836 he came by chance on bales of evil-looking and worse-smelling hair consigned from South America. It had lain long in the warehouse at Liverpool, without ever a bidder, as it held out no promise of utility for anything. Mr. Salt took away a little, made experiments, and then offered 8d. per pound for the three hundred bales on hand. The offer was gladly closed with, and Mr. Salt proceeded forthwith to produce the sheeny, light-weight fabric which is known as alpaca. In 1852 he had five mills, scattered; but in that year he began to build what is now Saltaire, close to Shipley, an annexe, so to speak, of Bradford. Too huge for the working by one man, this business is now Sir Titus Salt, Bart., Sons & Co., the responsible control of which is in the capable hands of Mr. Maddocks. Mr. Salt was not, however, quite the first to turn llama hair to this account, for clothing made of it has been found in graves of the Incas. Alpaca does not dye as does mohair, because by nature it is mostly black or grey, and more rarely fawn and brown, while mohair, which comes from



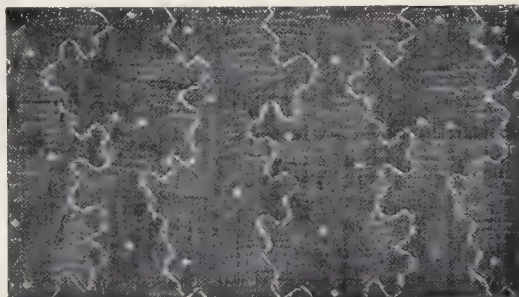
DAMASK OF ENGLISH WOOL. WALSH AND McCRAE. (Fig. 5.)

the Angora goat of Asiatic Turkey, is white, so is available for all dyes.

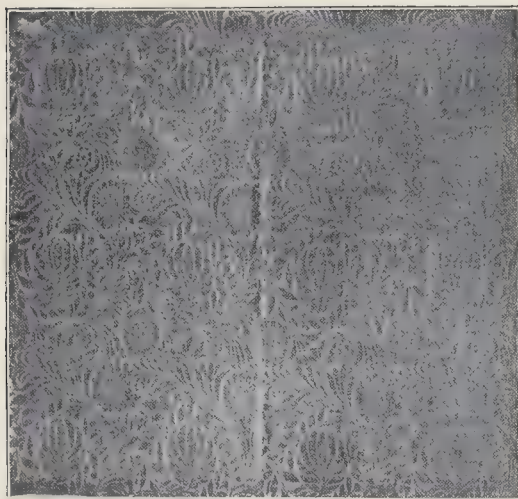
Constantinople controls commerce in mohair between Asia Minor and Western Europe, but the Angora Goat has been acclimatised on the high and dry lands of Virginia, Oregon, &c. They were introduced to America in 1849 by Dr. J. P. Davis. Australia now has flocks in good condition, and a large portion of the British supply comes also from the Cape of Good Hope, Mr. Richard Cawood being a large breeder of Angora goats in South Africa. The hair of goats differs quite as much in quality, according to the district from which the fleeces come, as do the wools of sheep. Animals inhabiting open plains yield a coarser, less lustrous hair than those living in high forest land. She-goat's hair is much finer than rams'. Mohair as a European textile is of earlier origin than alpaca. Pope refers to it as inferior to a chintz. But it was Mr. Salt's success with alpaca which promoted the trade in glossy mohair, and mohair is even a larger commodity at Saltaire now than is alpaca. Mohair

finished by a method that imparts high gloss, and at the same time prevents any shrinkage.

There is some gratification in knowing that our detestable



DRESS MOHAIR WITH COTTON WARP. SIR TITUS SALT & CO. (Fig. 7.)



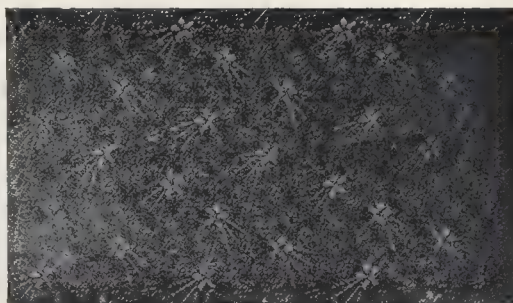
DAMASK OF WOOL WARPS AND MOHAIR WEAFT. WALSH AND McCRAE. (Fig. 6.)

climate gives us a speciality in manufacture. No foreign country can spin mohair or alpaca into yarn. The dampness of our atmosphere subdues the tendency, due to electricity, of the hairs to fly out and refuse to warp themselves into yarn. Russia has tried artificially moistened air chambers without effect, and no efforts to overcome the difficulty have succeeded elsewhere, so that all mohair braids woven at Elberfeld and Barmen are of Yorkshire spun yarn, and the braids we absorb in such quantities are consequently not wholly "made in Germany." Alfred Priestman & Co., of Brick Lane Mills, Bradford, does, or did, a great business in this yarn spinning for Germany, but they are occupied mostly now with what has grown up as the "tennis trade." It was they, we believe, who originated the worsted trousering serge for this modern trade, and they are large makers of silk and wool cloths for tennis wear and summer waistcoats. Different colouring gives totally different effects to the same pattern, and for order purposes these are woven on hand looms in one width, with black lines to divide the several tones. Another material of theirs shows even in the illustration (Fig. 2) how curiously wools may be treated. It is a dressing-gown flannel for men, and has a peculiar hairy surface, giving a blurred, smeary look. Real camel's hair lies on it. Camel's hair comes through Turkey from Asia Minor.

Certain branches of woollen and worsted industries are, to

is used in all sorts of ways for dress materials. With a warp of cotton, whether quite plain, or with the mohair brought upon the surface in pattern (Figs. 7 and 9), it is entirely glacé, and is crisp to the touch; but great richness is gained when fine Australian wool makes the warp while the weft is of mohair (Fig. 8). This has more brightness, though it feels less soft than brochés of which both warp and weft are of wool, but such admixture of worsted (mohair) with wool, makes it impossible to pronounce the material a woollen or a worsted. There are two linings for men's coats, America mostly affecting the one and England the other. America's choice is twilled, and looks not unlike a dull Surah silk, but it is a weft of alpaca to a warp of cotton. That known as Italian lining is the Britisher's preference, and it has nothing to do with Italy, as the Saltaire mills make it of delicate Australian wools on a warp of fine cotton,

1895.



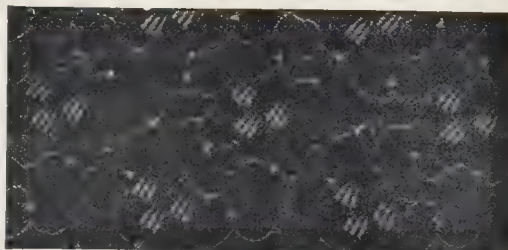
MOHAIR WEAFT AND AUSTRALIAN WARP. SIR TITUS SALT & CO. (Fig. 8.)

H

some extent, centralised in particular districts of the West Riding. Thus: long, strong, and coarse worsteds unsuitable for dress purposes are consumed in the making of carpets at Halifax, where Messrs. Crossley own the biggest factories, and at Heckmondwike, where Messrs. Firths' well-known works are; horse clothing is a speciality of Heckmondwike too; railway cloths, rugs, etc., are almost confined to the Dewsbury district; at Dewsbury, also, Noble's large blanket mills are situated, though Liversedge is another important blanket place; Halifax does most of the upholstery damasks and tapes; flannel is the woollen of Rochdale and Batley principally, but quantities of army cloth as well as suiting tweeds and dress stuffs are made at Batley at the Hick Lane Mills of Michael Sheard and Sons. Leeds deals with all sorts, but tweed is more peculiarly the manufacture of Yorkshire's capital town, and it likewise does a great deal in shoddy, though Dewsbury and Batley make very much shoddy—the last-named town being its birthplace in 1813, and Mr. Benjamin Law its introducer.

"Shoddy" has become incorporated into the English language as a term of opprobrium—every one knows what a shoddy person is—but shoddy is a very clever invention. Any old garments or other articles that have had fleece in them are torn to pieces in a spiky, fiendish machine, aptly called a "devil," and the wool fibres which are thereby reduced to little more than fluff—for it is said that any piece long enough to have two ends to it is long enough to work up as shoddy—are at the same time separated from all extraneous matter. This second-hand wool is then respun with about one-third proportion of first-hand fibre, nor does cloth made of such yarn show outward trace of its genealogy. But though "an old cloak will make a new jerkin," shoddy cloth, by reason of the short fibre which forms the bulk of it, is not calculated to stand much strain. Still, we have in truth much reason to be proud of our supremacy as manufacturers of shoddy, and apart from clothing purposes it is excellent for heavy, felted things such as druggets, rug-wraps, and blankets.

Furniture coverings, window and door draperies, make as imperative a call on invention in design, methods of weaving, mingling of filaments, etc., as do dress textiles. Messrs. Walsh and McCrea will serve to illustrate this, as they courteously permit us to photograph some of their special patterns; and these damasks are of course more artistic than suitings and trouserings, which also form a large part of their enormous business at Halifax. Hangings look, feel, and cast into folds very variously when the threads differ even in apparently so slight a degree as warp and weft being both of English wool (Fig. 5), or that one—the weft—is of Australian



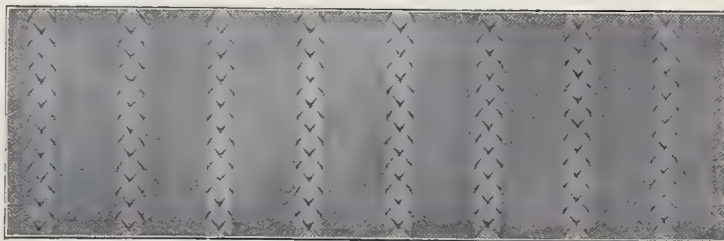
DRESS MOHAIR WITH COTTON WARP. SIR TITUS SALT & Co. (Fig. 9.)

wool. The reason of this is that Australian fibres are finer than English, therefore more of them go to make a yarn of the same size, and this closeness gives a greater depth to dye. When this very fine colonial-grown wool is applied as warp instead of weft, and the latter is of wiry, bright mohair, piece-dyed goods of it (Fig. 6) show the contrast well; more markedly indeed than when the warp is of English wool, for as this has higher lustre than Australian, it is consequently less of a foil to the weft of mohair.

English wool, spun very large, makes fancy diagonal, chevron, and granite (alias oatmeal) cloth for portières or curtains, where weight is desirable. Rep is one of those things which must be made in the very best way, and of the best substances, in order to wear at all well. Rep with its cords worked loose is a sorry sight, but Walsh and McCrea obviate this by using a warp of English worsted and a weft spun from Buenos Ayres wool, as this binds together closely. Not the least wonderful of the damasks by this firm, are those of multi-colour with metallic-like shading woven in handsome patterns, the wools having been dyed before they were converted into yarn. Then again there are parti-coloured damasks which, nevertheless, are dyed in the piece. These are of cotton warp and worsted weft. When dyed once the animal fibre takes up the colour, while the vegetable rejects it, hence a white pattern on a coloured ground; or if a second dye process be resorted to the cotton can be made to take one colour and the worsted another. It seems as if there was little room for the making of damasks to expand further.

What Sir Titus Salt did for alpaca, Mr. Lister, now Lord Masham, did for waste silk; but the figured Tussah and other silk, with which the name of Manningham Mills is popularly linked, is but an offshoot of his earlier enterprises. He was the first to comb such fine wool as Botany by a machine, and he is the inventor of the "Nip" machine for combing wools, alpaca, and mohair. He has besides patented many other wonders in machinery. A very large and ever-increasing

part of the flourishing concern which is now Lister & Co., Limited, is that of furniture mohair manufacturers. These may be said to have reached perfection, and to have left Utrecht velvet far in the rear, for the Lis-Ango, a plain pile of pure Asia Minor goat hair, is better tied, is more lustrous, closer, and altogether richer than the



STRIPED GRENAZINE. BRIGGS, PRIESTLEY AND SONS. (Fig. 10.)

furniture velvet of Germany. Utrecht velvet is woven in loops, which are afterwards cut through, just as silk dress velvets are. Lister's mohair plushes are made in a different way. He is the sole inventor of a machine whereby two pieces of material are woven at the same time, there being two foundations face to face with mohair strands connecting the two and a knife afterwards cuts these through midway, thus giving a pile to each backing. Up to 1892 the yarn of Utrecht velvet was spun at Bradford, sent to the Continent, and returned here in the form of velvet. Now Lister can not only meet, but surpass the foreign mohair pile, and it is neither Utopian to believe, nor unpatriotic to hope, that eventually he will supply all the home consumption of this handsome and long-suffering upholstery textile. At Manningham, some of the all too ubiquitous saddlebag coverings are made; but the chief seats for these are Elberfield and Crefeld.

Cutting through straight strained threads connecting twin foundations as in Lis-Ango, is an extraordinarily clever invention, but it seems child's play as compared to the production of another of Lister's mohair plushes. In this, *frisé* (that is, little loops after the manner of those in Brussels carpets), form the design, or part of it; yet, though this is not of a perceptibly lower level than the pile ground, the material (Fig. 3) is made with the twin foundations, and is sliced apart just as the plain plush is. The designs and hues of embossed mohair plush are truly beautiful, nor has the embossing any indecision about it whether the designs be of distinct "powdered" class or of all-over tracery (Fig. 4). It is sharp and deep, leaving the sides of the standing pile so perfectly erect that the shade cast by them gives a soft, shadowed effect. Embossing is done by great pressure of a wooden die on the fabric, which passes over a heated cylinder; the relief portions of the die lay the pile as a flat ground, and the edge lines of the successive wefts produce the appearance of a ribbed silk base. Other embossed plushes have half-tone hazy margins to the upright design, this being given by the pile being more lightly depressed than that which makes the ground, the whole looking like a

variously-woven brocade. Again, when it is the design which is impressed, and the pile is left as the ground (Fig. 4), another brocade effect is obtained. Printed mohair plush is scarcely less a triumph of ingenuity and skill, the printed pattern in a pale tone of the ground colour being good as pattern, and the printing so clear in its definition that close inspection is needed for assurance that the designs are not due to weavers' art. Besides these unique mohair substances, the firm makes cloaking *matelassé*, in which cotton or wool weft is combined with a silk warp; wool also entering into silk bengalines and Australian satins.

It is not possible to appreciate woollens and worsted without knowing something about sheep. Breeding, climate, and food regulate quality and length of wool. The bulk of our supply comes from Australia, but Botany wool is understood by "Australian," whereas the most used is of high merino quality, due to George III. having introduced into Australia some real Spanish merinos he had been given. True merinos give the finest of all wool next to genuine cashmere, and the nearest English equivalent to merino is Southdown, which is dull, soft, and fine. Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Leicestershire give fleece that is long and bright, therefore of worsted character. Wool from Cheviot sheep is strong, but is not so long as Leicester. Port Philip grows wool that in excellence is a near match to Silesian, the wools both of Saxony and Silesia being very superior. Saxony wool is now partly merino, as the Elector sent some Spanish merinos there in 1765, and as the "electoral breed" it is highly valued.

Dyeing is an important point in the woollen trade, but is far too technical and intricate for brief description. Woad was the earliest primary colour employed in Britain, and, as mentioned previously, Kendal green was the earliest secondary. One of our boasted but most aggressive aniline dyes—magenta—is said to be identical with the Tyrean purple, which was so prized at Rome in the days of Augustus that a pound of wool so dyed at Tyre cost a sum nearly equal to £30.

ROSA CRANDON GILL.

PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURES AS HISTORIC STUDIES.

PART I.—THE ENGLISH STAGE AS IT IS AND OUGHT NOT TO BE.

"False taste will not only diffuse itself through all our amusements, but even influence our moral and political conduct; for what is false taste, but want of perception to discern propriety and distinguish beauty?"

OLIVER GOLDSMITH: *Essay VII.*

A GREAT deal has been said about the incompetency of our young actors, the degeneracy of our stage, and it has been plaintively asked if anything can be done to better what is wrong? Now that is a very awkward question; for the ever-increasing popularity of idiotic farces and bad burlesques indicates a vitiated taste, which really must be catered for by our self-supporting theatres. Indeed, the player manager of London only ventures to run counter to it when a grand part in a good play happens to appeal irresistibly to his egotism. And this false prevailing taste, moreover, and the inefficiency of our young comedians, arise from the sleepy heedlessness of certain men in office, who must be diligently teased into activity and reason ere better plays, well acted, can be seen on the English stage.

So we begin by asking, whose fault is it that the worst pieces succeed best? When we think how very powerfully theatrical amusements have always influenced the public mind of this country, we cannot forbear believing that it is partly the fault of those who govern us. If a degenerating stage were a prognostic of trivial import, and if good English thought heard within the theatres had never been an inestimable boon to the people, the considerate in Parliament could not then be justly blamed for not accounting bad plays, and gaudily vulgar music-halls, as enemies to the educational advantages which we give the population in our free schools. But history indeed tells, again and again, that a degenerating stage augurs national degeneracy; while it ought never to be forgotten, though it often has been, that the great playwrights of Elizabeth's unique reign actually did for their own land the very work which was being done at the same time in Italy, in Spain, and in Flanders, by the great religious painters, namely,

the work of setting forth and inculcating as a living influence the genius of the Renaissance. Why did Napoleon remark of Corneille, "*S'il vivait encore, je le ferais prince*" ? "It was because he recognised," said Goethe, "that from Corneille's heroic masterpieces there issued forth a power capable of forming heroes." What Shakespeare has done for mankind is, or should be, pretty well known; and what might he not do for the people of this loud-screaming country now, if he had but a really fair chance? Phelps's noble achievements at Sadler's Wells ought, surely, to be as a gladdening presage to us all. But yet we fear there are not many of our contemporaries who place a just value on the stage as a refining, character-moulding force. Unhappily the conviction prevails here in England, and in most other countries too, that the highest function of the drama is merely to amuse the idle and the weary; and most Englishmen are firmly of opinion that the State ought not to interfere unless an idiot *soubrette* of modern comedy should begin to use indecent words and gestures, and so make herself offensive to the Puritan within us all. "Besides," say they, "the vulgar public ever will prefer vulgar kinds of relaxation; and none can deny that the common music-halls of the East End have been safeguards against intemperance." To this, we reply: "The public of which you speak with such knowing contempt is not by any means a fool. It has followed many a good lead with eager and profitable enthusiasm; and would enjoy at the present time, we honestly do believe, something infinitely better than those harmful scraps of crude vulgarity with which the one hundred and eighty-nine music-halls of London are glutting it." Yes, a latent, good artistic sense, positively does exist even in the untaught crowd, as Samuel Phelps demonstrated.

The upshot of this is, that the variety theatres must be greatly improved, ere pieces with a strong grasp upon the human spirit shall be seen well acted on the English stage. For how can we expect the best dramatic writing to be honestly appreciated by a community whose taste is corrupted by one hundred and eighty-nine humiliating "halls?" And how is it possible for any actor to develop his best skill by appearing only in wretched plays, which never pluck well at his energies? Then, again, "if they who wish well to our English literature disdain to stretch out a hand in friendship to the players, and will make no effort at all to recover the old wholesome alliance between good wit and good acting, they not only assent to the ruin of what has hitherto been, in this country at least, one of the chief strongholds of good wit, but their neglect snaps one of the surest bonds of union between true literature and the main body of the people. Plays that address the eye for sensual appreciation, and reduce their dialogue and action to the meanest level of an unformed taste, will even damage, for those who are entertained by them, the power of appreciating thoughts in books."* Strange that our motherly Government does not think of this! But stranger far that the drama should have been indirectly discouraged, and the music-halls indirectly encouraged, by those very governments which wisely presented a not ungrateful country with endowed Art schools and free museums, and a free and liberal education. Are you not reminded of a mad gardener scattering, with impartial hand, the seeds of fruits and flowers, weeds and poisonous plants?

Turn we now to the inefficiency of our young actors. The first remediable cause of it is, without doubt, the unwillingness

of our London player-managers to assist the rising men. It is Mr. Henry Irving, we regret to say, who must be singled out as chief offender. As a convincing proof of this assertion—an assertion which ought, indeed, to have been made years ago—it is only necessary to call attention to the following fact, viz.; that Mr. Irving cannot produce any play of merit *without securing the assistance of outsiders*. Nay, more, he did not venture even to revive that very commonplace melodrama, *The Lyons Mail*, till he had strengthened his large, his expensive, his weak and effeminate stock company. Very well. With such and so bad a rank and file at our principal theatre, and with plenty of good talent running to seed in the provinces, can we reasonably expect the boy actor to work humbly, earnestly, courageously, and with a high mark in view? Is it not natural that he should say—"Why the dickens should I work hard? If I did, what London manager would give me a chance? No! it's better to seek influence. Two or three coroneted letters of introduction would be worth more than many a long year of grinding study. So why talk to me about respecting my art, and working hard? Have at the actor-managers instead!"

With this we come to the newspaper dramatic critics, who have to make amends for several grievous errors of long standing. For example: when will they cease using the names of great dead actors "as part of a grim superstition for the quelling of all faith, and hope, in efforts yet to come"? And when—to come at once to Hecuba—will they recognise the stage-manager? We wager confidently that our readers would not find, in five thousand newspaper notices on current plays, even five adequate allusions to any stage-manager. Yet the stage-manager, in a theatrical sense, is the only histrionic teacher England has; and besides that, he is certainly accountable for quite three-fifths of all the good acting, and quite four-fifths of all the bad, to be seen on the boards of the theatres in every European country. Hence we name him *The Unseen Player*. Every one will freely admit that Sarah Bernhardt is a woman of real genius. Yet even her best achievements are those which are most pregnant of M. Sardou's—her great stage manager's—semi-poetic fancy and helpful coaching. For, in short, a model Unseen Player—a Goethe, a Sardou, a Pinero, or a Gilbert—plays upon his actors as upon instruments, and moves them about the stage like chessmen; and he not only explains but acts each one's part over and over again, till at last his patient, tactful genius animates the entire piece.

Is it not then high time for every one of us to cry out loudly for the Unseen Player at every successful first performance? He being the general-in-chief in every dramatic victory, and because we all love fair play, is it not positively our duty to make our voices heard in his honour? In point of fact, we really ought to welcome him before any of the *dramatis personæ*, and in every newspaper on the morrow his success should meet with generous recognition. Neither should we keep silent when he has misemployed his peevish, froward, and rebellious troops, or lost an assured victory through their incapacity. In other words, let us be most scrupulously just to him at all times, and then he will never fail—as he so often fails at present, from that overmastering weariness of heart which years of unmerited neglect engender—to take a truly artistic interest, and an honest intellectual pride, in what we may justly call his procreant and onerous occupation.

W. SHAW-SPARROW.

(To be continued.)

* Professor Henry Morley.

ART NOTES.

It is very unlikely that the great artistic lights of coming years will be found to have been Royal Academy students to whom medals or prizes were awarded on December 10th, 1894. A lively competition for the Creswick Prize, the subject being a 'Moorland,' gave occasion for twenty students painting one of the most commonplace series of pictures ever hung together in the rooms. It is certain that the Academicians and Associates of to-day, are not likely to be soon elbowed out of such fashion as they obtain, by the present pupils in their own schools.

Last year a little of the heaven of the more earnest seeker after truth in nature gave an inspiration of hope. This year all such tendency has been sternly repressed; traditional treatment is supreme, and individuality and character are lost in the maze of students following their leader, without question, and without sufficient knowledge of the possibilities of their Art.

The new English Art Club reached a high level in the autumn exhibition, and a number of good pictures were shown, but no fresh development has taken place. Mr. P. Steer's 'Japanese Woman' is the most excellent piece of work he has produced, and Mr. C. W. Furse's and Mr. Charles Conder's pictures are worthy of special commendation; the latter excelling in poetic charm, a quality hitherto lacking in the work of our most advanced young artists.

A recent invention claimed as an improvement in artists' materials are the Beckmann "Syntonos" colours in tubes, having a similar appearance to ordinary oil pigments, but prepared in a special way without oil. They have been used with success by leading German artists, and are introduced by the inventor as a substitute for ordinary oil colours, and even superior to them in qualities of permanence and brilliancy. They dilute readily with water for water-colour painting, and we have been much pleased with the delicacy and transparency of the washes which they make even on rough paper. To use them successfully as oil colours without dilution appears to require considerable practice as well as a special preparation of the canvas. We have not been so successful with their use in this way, owing to their possessing less body than the ordinary oil pigments, but we learn that this defect will be remedied for the colours to be placed on the British market. The quality of permanence is alone enough to recommend them to the artist, at present uncertain of the lasting value of ordinary oil colours.

Timely notice is being given of the intention of the Manchester Art Gallery to make an exhibition of contemporary Arts and Crafts in April next. No charges will be made to exhibitors, and opportunities for sales will be arranged.

The widow of the late Edwin Long, R.A., has presented to the city of Bath, her late husband's birth-place, his picture, 1895.

'Jairus's Daughter,' which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1889.

The troubles of the Royal Scottish Academy have now practically been overcome, and the Queen has granted a supplementary charter, conferring powers for the better business government of the Academy. An order of honorary retired Academicians and Associates has also been instituted. Sir George Reid, the esteemed President of the Scottish Academy, is to be congratulated on the position he has manfully upheld, even in the face of much unfriendly criticism.

The result of the sale of the Post collection at The Hague was eminently satisfactory for the fine pictures. The Israels 'Good Neighbours,' which we illustrated (page 347, 1894), realised £925; the James Maris 'November Day,' a very fine example of the master, not large in size, but exquisite in quality, £243. The 'Fisherman's Children,' by Israels, of which we give an illustration, was one of the smaller gems of the collection, and fetched a little under £200. The Art circles of Holland are busying themselves with an exhibition of the works of Israels, to be held on January 27th, the painter's seventy-first birthday. It had been arranged to hold this exhibition a year ago on the artist's seventieth birthday—a time of great rejoicing amongst the Dutch—but the unexpected death of Madame Israels caused the postponement of the scheme. We fear it is too much to expect our Academy—with its seemingly necessarily classical traditions—to honour such a non-academical artist as Israels. But with a list of honorary foreign Academicians, meagre in number (having



THE FISHERMAN'S CHILDREN. BY JOSEF ISRAELS.

been recently reduced by death), the English Royal Academy might reasonably be asked to consider the question of electing the greatest artist in Holland in our century, and a true descendant in quality and colour of Rembrandt, the greatest of all Dutch painters.

We publish a reproduction of a new panel by George Tinworth recently unveiled by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the chapel of St. Thomas's Hospital. It is modelled in terra-



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.
FROM THE PANEL BY G. TINWORTH.

cotta, is twelve feet high and appropriately represents 'The Good Samaritan.' It has been erected in memory of Mrs. Wardroper, the late chief matron of the Hospital.

A difficulty, which has its humorous side, has arisen over the late Antwerp Exhibition. The works exhibited by the members of the French Salon Champ de Mars, were sent in on the condition that they were to take no part in any award of distinctions for merit. It is a fundamental principle of the Salon Champ de Mars that all medals and distinctions for artistic merit shall be abolished; and it was this question that led to the schism which created the new society. In spite of this, the official jury insisted in examining, and also in distributing recompenses amongst the various artists who

belong to this society. These distinctions have been in every case politely but firmly declined.

A Swedish landscape and portrait painter of note, Hugo Salmson, died recently at the age of fifty-one. He was well known and esteemed in French artistic circles, and exhibited annually at Paris. He is also represented in the Luxembourg.

The artistic pioneer whose words we quoted some time ago to the effect that Art had little or no influence over the Transvaal Dutch Boer, writes that he has now visited Johannesburg, where the influence of the more cultivated Britisher is supreme—"This city, although not possessing the soul of Art to be met with in London, Paris, or Florence, is making very rapid advances in culture. Buildings from artistic architectural designs are being erected in every direction, notably a Masonic Temple, of which the inhabitants are exceedingly proud. Art publications are at a premium, however, and my copy of *THE ART JOURNAL* has been in constant requisition, and even tempting offers to buy it have been made. A School of Art has been in working order for some time, and it is likely that other artistic influences will soon be in operation."

We regret to record the death of Mr. E. L. Montefiore, who died at Sydney, after a short illness, on the 22nd October, in his seventy-fifth year. Thanks to his energy and sound judgment as Director of the National Art Gallery of New South Wales, that colony now possesses the most important collection of works of Art in the Southern Hemisphere. In *THE ART JOURNAL* for last year (p. 159), we referred to some of the results which he achieved for his Government.

The owner of one of the very finest collections in America, Mr. W. T. Walters, of Baltimore, U.S.A., died there in November at the age of seventy-four. He possessed a large number of pictures by J. F. Millet, Theodore Rousseau, Corot, and all the greater Frenchmen, together with a fine collection of Alma Tadema and Rosa Bonheur.

NOTES ON NEW ARTISTIC BOOKS.

THE most interesting book for artists published this season is "PEN-DRAWING AND PEN-DRAUGHTSMEN," by Joseph Pennell (Macmillan). Himself one of the cleverest pen-draughtsmen in the world, the author has been able for this reason to enlist the sympathetic assistance of practically every master of pen-drawing of our time. To an American by birth, and an Englishman by lengthy residence, who, at least once a year, traverses the greater part of Europe, no geographical limits are possible, so that in this fascinating volume we have first-rate examples of artistic pen-work from all artists whose drawings are worthy of special study. Mr. Pennell frankly avows that his aim is to open the eyes of every one to the true value of pen-drawing, and, as Mr. Hamerton did with etching, to put it in its proper place—that is, on a level in the estimation of the world with the work of the etcher. His book will go a long way towards accomplishing this object, and all the more so because he permits the illustrations to speak for themselves without undue comments of an irritating character. One fault

only can we find, and it is a serious one: Mr. Pennell has not had the courage to publish examples of his own work. From a sense of modesty quite unnecessary to one who ought to know he is a master in his art, he has feared to be misunderstood if he placed his own achievements beside the productions of others, and the result is a distinct loss to the book. The Danish pen-work is very little known in our country, and we have chosen a specimen—representing the Market Hall on a busy day—which is one of the most elaborate in Mr. Pennell's most successful volume.

Under the piquant title of "THE DESERTS OF SOUTHERN FRANCE" (Methuen), the Rev. Mr. Baring-Gould gives the story of the south-central portion of France, which for three hundred years was English territory. The caves, with the wondrous experiences underground; the churches, with their Art histories from the basilic time to the Gothic; and the castles, all of which are adequately treated, are alone most



THE MARKET HALL OF COPENHAGEN AT THE BEGINNING OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. BY HANS TEGNER. ENGRAVED BY E. HENDRIKSEN.
FROM PENNELL'S "PEN DRAWING AND PEN DRAUGHTSMEN."

interesting. Within twenty-four hours of London, this almost unknown country is an inexhaustible treasure to the traveller in search of the strangely picturesque or weirdly attractive. Mr. Baring-Gould writes with his accustomed ability.

In a bantering vein, which scarcely leads one to expect anything serious, M. Montbard has given a true portrait of "THE LAND OF THE SPHINX" (Hutchinson) both by word and picture. Egypt continues to be one of the greatest literary and artistic attractions of our day, as it has been in the past, and M. Montbard's fresh and entirely unbiassed narrative lends piquancy to the many stories he tells. M. Montbard affects to be a frank Philistine, with respect for neither history nor legend, and the expressions in which he occasionally indulges are plain statements of truth about Egyptian ruins not often put into print. Pressure on our space alone prevents our discussing this volume at greater length.

"JOHN RUSSELL, R.A.," by G. C. Williamson (Bell), "the prince of crayon portrait-painters"; so ran the publisher's announcement of this elegant monograph. If Lord Ronald Gower in his introduction seems, at first sight, to claim a little less for its hero, yet to place these portraits "on a but sligher artistic level than [those by] Reynolds, Gainsborough, or Romney" is really far higher praise. It would be easy for a prince of crayon portrait-painters to be very remotely allied to the regal purple of the great masters in oils. As one turns the leaves, the captivating portraits naturally attract one first; but much genuine pleasure awaits in the text. It is amusing to discover, for instance, that John Russell, although a full-blown R.A., found little pleasure in the distinction he had coveted. There is more than one entry of this sort in his diary: "Obliged to flee from the R.A., as they were full of filthy blasphemy." At another time you read: "Near being choked by a fish-bone because of going to the R.A." Certainly manners are better now, whatever Art may be. Even the sorest of rejected outsiders to-day would hesitate before he attributed an accident at table, or elsewhere, to his sin of coquetting with Burlington House. In addition to the pictures, an exhaustive biography, both racy and readable, and dated lists of exhibited works, there is a list of their present owners and whereabouts and a catalogue of missing pictures.

Following the example of Mr. Blackburn, Mr. Charles G. Harper has compiled "A PRACTICAL HANDBOOK OF DRAWING FOR MODERN METHODS OF REPRODUCTION" (Chapman & Hall), and in an interesting way he gives an account of his experiences and opinions. They are valuable so far as they go, but when the author, apparently by design, omits to mention the chief American pen draughtsman—Mr. Pennell, and the chief French process workers, and dwells only on the second and third-rate people, it is to be feared his conclusions are too personal to be of much permanent value.

The new features in *THE YEAR'S ART, 1895* (Virtue)—the indispensable annual for artists, amateurs, art dealers, and art teachers—include a series of portraits of the principal black and white artists of this country, with Mr. Whistler as the frontispiece, and many minor improvements throughout the text.

"THE ART NOTE BOOK FOR NORTHERN ITALY" (Bemrose) is recommended to travellers in these parts. The chief points in connection with the arts are succinctly set forth, with spaces for notes of personal observations, which, if filled, will give lasting pleasure and profit.

Another useful book is the new "CATALOGUE OF THE ACCADEMIA DELLE BELLE ARTI, AT VENICE," by E. M. Keary (Heinemann). This is in English, and contains a number of satisfactory illustrations. It is only to be regretted that Mr. Ruskin is not more freely quoted; but it leaves his "GUIDE" (Allen) still necessary, even although the gallery has been entirely rehung since it was written. This brings us to Waldstein's "WORK OF JOHN RUSKIN" (Methuen), a guide to that writer's much varied literary labours, giving special attention to his volumes of artistic criticism. It is doubtful, perhaps, if such a work is necessary, but granting that it is, this series of essays is instructive in the first stage of the cult of Ruskin through which every one must pass. Due appreciation is given to Mr. Ruskin's splendid wealth of language, the most noteworthy gift possessed by the once anonymous "Graduate of Oxford."

Attempts are frequently made by publishers of Christmas cards to heighten the artistic value of their productions, but only occasionally with success, for the public prefer the childish kittens and puppies to anything artistically more exalted. Messrs. C. W. Faulkner succeed in obtaining good designs now and then, and so also do Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Son, but they seem overweighted with public opinion of the less cultivated kind, and give way to it in every direction.

Books for boys there are in plenty, but none are better than Messrs. Blackie's series, with "WOLF, THE SAXON," and "WHEN LONDON BURNED," by G. A. Henty, at their head. The first sharpens a boy's appetite by well-drawn pictures by Ralph Peacock, and the second with even more dramatic illustrations by J. Finnemore. G. C. Hindley is not so successful with "GREENLAND AND THE POLE," and J. H. Bacon is only occasionally good in "BANSHEE CASTLE," although he more than makes it up in the artistic sketches of "THINGS WILL TAKE A TURN," by Miss Harraden.

The issue of the eighth edition of the "GUIDE DE L'AMATEUR DE PORCELAINES ET DE FAIENCES," by Dr. Graesse (Nutt), to which Mr. F. Jaenicke has added much material, is sufficient testimony to the value of this very complete collection of potters' marks. "THE DECORATION OF METALS," by J. Harrison (Chapman), is an excellent treatise by a professional worker engaged in the decoration of metals and is designed to assist technical Art teachers. "ELEMENTARY DRAWING," by H. Foster Newey (Chapman), is for students remote from towns who require practical hints in their earliest studies.

Mr. Heineman publishes a series of reproductions of the seventeen Rembrandts in the Gallery at Cassel. They are sold only in complete portfolio, but for a moderate sum, and the quality obtained in the plates is such that they recommend themselves very strongly to all Art lovers. Mr. Frederic Wedmore contributes an essay on the pictures.



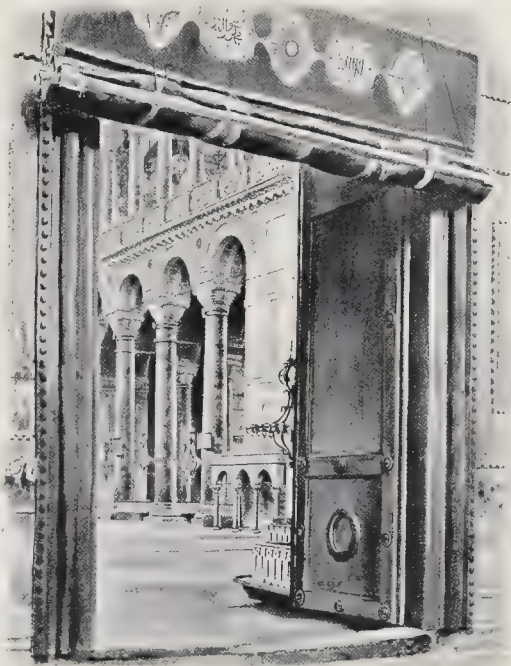
A DISTANT VIEW OF SANTA SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE. FROM A DRAWING BY J. MCWHIRTER, R.A.

"SANTA SOPHIA."

MANY centuries before even the architecture of the earliest of our great Gothic cathedrals was imagined, "Agia Sofia," or Santa Sophia, as we rather carelessly call it—as if it were dedicated to some fair saint of that name and not to the Personification of Divine Wisdom, according to Greek theology, the mother of the three Theological Virtues—stood unrivalled in Christendom as the most sumptuous edifice raised by man to the glory of God since Solomon's Temple. Even now, despoiled as it is by Mohammedan austerity of its golden icons, shrines and altars—unfurnished, it is still the most perfect building for its purpose—that of public worship—in existence. Within its spacious walls more people can see the Sanctuary and hear the preacher than in any other temple, cathedral, mosque, or church on earth. I grant it lacks the mystic charm of our northern cathedrals, with their naves and aisles, leading like groves of petrified trees to the chancel, where the elaborate magnificence of altar, and jewelled window, reach a climax of ecclesiastical glory. There is nothing unrevealed in Santa Sophia, no vista of columns and arches fading away in prism-tinted gloom, as at Seville, for instance; no rich side chapels either, every

nook and corner being visible at a glance. The imagination has nothing to feed upon, for the whole truth is told at once. Hence, as there is no attempt at deception there is also no illusion, and the exceeding vastness of the edifice produces,

even on a first visit, an ineffaceable impression. At St. Peter's, Rome, one is obliged to study detail, to compare the size of the sturdy cherubim who uphold the holy water shells with our own insignificance, in order the better to appreciate the immensity and perfect proportions of the huge temple in which these gigantic angels are mere pigmies. Santa Sophia, being the largest square hall or room ever built, immediately asserts itself as such, and the sense of its spaciousness is emphasized by the fact that in its present phase of existence, as a mosque, there are no altars, no statues, shrines, or pictures to interrupt the perspective; only the prayer carpets in winter and mats in summer, so arranged on the broad pavement as to front one way—to towards the



DOORWAY IN SANTA SOPHIA.

Kaaba, the sacred Black Stone of Mecca.

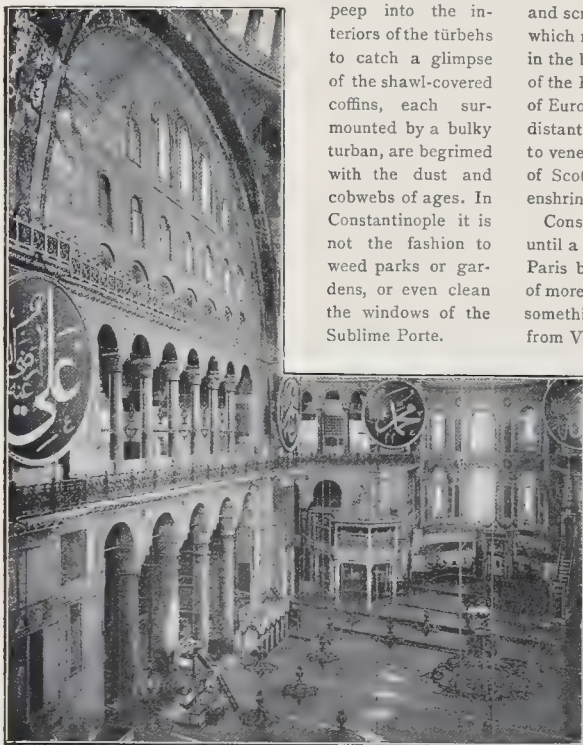
Externally Santa Sophia—let me call it henceforth by its popular English name—is inferior to any one of the eight Imperial mosques of Stambul. The enormous dome is dwarfed

two-thirds its height and bulk by the ponderous but useful buttresses, added by Sultan Ahmed III. to protect it from the wear of time and the dilapidations of earthquakes. Then the entire building has been daubed by the Turks with a coating of strawberry-coloured "whitewash," striped with broad bands of a deeper shade of the same unusual hue in architectural decoration. After the Turkish conquest four heavy minarets were added to the corners, imparting to it at a certain distance a rather ludicrous resemblance to a pink blancmange flanked by four colossal white china candlesticks—a sort of centre-piece for a giant's banquet table.

The air of Constantinople is so diaphanous and its sunshine so brilliant that atmospheric effects are constantly produced which metamorphose even the ugly outer shell of Santa Sophia into a thing of beauty. From the Sea of Marmara it looks superb, seeming to be incorporated with the otherwise commonplace Palace of Justice—a long white marble building, which from this point forms a pedestal to support the dome and its double pair of snowy minarets. This is merely an illusion; but all Constantinople from the water is only a fairy-like illusion, to be dispelled the moment you set foot in its muddy streets and crooked lanes.

A series of Turkish türbehs, or tombs, lying-in hospitals, baths and schools, surround the building in a singular confusion of squat leaden domes and porcelain-incrusted walls; not, however, without a certain picturesqueness of effect, but with utter disregard for anything approaching symmetry. They are, moreover, ill-kept, grass-grown and weed-covered,

and the windows, through which you peep into the interiors of the türbehs to catch a glimpse of the shawl-covered coffins, each surmounted by a bulky turban, are begrimed with the dust and cobwebs of ages. In Constantinople it is not the fashion to weed parks or gardens, or even clean the windows of the Sublime Porte.



INTERIOR OF SANTA SOPHIA.

Procopius, a Byzantine author, who probably witnessed the solemn dedication of Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence with his stupendous cupola, or Michael Angelo dream of raising the Pantheon six hundred feet above the tombs of the Apostles on the Vatican. To the mediæval world, the dome of Santa Sophia was a wonder—a kind of Eiffel Tower—a thing to see, less because it was beautiful, than because it was marvellous—unique. Pilgrims, Crusaders, and travellers returning from the Byzantine capital, spun their usual yarns, and spread broadcast throughout credulous Western Europe the wildest reports about the "great church"; and so it became a popular belief that angels sustained the miraculous dome, high up in the air, over the jewelled shrines which contained relics of almost everything mentioned in the Old and in the New Testament, from the Ark of Covenant, the veil of the Temple, the chains of Peter, the trumpets sounded by the priests at the fall of Jericho, to the gimlets and screws used in building up the Cross, so big a portion of which rested among gold and gems and sweet rare essences in the bema or sanctuary of the church, that after the invasion of the Fourth Crusaders, in 1203, it sufficed to supply the rest of Europe with fragments of its health-yielding Wood. Even distant Norfolk got its share, and pilgrims went far and near to venerate the Holy Rood at Bromholm. King David, too, of Scotland, thanked the Lord for a "wee piece" he got to enshrine in Edinburgh's abbey of Holy Rood.

Constantinople in those early days, as indeed it remained until a few years back, was no pleasant three days' trip from Paris by luxurious Orient Express, but a tedious sea-voyage of more than a month's duration from Venice or Genoa, and something like a month's dangerous journey on horseback from Vienna. There is a curious MS. account extant of the travels by land of the Nuncio of Innocent III. to the Byzantine Court in the days of our King John, which reads not unlike a modern explorer's experiences in Central Africa, so dreadful were the worthy prelate's adventures in the Balkan Passes. But once the traveller entered the gates of Constantinople, he found himself transported suddenly from barbarism into the midst of a civilisation of incredible luxuriance. Rome in the zenith of her Imperial power was surpassed by her daughter and rival on the Golden Horn in the art of sumptuous living. If the prevailing taste displayed in Constantinople lacked Hellenic purity and buildings were surcharged with glittering mosaics and Oriental extravagances, there were nevertheless abundant proofs on all sides, in the care with which the masterpieces of classical



CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE GOLDEN HORN. FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN MACWHITER, R.A.

sculpture were preserved and displayed, to compensate for what might otherwise have been deemed a want of æsthetic discretion. At no period, however, of its existence can the exterior of Santa Sophia have been worthy of its interior.

In the days of its greatest glory, Santa Sophia was surrounded by incomparable palaces, and overlooked to the right the Hippodrome, one of the wonders of the world, which was adorned with more and finer statues than the Vatican is at present. As late as 1842 some vestiges of an atrium still existed, which extended in front of the church, and enclosed the actual dreary and naked square, by a colonnading of white marble Corinthian columns, having in its centre a "sea" of running water, resting on the backs of the same brazen beasts mentioned in Scripture as supporting a like basin before the Temple of Solomon. Here, too, stood three jasper columns, forming the pedestal to a colossal bronze statue of a knight on horseback—the cavalier probably being intended for Constantine—pointing towards Asia; and here, also, was placed the notorious silver statue of Eudoxia, which gave rise to the banishment of St. John Chrysostom, who had loudly declaimed against such a scandalous waste of public treasures. In the Brera Gallery at Milan, there is a fine picture, by Gentile Bellini, representing the façade of Santa Sophia, as it was in the days of Mohammed II., the Conqueror, in the last half of the fifteenth century. It might easily be mistaken for that of St. Mark, Venice. It is now devastated of its rare columns, and its rugged arcades seem rather the entrances to some tumble-down bazaar than to a famous mosque. Still, I have seen them assume a certain picturesqueness; when, for instance, they served as a refuge to some poor pilgrims from Asia Minor, dressed for the world like the patriarchs in an old Family Bible, and not hesitating to light their kettles in dangerous proximity to a building that has already suffered so cruelly from fire. This outer narthex or portico, now rough and bare, evidently in Bellini's day glistened with mosaic, not a vestige of which remains. Hard by stood the chapel of St. Peter, which was so rich in saintly relics that His Holiness in Rome "burned with pious longing to possess them." The baptistry is still standing, to the left, and used as a Turkish türbeh, or tomb; otherwise the multitudes of statues of gods and saints, the jasper and the onyx columns, and the "sea" of brass and the brazen beasts thereof, the wonderful clepsydra, or water-clock, which told not only the hours, but the seconds and minutes, so perfect was its mechanism, have dissolved, like the baseless fabric of Prospero's vision, and left not a rack behind. So, too, have disappeared the neighbouring palaces of the emperors and empresses, the Senate House, the Patriarchate, the Public Library, and the baths of Zeuxippus, the largest and the richest in the world, and the Nymphaeum, where the poorer people were married, the majority of which edifices covered the adjacent promontory, now occupied by what remains of the Old Seraglio, and displayed their marble and mosaic-covered façades to the greatest advantage among avenues of giant cypresses, groves of pomegranate trees, and flower gardens full of fountains, some of which were open to the public as places of restful resort; commanding everywhere glorious views of the Golden Horn, the Bosphorus, and

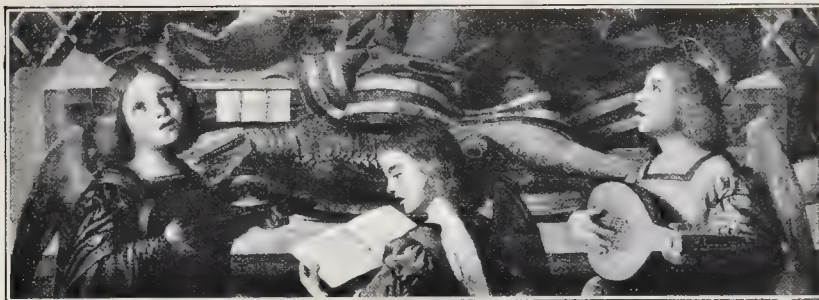
of the Sea of Marmara, on the horizon of which rise the sharp volcanic outlines of the Princes islands, and on exceptionally fine days the snow-covered peak of Olympus—are visible views so varied and so rich in colouring as to be unrivalled this side of Elysium. To the right of the church was the Hippodrome, with its triumphal arches and triple tiers of columns, and its sculptured crowd of gods, goddesses, prophets, saints, sinners, emperors, and empresses. The bronze horses of Lysippus, now at Venice, crowned one triumphal entrance. Here, too, was that famous statue of Helen of Troy, whose beauty of face and form roused men to lust and drove them daft—a reason probably why the Crusaders, in the thirteenth century, dreading a like fate for some one of their commanders, pulverised it. Then there was a colossal Hercules of bronze, and a statue of Apollo by Phidias, and a Venus by Praxiteles, an eagle holding a magic serpent, by Apollonius of Tyana, an ass and its rider—"so life-like you could almost imagine them to be in motion"—a gilt statue of Jupiter with enamelled eyes, and one of Theodora with a jewelled tiara on its silver head—in a word, twenty museums of sculpture in one, to enrich which the ruined classical world had been ransacked.

The Crusaders, to the indignation of Pope Innocent III., who—all honour to his memory for it—loudly denounced them to the infernal powers for their vandalism, seem, for good Catholics, to have held statues and images in curious abhorrence, for they smashed, in three days, nearly all they could find in the city—converting, however, with an apparently keen eye to business, those of metal into cash and coin. To read of all the incalculable and irreparable mischief they did in Constantinople in the early part of the hot month of July, 1203, makes the blood to boil with righteous horror. Led by the blind Doge Dandolo, they poured through that breach in the land walls—you can still see it gaping open, just as they left it—and desolated the fairest city of the world. Like locusts they devoured all before them, and this, too, in the name of Christ and His holy Mother.

Santa Sophia came in for its share of the general sacrilege, and its wonder-working relics, great and little, were soon dispersed to the ends of the earth. They were not destroyed, but carried off to grace other and newer shrines in distant lands. No discoverer of an Australian or Californian gold mine ever deemed himself half as lucky as did the Crusader who overhauled the sacred storehouse of Santa Sophia for holy *bric-à-brac*. So great was the quantity, not to mention the quality, thereof, that the very walls of the church were cemented with a material far more costly than diamond dust—with the crushed bones of Christian martyrs. A veritable ant-hill of credulous adventurers sacked the rich shrines of Byzantium and pillaged their miracle-working contents. Priests who ventured to defend these treasures were slain on the very altar steps, and although they managed, in the dead of night, to hide away many wonders—the crib of Bethlehem, for instance, which is still to be seen in Santa Sophia—the frantic crowd of blood-stained warriors of the Cross soon made havoc of icons and jewels, and pocketed both the gems and the holy bones.

RICHARD DAVEY.

[To be continued.]



ANGELS SINGING. BY GIROLAMO DAI LIBRI. No. 1.

CRITICAL STUDIES ON PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.*

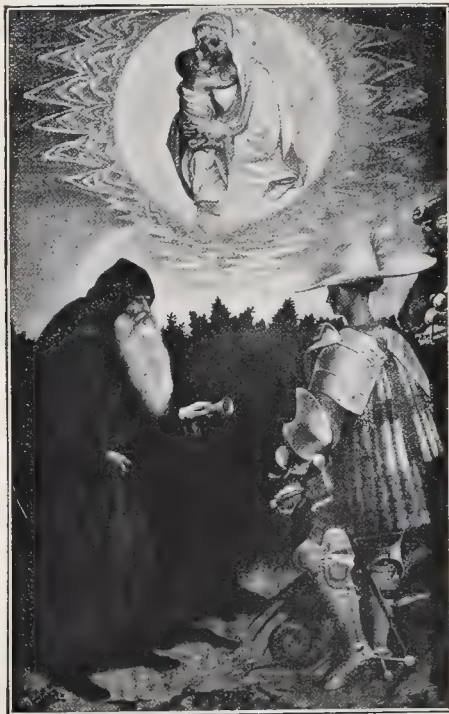
II.—THE PICTURES OF THE VERONESE SCHOOL.

WHEN we speak of the "Venetian School" we are understood, by universal custom, to include within the scope of the term the schools of Verona, Padua, and other towns of the mainland, which were once politically united with Venice. It is implied that the artists born in these smaller towns undoubtedly, sooner or later, made their way to the capital to learn the lessons of the great Art that flourished there. But I doubt if this way of conceiving the growth and cultivation of Art in the towns of the Venetian provinces can claim any higher merit than that of being extremely convenient. On the contrary, from the standpoint of even a superficial knowledge of the political conditions of North Italy, and of the history of Art in Venice and on the mainland (the *terra firma*), such a theory would appear hardly even tenable, much less probable.

In particular, with regard to the relation of Verona to Venice, it will suffice here to call to mind certain historical facts of a nature to throw light upon it. During the Middle Ages and as late as the second half of the fourteenth century, Verona was entirely independent, and at the same time one of the most powerful cities of the whole peninsula. But chance willed at the very time when Veronese art in the person of Vittore Pisano was spreading its fame over the whole of Italy, and at every court, that Verona in political impotence should become dependent first upon Milan, and then permanently, from 1405 onwards, upon Venice. We still possess the statutes of the painters' guilds of Padua and Verona, from which it is perfectly clear that the statesmen of the Lagoons not only left these rigidly exclusive societies undisturbed in their privileges and pretensions, paltry as these may seem to us, but formally recognised and confirmed them. One consequence of this was that no Veronese painter was allowed to sell his pictures in Padua or Venice, and *vice-versa*.

When, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, great monumental works in painting were to be carried out at Venice, the local school was still so insignificant that no native artist could be entrusted with the commission. They were obliged to summon Vittore Pisano, notwithstanding that he had once been on the list of the politically obnoxious, and as such was liable to penal consequences. Of his wall paintings in the Palace of the Republic, in that of the Pope, and

in the castles of the foremost princes of the country, unfortunately not a single trace remains. Four small easel pictures by him are still in existence, but from these we only gain a partial and unsatisfactory impression of his extraordinary artistic capabilities. However, we are luckily enabled to complete our impression by the rich material that exists in the shape of drawings and medals; while, in addition, there are fresco paintings by him preserved in two of the churches of Verona.



ST. ANTHONY AND ST. GEORGE. BY VITTORE PISANO.
(Photo, Braun, Clement & Co., Darmstadt.) No. 2.

* Continued from pages 170, 232, and 301, 1894.

The small easel-picture, 'St. Anthony and St. George,' by Pisano, in the National Gallery (our No. 2), represents the Madonna with two saints; a subject which, for centuries before and even afterwards, was generally treated according

ways in Art, even though it may have been long before his example was followed.

In the year in which Pisanello died, namely in 1451, Liberale was born at Verona, an artist whose individuality ushers in a

new epoch in the development of Veronese painting. He resembles his Paduan contemporary Mantegna in this, that his productiveness as a painter was matched by the far-reaching influence which he exercised as a teacher over his pupils and followers. The product of a school closely connected with Pisanello, namely the school of Zevio, he afterwards came to number among his own pupils a painter conspicuous for the dramatic power of his compositions, that is Niccolo Giolfinio; whose art, as it was further developed by Paolo Farinato, comes near to that of Paolo Veronese, at least in its earlier phases. But these relations can only be studied and more closely followed out in the presence of the numerous examples of this school preserved at or in the neighbourhood of Verona; for although the



THE DEATH OF DIDO. A PORTION OF THE PICTURE BY LIBERALE. NO. 3.

to a stereotyped plan. Pisano, however, 'has ventured to break these rules, and to present a solution of the problem hardly realised, and much less attempted before his time. In accordance with the religious conceptions then universally current, the saints on each side of the enthroned Madonna were the intercessors or "advocates" of the individuals or corporations that commissioned the altarpiece; and how closely even Raphael himself, in his solution of this problem, held to the traditional scheme is strikingly shown by the 'Madonna degli Ansidei,' his chief work at the National Gallery. In Pisano's picture the Madonna with the Child appears as a vision in heaven, while on earth, on the borders of a lonely forest, there stand the two saints, Anthony, the patriarch of hermits dead to the world, and George, the hero of the world of cavaliers. The two hold mutual converse about the affairs for which, as Padroni or advocates, they are responsible; and with the realism of this conception the realism of the treatment is in perfect harmony, especially in the case of the knight, in shining silver armour, walking-stick in hand, and with a large straw hat on his head, according to the everyday custom of the Italian noblemen at their country seats in the summer. It is also noteworthy that here it is a living dragon that is associated as an emblem with the dragon-slayer, just as elsewhere the lion appears as a domestic animal by the side of S. Jerome. Of an artist so daring in representation, and who understands how to invest his new conceptions with such convincing pictorial form, we may well say that he was a poet, and more than this. *Init dux prælia primus*. His is the merit of having opened new

Veronese school is better and more fully represented at the National Gallery than in any other collection, if we except Verona and Milan, it is to be regretted nevertheless that the National Gallery should be lacking in precisely such pictures as would exhibit and illustrate the line of development which proceeds, as it were, from Liberale and culminates in Paolo Veronese.

The miniatures which Liberale executed in his seventeenth year, and which still justly excite astonishment as marvels of fancy and sumptuous colour, show us the artist from quite another side than the small spiritless Madonna pictures, which he produced carelessly and hastily in his old age, and supplied for niggardly pay to the citizens of Verona. They served as wedding presents, and Liberale has only himself to thank if this degenerate practice should have spoilt his reputation. Such trifling products of his dexterity are still to be seen in dusty corners of old curiosity shops; and we may well wonder that a repulsive picture like the Madonna No. 1,134, should be exhibited at the National Gallery as a specimen of the celebrated Veronese master.

Fortunately, however, a second picture has recently been acquired, which, though the attribution to the master himself is by no means certain, nevertheless exhibits the artistic capacity of Liberale or of his school in quite a different light. Of this picture, which represents the death of Dido, No. 1,336, we reproduce the central group as illustration (our No. 3). This is not the moment for a detailed examination of the reasons for and against the conclusion that no one but Liberale could have painted this interesting work. The figures have the

typical character peculiar to him; nevertheless, in scarcely any other of his works does his passionate creative impulse express itself in forms so harmoniously effective as is the case here. The buildings of the forum in which the pyre stands are copied from well-known monuments at Verona. In the background on the left are seen two spectators in the everyday costume of the artist's contemporaries. The one on the left-hand side seems from his dress to be a German. Dürer has portrayed himself in an exactly similar way. The identity of the person thus represented will always remain hypothetical; nevertheless, the soldier leaning on his lance on the extreme right (in the landscape not shown in our illustration), points directly to Dürer, for the figure is taken from a well-known engraving by him.

When in the year 1493 an important estimate had to be furnished at Verona touching certain matters of Art, the painter Domenico Morone was nominated to report in conjunction with Liberale. These two, then, were regarded at that time as the first painters in the town—and justly. The former I take to be—after Pisanello and Paolo Veronese—the greatest artist that Verona has produced, though I admit that this judgement needs to be established and vindicated. Those who have taken the trouble to seek out all the works that have been ascribed to him, will remember that among them are to be found productions of very slight value—pictures that are perfectly heterogeneous both in style and in character. It was only natural that to a famous master, celebrated even by Vasari, and of whom very little that is authentic has been preserved, an uncritical age should assign a whole number of pictures which are not in the remotest degree connected with him. At the present day we possess only two pictures by him that are directly authenticated, one of which is signed with his full name, while the other is mentioned by Vasari. There is the closest possible resemblance, however, between these and

the two small cassone-pieces in the National Gallery Nos. 1211 and 1212. The latter came from a Veronese palace, and when I found them several years ago they bore no name; but my determination has been adopted not only by Morelli but by Sir Frederick Burton, who incorporated the pictures with the National Collection (No. 7).

Domenico's masterpiece, now at Milan, pictures the triumph of the Gonzaga over the Buonacorsi, and was obviously painted at Mantua by order of the Gonzaga. The architecture in the background of the pictures at the National Gallery represents the old tower of the castle of Mantua, and it is my belief that the tournaments which we there see depicted are a record of the festivities held on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke Francesco and Isabella d'Este, of which we have minute descriptions in more than one chronicle of the period.

The colours of Domenico Morone have an extraordinarily luminous quality, and are always harmoniously blended; his drawing is correct, and his compositions show a refined taste and a certain feeling for grace, to which we can justly apply the term "modern."

Like Liberale, he too had important painters as pupils, and just as the two teachers moved in entirely different directions, so their pupils kept to the paths marked out by them. The three great pupils of Domenico Morone were his son Francesco, born in 1473, the companion of his old age Girolamo dai Libri, and Cavazzola, his junior by thirty years. The well-known and widely-circulated works of these masters have gained universal notoriety for the



MADONNA AND CHILD. BY FRANCESCO MORONE. NO. 1.

Veronese school, of which they are generally supposed to be the leading representatives. In their best qualities they show so much in common, that we have good grounds for supposing that their connection with their teacher was of the closest. Yet it is remarkable that in all of them there is wanting that dramatic element which he possessed in such a high degree. The tone and accent of the whole trio are lyrical, and it is in

sensuous Madonnas and poetical angels that they reach their highest level of achievement. Francesco Morone's Madonna picture in the National Gallery, No. 285, is a youthful production (No 4), in which glowing colour, delicately balanced, is combined with fine drawing and powerful modelling. Characteristic are the regular oval of the Madonna's head and the look of simplicity and charm which breathes in the features. That the artist himself was of a harmless, lovable nature is evident from his will, which we still possess, and Vasari's judgment is to the same effect when he calls him "*persona da bene, religiosa e costumata*."

Girolamo dai Libri, who was his intimate friend, is also closely connected with him as an artist. Besides figures of the Madonna and saints, we also possess some Predella pictures from his hand, and they prove that his original endowment was such as should preserve him from the approach of on-sidedness. An admirable Madonna by him in the National Gallery No. 748, formerly adorned the altar of a small church in Verona. The dragon lies at the feet of the Madonna, and before the steps of her throne there stand three lovely child angels, singing a hymn of praise. In another altarpiece, which is still at Verona, Girolamo has likewise introduced three cherub musicians differently grouped; but though this is the more famous picture of the two, I cannot help thinking that the one in London (No. 1) surpasses it.

Seventy years ago a German artist, whom Ruskin thought worthy of the highest praise, came as a young man to Verona, and there saw this picture in the church of San Giorgio, and it is interesting to read in his *Lebenserinnerungen* what an impression it made upon him. After describing the picture, he says:—"I thought that I had scarcely ever seen anything so beautiful and touching. The picture

was by Girolamo dai Libri, an old master of whom until then I had never heard, nor, indeed, have I seen any other picture by him since. Here it was that there first arose in me a suspicion of what a depth of spiritual life, and of the heavenly beauty that is born of it, lay in the masters of the pre-Raphaelite period. This master's way of seeing and feeling, his style—and the style is the man—impressed me deeply and permanently, touched me sympathetically. In fact this dear old painter became veritably my patron saint, for he it was who first opened to me the gates of the inner sanctuary of Art."

Of the three pupils of Domenico Morone, Morando, or Cavazzola, passes generally for the most important, and the local authorities of Verona are accustomed to celebrate him as the Raphael of their school. Cavazzola, too, only reached the age of thirty-six years. He died as early as 1522, Francesco Morone in 1529, and Girolamo, who lived to the age of eighty-two, in 1556. And seeing that to the last Girolamo remained faithful to his simplicity of conception and method, he may well have been the only veteran of the quattrocentisti who lived to see the second half of the cinquecento. The greater number of Cavazzola's pictures are now in the Municipal Gallery at Verona. The National Gallery is about the only other public collection which contains works from his hand, and among them the Madonna picture shows us the master in his most brilliant aspect. I imagine that, if it be allowable to compare a picture with a jewel, such a comparison would be in point here (No. 6). Cavazzola has not the deep religious feeling of his two fellow pupils; his figures are decidedly more realistic in type. It is a healthier, stronger, and, at the same time, nobler stamp of man that he depicts. His people are Southerners, it is true; but one can see that



PORTRAIT GROUP OF THE FAMILY OF PISANI AS ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND THE FAMILY OF DARIUS AFTER THE BATTLE OF ISSUS. BY PAOLO VERONESE. (Photo, Braun, Clement & Co., Darmstadt.) No. 5.

they breathe the strong air of the Alps, upon the spurs of which their city lies. Cavazzola, too, like the other Veronese

with the paintings of Paolo Veronese, for which we have an excellent opportunity here, we shall find it very difficult to



THE MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AND AN ANGEL. BY CAVAZZOLA. No. 6.

painters of his time, loves to depict the neighbouring mountain country in the backgrounds of his work, while Francesco Morone prefers to borrow his landscape motives from the highest regions, where even the northern fir makes its appearance here and there (No. 4).

Just as in Venice the art of a Cima, a Catena, a Basaiti, remained without a following, so it was in Verona with these imitators of Domenico Morone. If we compare the gorgeously-coloured pictures of the Veronese Quattrocentisti 1895.

maintain that the latter was influenced by Cavazzola or by any other master in that line, although such an assertion has occasionally been made. Paolo Veronese was born six years after the death of Cavazzola, and, as I have already remarked, came in his youth under the influence of painters whose aim and outlook were totally different. Unfortunately, as there is no opportunity at the National Gallery for illustrating in detail the close connection between his art and that of his predecessors in Verona itself, we

shall have, at least for the present, to waive the discussion of the question. In his twenty-seventh year he came to Venice, and as he remained there, and as, moreover, his works are among the noblest ornaments of the city, it is the custom to include him with the Venetians. In Venice it is true that Titian influenced him to a certain extent; but it would not be allowable to say that he was in any sense dependent upon Titian. Paolo Veronese did not come to Venice to learn. He was already esteemed as a celebrated painter when he was summoned thither. The number of his works, chiefly of enormous size, at Venice and in all the galleries of the world, is endless; and it is impossible that during the three-and-thirty years of his life there, he alone could have painted all the pictures that are now ascribed to him. For this reason even the pictures that pass under his name show obvious differences. But, setting aside those which he prepared with the assistance of his brother, his sons, and others, there still remain a fair number of paintings of the first rank, which can be recognised as entirely the productions of his own hand.

Among these a prominent place belongs to the picture purporting to represent the family of Darius in the presence of Alexander, after the battle of Issus. It was painted for the

Pisani family, and we reproduce the central group as our illustration No. 5. The attempt to make the characters of this picture consistent with those of the historical event will hardly succeed, not to mention that the ceremonious, partially apathetic, deportment of the *dramatis personæ* would throw rather a melancholy light upon the master as an historical painter. For my part, I should give another meaning to the picture, and I think, moreover, that I can prove that it is the only meaning for which there is any warrant. The artist had obviously received the commission to paint a portrait group of the Pisani family. This commission he fulfilled, quite in the taste of the time, by grouping the family in an historical *tableau vivant*, of which, however, the story was only the pretext. Nothing more natural than that the ladies of the house should appear, not in antique costume, but in their own toilet of state, or that by the side of the figure who plays Alexander, the ten-year-old son of the house should be seen. Certainly no respectable Dutch patrician family would have allowed the artist to paint them otherwise than standing solemnly in a row or sitting round a table. But in this connection an Italian thought otherwise, and who could blame him?

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.



SCENE AT A TOURNAMENT. FROM THE CASSONE PIECE BY DOMENICO MORONE. NO. 7.

ART IN THE POSTER.

THERE are, it seems to me, two reasons why we should be interested in the modern art of the "poster." The modern poster gives occasion, in the first place, for a general rejoicing, and, in the second, for a particular study.

Let me explain myself a little. The poster of some sort, in our cities of to-day, is quite inevitable—an inevitable boon, or an inevitable nuisance; but, at least, sure to be there. We cannot hope to escape it. I, for my part, should be very sorry to escape it. The admirable Society which exists to check the abuses of Advertising does not, whatever may be supposed, wish to suppress the poster—it desires only that the poster

shall be placed under reasonable control. For the moment, the Law, which this Society seeks to remedy, is absolutely powerless to cope with the inroad of commercial ugliness. The sooner it can cope with it the better. The sooner every tasteless person is no longer free to do, on vast spaces which must meet the public gaze, that which is right in his own eyes, however hideous in the eyes of his neighbours, the sooner will our streets, embankments, railway stations, assume some aspect of comeliness. But at present the control is wanting; and, so long as it is wanting, is it not well that the voluntary choice of men, of tradesmen, of theatrical managers, should go out towards artists like Mr. Greiffenhagen and Mr. Raven Hill—to name two draughtsmen of very different calibre—rather than towards the productions

which, during many years of pure Philistinism in this matter, have added hideousness to the Town? So much for London, where the thing is yet but very tentative. But far better things—good things in greater numbers—have been seen in Paris.

There, along, as my own experience assures me, with much that is hideous and garish, dissonant and offensive, there is yet no small proportion of pictorial advertisement which is the result of a well-applied talent—nay, which, in one or two cases, I think, is the result of nothing less than genius.

I am brought, by that remark, to the second of the two reasons for finding the modern poster interesting. The first,

remember, was the improvement which, on the whole, it confers on the condition of the street. The second is the opportunity which it affords for the study of particular men. It so happens that, up to the present, the best men are Frenchmen.

Now, Messrs. Bella & De Malherbe in London, and many a Parisian agent or dealer, can give, it seems, to any collector, the opportunity of fairly estimating the different artists who, within the last very few years, have seized upon the poster as one of the most fitting vehicles for the display of their skill. I say "any collector"; for within the last two or three years—since the talent of certain of these artists has made an impression upon Paris—the flexible collector, the collector who is not fossiliferous, who entertains gladly sympathy for a new art or a new development, and while appreciating a



THE JOAN OF ARC POSTER. BY GRASSET. NO. 1.



ENCRE MARQUET POSTER. BY GRASSET. No. 2.

Rembrandt, does not scorn a Steinlen or a Grasset, has taken to accumulate these things. You can buy them in certain Paris book or print shops; and among the rows of *bouquinistes* upon the quay, there are to be found one or two persons who, by the side of their daily *étalage* of second-hand volumes, keep a portfolio which, if opened, will disclose some audacity of Lautrec's, some gay thing of Chérêt's. We have come to the particular masters.

In my own classification of the particular masters I am, I believe, unorthodox. In Paris they collect Steinlen, Lautrec, Grasset, but "*surtout Chérêt*." At all events this has been the case. Now why—I asked myself from the first moment when I began to see the posters—when I began to wander on the quay and in the side streets, in the search for them—why *surtout Chérêt*? The answer, the justification for their doing so, is superficial and not adequate. Chérêt, it is true, was one of the first—perhaps even the very first—to bring about some improvement in the poster. Hence, a part of his vogue. Again, he brought to the business all the resources of a skilled lithographer, or lithographic printer. Yet again, he has some purely artistic merits which I do not for a minute contest. His drawing of the figure—and he likes the figure full-sized and seen full-length—is accurate as well as expressive. He finds a gesture carefully, records it skilfully—one telling gesture is often with him the motive of an advertisement: we know that from some words he wrote upon the matter in the *New Review* last Spring. Do not let it be thought that I for a moment underrate him, just because I do not place him where he has been wont to be placed by French collectors, who, many of them, approached the subject with little reference to the accepted

standards of Fine Art, with little knowledge of its higher laws and subtler effects, and with an undisguised sympathy for the somewhat meretricious vision of the "human form divine," which a popular poster is exceedingly apt to afford.

Even if M. Chérêt began the task of effecting on the whole an improvement in the street, others have gone much further. His work suffers, not seldom—except, indeed, it may be, in its commercial purpose—by being so extremely *voyant*. His yellows, blues, and reds—whose violent contrasts he considers "not inharmonious" (but it is a contradiction in terms)—seem to me, not seldom, gaudy. The "Saxoleine" series—advertisements of an oil that is safe for table lamps—has been admired and bought. The pictures illustrate his characteristics sufficiently well. They are very ably drawn. They have that truth and vividness of gesture which we must all agree that he possesses. But in their hues—telling enough, of course, by their mere strident note—I, for my own part, see no beauty. His 'Coulisses de l'Opéra, au Musée Grévin' has great dexterity, but is yet in its type—as, indeed, it is almost bound to be—a little *banale*. Other men have, perhaps, been more fortunate in their themes as well as in their treatment. Chérêt, I have no doubt, has satisfied his employers, and here and there, as in the 'Loie Fuller,' has satisfied the critical. To sum up, I consider Chérêt to be, from the artistic point of view, chiefly interesting as a link—it may be *the* link between the pictorial advertisement that was scarcely Art at all, and the pictorial advertisement which is Art distinguished and worthy.

That brings me to Grasset, and I could wish, perhaps, that the transition were less abrupt, for I consider Grasset has shown, and not only in the poster, many of the highest



THE GRASSET MADRID EXHIBITION POSTER. BY GRASSET. No. 3.



THE AMBASSADEURS POSTER. BY STEINLEN. No. 4.

illustrations for a certain *livre de luxe*, "Les Quatre Fils Aymon," have the spirit and art of the Renaissance. His book-cover for Lemaitre's "Contes," his book-cover for "L'Illustration" ('Noel, 1893'), are of admirable appropriateness. His stained glass windows for St. Pierre de Chaillot in Paris, and for other places too, have the great and necessary qualities for that order of work. It is his work in stained glass that has dictated the form of many of the best of his posters. Translated into black and white—seen in its pure design of line—the 'St. Cecilia' window is recognised as own sister to the poster of Sarah Bernhardt as 'Jeanne d'Arc.' No small and trivial realism is to be found in Grasset's work. Abstraction, selection, dignity—these are his first qualities. With Grasset's posters you have not only splendid colour, but great masses cunningly disposed. His 'Fêtes de Paris,' or that 'Jeanne d'Arc,' or, in a less complete fashion, perhaps 'L'Encre Marquet,' shows what he has learnt from the Renaissance; his 'Exposition de Madrid' what he has learnt from Japan.* And whatever Grasset has learnt has been entirely assimilated. He is never a copyist, an imitator; he is a great artist, equipped, by knowledge, for his task, and addressing himself to it with the certainty of success that belongs to an *artiste de tempérament*. French in his practice and in the flexibility of his genius, Grasset—a Swiss by birth,

* This admirable poster was not, as a matter of fact, sent upon its mission. The Exhibition it was designed to celebrate was, I believe, never held.

qualities which it is the function of Art to display. Of the decorative artists of our time, he is certainly one of the greatest. Of the subtler effects of atmosphere in landscape, of the subtler shiftings of expression on the human face, of the subtler charm of line in the human figure, Grasset is not, and does not, I suppose, pretend to be the exponent. Beyond the province of Decoration it may be that he does not stir, but within that wide province he has a long and very varied walk.

Some of his

a native of Lausanne—has also in his temperament a touch of the imagination of the dweller among great hills. The hills that were the stately background of his childish life have become, often, the background of his drawings.

Some people assign a high rank to Willette. Personally, I am little charmed either by his posters, or by those more or less comic or satiric pictures of the life of a portion of Paris which have, as it appears, contributed to the success of certain illustrated newspapers. But, confining our momentary glance at Willette to a glance at his posters, it may seem enough to remark that they neither quite accept the poster's necessary conditions, nor quite reject them, for the resolute production of what may be good genre-painting. Willette's draughtsmanship in these efforts is scarcely firm and telling. His colour-effects, though, perhaps, seldom garish, rarely attain much beauty, and he appears not fully to understand the effectiveness of the simple.

Lautrec—H. de T. Lautrec, to give him his full signature—is far more obviously a born artist for the poster. But I would go further than that—I would say that Lautrec is, at least in all departments of decoration, Willette's superior—though I do not know that comparison between them is of the essence of my task. And to boot, Lautrec is a most pungent chronicler of dubious character, the character that in music-hall and café, at open-air lounge or concert, most readily, perhaps, offers itself to the pencil of the pictorial comedian; the eccentric *fleur*, whose oddities have got to be emphasised; the "Montmartroise de Montmartre;" the light o' loves. But he is far too keen and general an observer to be confined to these types. His charming little picture called 'Confetti,' with its pleasant olive-green and chrome colour, is a naïve record of the joyousness of childhood; it is not without its touch of poetry; not without a certain fanciful and easy grace. Again,



THE DIVAN JAPONAIS POSTER. BY LAUTREC. No. 5.



L'ESCARMOUCHE POSTER. BY H. G. IBELS. No. 6.

to go back for an instant to that world which in a fuller sense, no doubt, may be accounted Lautrec's own, see 'Divan Japonais' (No. 5), 'Bruant in his Cabaret'—the broad and simple record of that impossible *comique*—and, best of all, perhaps, for bringing before the spectator the very life of the thing or man it is his business to illustrate—that other *comique*, 'Caudieux,' striding portly, with puckered mouth, puckered eyes, across the stage. They are, one and all, amazing for vitality. To ask these last things to display the gift of beauty—beautiful form, I mean, or beautiful sentiment—would be to ask the unreasonable; but for sheer force and vividness, attained with no small measure of decorative effect, it would be a difficult matter to surpass them.

Boutet de Monvel, whose dainty water-colours of the face and figure eschew aerial perspective, and begin and end their performance generally upon a single plane, has done, with the reticence of line of the best modern Primitive, and with, to boot, a Japanese feeling for harmony of colour, one or two exquisite posters. His 'Dentifrice Pierre,' especially, no collector should go without, so charming is it in its quaint design and in its pattern of colour. Ibels is one of the younger men who are making their way. Designing first the coloured covers for cheap popular songs, sold at two sous a piece—I have bought them at little tobacconists and newsagents in the Rue de Madame, or in the Rue de Gondé, under the shadow of the Odéon—he now finds himself promoted to the greater dignities of the pictorial advertisement, and his treatment, though not perhaps always either so fully considered or so immediately convincing as that of some of his colleagues, is at least generally artistic. Ibels is rather a sensitive draughtsman, as is shown well in his 'Escarmouche' (No. 6), for all its intentional ungainliness; the scene is the interior of a common wine-shop—an illustration, I fancy, of something at the Théâtre Libre.

Sinet, the impressionist, painter, and pastellist, whose delicately truthful treatment of themes, many of which modern Art, before the days of Degas, scarcely handled—Sinet has been not unwilling to produce a few posters. His is the 'Concert Parisien: Yvette Guilbert'—Yvette beheld full face, relating, I am sure, with that amusing, blameless air of hers, something quite dreadful about a *Pensionnat de Demoiselles*. And that is almost, if it is not absolutely, the best of the several portraits of that entertaining singer which have adorned, or made cheerful, Paris streets. For pure portraiture—portraiture affected with subtlety and refined intelligence—it is very likely the best of all. But in successful intricacy of colour, and likewise, as it happens, for breadth of comic effect, Sinet's poster—a tolerably recent one—yields the palm to a still more recent work, which is Steinlen's, and which records the appearance at the "Ambassadeurs" of that slim-built, red-haired, black-gloved *diva* of the music-hall (No. 4).

We are brought last of all, then—though I should like to have had a word for Metivet, were it only because of his astonishingly powerful, suggestive study of Eugénie Buffet, in her *répertoire réaliste*—we are brought to that great artist, Steinlen. And I must rank him at once as, in his own way, Grasset's equal—the equal that is, of the greatest—though, of course, actual comparison between his work and Grasset's would be as out of place and as uncalled for as comparison between Besnard's, say, and Pivis de Chavannes', or between Sir James Linton's and Mr. Sargent's. Steinlen has,



LAIT STÉRILISÉ POSTER. BY STEINLEN. No. 7.

unquestionably, as the long-accumulating evidence of the *Gil Blas illustré* alone attests, a profound vision of the life of the sordid, of the life of the Bohemian, of the life of the poor. By the most expressive and penetrating draughtsmanship he makes clear his knowledge, not simply of the seamy side of one great city, but of human nature's failures, and of the interest that lurks in the careers of the obscure and the forgotten. Never objecting to be coarse, when coarseness serves his ends, Steinlen, as his 'Faubouriens' in the *Gil Blas*—to take one illustration out of many—is enough to remind us, has at his command some beauty, some pathos, of gesture. But here we have to do with him as an artist for the poster, and our purposes are served by taking note of a couple of his works, the first his 'Yvette Guilbert' (No. 4), which has been mentioned already in connection with Sinet's; the second, his 'Lait Stérilisé' (No. 7). To dwell on these two is not only to be convinced of the success Steinlen can reach, but of the range that he can compass. His method in each is not dissimilar—in each his principal figure is treated with breadth and decisiveness, and the intricacy of hue reserved

for the accessory—but the effect attained, and the spirit in each, how different! The 'Yvette' has a certain atmosphere. Beyond the stage, beyond the orchestra, beyond the first rows of wondering or contented onlookers, stretches, line after line, into the relative darkness, a pretty mystery of the background, that vast Ambassadeurs' audience. Yvette herself—actually present, so to say, in figure, gesture, colouring—is, as to her mere features, just touched, no doubt with caricature. 'Lait Stérilisé' is a vision of childish peace; a thing as simple as anything of Miss Kate Greenaway's, and at the same time more modern. Against the yellow hair and the little face, seen so happily in profile, with a milk-bowl not wanting in elegance, comes the frilled frock—an unbroken space of scarlet. Aspiring, envious, hopeful cats—a company of three—are grouped at the child's feet. It is a delightful little study of character—an ornament for the nursery; primitive, indeed, in hue, and exquisitely pure in line. And with it we may end, not discontentedly, our survey of the latest territory that Art has occupied.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE NEW STYLE OF M. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

IN an eclectic exhibition opened in Paris, at the Durand Ruel Gallery, where we find works so absolutely at variance as those of Courbet, Reynolds, Manet, Tassaert, Renoir, and Ingres, M. Puvis de Chavannes is represented by several works, one of which strongly marks a new step in the ladder of an exceedingly interesting artistic career.

At a time when the mystic current, so evident in painting, emaciates the faces, lengthens the figures, immaterialises the flesh, M. Puvis de Chavannes appears, judging by his last work, to stray slightly from the path where his numerous adherents had followed him.

His panel, 'La Source' (here illustrated), effectively portrays the signs of a more sustained note, and discloses a curious return towards traditional or academical composition. This new movement, although still in its infancy appears inclined to drag a large number of painters in the direction of that decorative art, destined to assist completion of the dwellings of the future, in which ceramic embel-

ishments, glass and iron, shall be the principal factors; and this finds expression in this canvas of the master. Also the colouring anticipates, with or without intention, the date of this renaissance, of which the next century will, no doubt, reap the harvest, and it appears to foreshadow this new disposition of events.

The flesh tints verging towards the intenser tones of terra cotta and the more vivid effects, recall to some extent the colour scheme applied to mural faience. Whilst as regards the subject, the allegory here assumes the upper hand of symbolism, perhaps even to the detriment of the dream. Nevertheless the figure of the adolescent, who silently watches the water flowing, is imbued with that calm and resigned melancholy which adds so much charm to the realised conceptions of the artist.

The small wood, which forms the background of the picture, might well be the envy of the greatest landscape painter, so full is it of the spell of nature, where one breathes the earthly emanation of



LA SOURCE. FROM THE NEW PICTURE BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

the twilight trees, the acrid verdure of grass, which laments the absence of the sun's rays, the night, which is about to absorb the sap from the earth. . . .

Next to this canvas, full of grace, we come upon an idyll of sadness, in the work known as 'La Charité.' The afterglow of the setting sun still illuminates a landscape enveloped in a pearly and snowy atmosphere. Against a mouldering wall, over which one bare tree towers, is a pale and shivering child, in a humble and supplicating attitude, whilst near at hand crouches a woman pressing a puny infant against her withered bosom. One hand is extended for alms, tendered by the gracious figure of woman, the consoler, in the garb of the white veil that distinguishes the sisters of the afflicted. A painful impression is derived from this work, which is born of the pitying soul of the great artist.

'La Pitié,' treated in a similar manner, is a flower from the same garden.

Near the 'St. Jean Baptiste,' which was seen in the Universal Exhibition of 1889, and where one can follow Puvis

de 'Chavannes' evolution from 'La fillette portant un enfant,' which dates more than forty years back, we come to two reductions of 'Le cidre' and 'La rivière,' completions of the decorative work ordered by the town of Amiens. In these panels, solid despite their sketchiness, the ensemble is possessed by a gracious elegance. The usual colouring of M. Puvis de Chavannes harmonized, as in his delicate distempered frescoes, lightly suggests the movement of the men and the work of the women on the shores of 'La rivière.'

In the case of 'Le cidre' the symbol is accentuated in the life circulating round the press. Everything is redolent of gaiety, good humour, and the joy of living—even the fatigue of the men turning the mill assumes a pleasing aspect. It is the budding, the renewal, the vital intoxication promised by the juice of the apple, which warms the hearts of all these workers, who thus forget the painful labours of their state. It is in brief a "hallelujah of health," which rises from this great work, one of the noblest inspirations of the thinker to whom we have devoted these few lines.

JEAN BERNAC.

ALBERT MOORE.

AFTER reading the closing words of this admirable monograph on "ALBERT MOORE: HIS LIFE AND WORKS," by Alfred Lys Baldry (Bell & Sons), "There is no possibility of acquitting the great body of critics of the chief responsibility for this prolonged injustice to one of the greatest figures in the Art world of this century," for a moment you feel inclined to cross swords with Mr. Baldry until you remember that, a pupil and warm admirer, he has given months to a long and patient study of his master's life, and has probably re-read *en masse* the bulk of that ephemeral criticism of the daily and weekly press which concerns his subject; then you feel that he may easily be pardoned for a little over-statement of his case. For recalling the prices received during the painter's life, the warm appreciation of so many contemporary artists, including the President of the Royal Academy, and the good places accorded to his work on the walls of Burlington House—you cannot regard Albert Moore as an entirely neglected genius.

To read again herein, Mr. Whistler's striking epitaph, "the greatest artist that in this century England may have cared for and called her own," is to feel that immortality is already guaranteed, and to join with Mr. Baldry were to betray extreme deference to the Royal Academy, by supposing that exclusion from their ranks leaves the outsider an artistic pariah in everybody's eyes.

So much for the only grumble the excellent narrative provokes. It is, else, an admirably succinct and orderly statement of facts, of a somewhat uneventful career made interesting by the telling. So the care bestowed upon the apparently exhaustive catalogues, and the excellent choice of every important, and almost every picture of the secondary rank for illustration deserve equally warm eulogy.

The pictures are on the whole the most satisfactory reproductions one has seen for a long time. Indeed, so good are they, that at times they tempt one to think, not merely that they do full justice to the originals, but in some instances that the monochrome has an added charm. Hitherto, one had

deemed Albert Moore essentially a maker of beautiful patterns in colour; here you find the skeleton is hardly less admirable, and that his peculiar delight in line and form never appealed quite so irresistibly before. The frontispiece, 'A Reverie,' is a most delicate arrangement of masses and contours; the 'Midsummer,' despite the loss of its daring and triumphant harmony of orange and grey, is no less satisfactory in the photogravure paraphrase; and the 'Pomegranates,' a most unusual Albert Moore, but always a loveable picture, seems here even more full of beauty. Every phase of Albert Moore's Art career is illustrated, from the boyish sketches, and the 'Elijah's Sacrifice' (1865), when the mantle of the old masters was still upon him. The beautiful study, 'Somnus' (1866), is a design in crayon, which, were it unsigned, one had at once claimed to be an early Leighton. 'The Wardrobe' (1867), 'The Quartette' (1869), lead you on until with 'Seagulls' (1871), you begin to recognise the Albert Moore who remained true to the finally evolved type seen at its best in 'Blossoms' (1881), the 'Dreamers' (1882), 'Reading Aloud' (1884), and a score of others, down to the last finished work, 'The Loves of the Winds and Seasons' (1893).

The two which we have selected as typical examples of the art of Albert Moore are 'Midsummer' and 'Jasmine,' the first from the collection of Mr. William Connal, of Glasgow, the chief patron of Albert Moore and his life-long friend, and the second from the picture in the possession of Mr. Watson Fothergill.

'Midsummer,' executed in 1887, is one of the largest pictures Albert Moore painted, and it is also probably the most vigorous. "The three figures depicted in it are not far off life-size, and are draped, over thin under-dresses of white gauze, in the strongest orange. The eldest girl sits half asleep on a silver throne, festooned with long wreaths of golden yellow flowers; and the whole group is set before a wall of black marble panelling with a carved base of green marble. The two fair-haired attendants, standing right and left of the throne, hold apple-green fans; and green with black and shades of

yellow is freely used in the foreground carpet which lies upon a creamy yellow floor. At the back are a cabinet inlaid with mother-of-pearl and a yellow vase with leaves and flowers. This picture deserves to be quoted as an example of the

peach-blossom in settled and half-transparent harmonies, with such consummately calculated tones of grey."

From his designs for stained glass and mosaic, and his charming studies, a liberal selection is given. Most of them,



JASMINE. FROM "ALBERT MOORE: HIS LIFE AND WORKS."

manner in which strength of colour can be obtained without loss of either brilliancy or refinement." In 'Jasmine,' "he has never used diaphanous draperies with such exquisite effect, or so successfully combined tender tones of rose and
1895.

notably two facsimiles of chalk drawing on brown paper, are admirable in every way. They serve to illustrate a very striking chapter in which Mr. Baldry fully explains his hero's distinctly individual, not to say unorthodox, method of work.

Fellow-painters will be keenly interested in following the narrative of the curious experiments he loved so much to exploit.

In short, the book is a very excellent example of its class. Whether Albert Moore was, or was not, all his admirers claim, need not be discussed at present. To consider whether he is an equal to Michael Angelo is needless. A thousand and one accidents of the time, and the influence of the artist's environment, decide whether great works come within his reach. Albert Moore had no Sistine Chapel to paint, no royal palace to decorate with fresco. Had such commissions fallen to him, no doubt the artist, who in a dull age dreamed new

dreams of beauty and set them for all to see, would have done them well in his own way. He set himself a new ideal, and succeeded in gaining others to accept it. In short, he is among artists, and as absolutely essential in any representative collection of English painters as Constable or Romney, Reynolds or Turner, Burne-Jones or Cecil Lawson. In the noble army of painters one feels the rule of the Table-round must needs be observed, not the order of successful candidates in a Civil Service examination. So in claiming Albert Moore as an artist—it matters not where his place may finally be—it is sure to be within that charmed pale.

PROGRESS IN COTTON PRINTING.

ANYONE who has paid the least heed to what has been done, and is being done, in calico printing, must have observed the extraordinary difference, not only in style and character, but especially in colour, between the older work and the newer. It is not merely that fashions change, and that printers follow them; it is that the conditions of dye-printing are changed, that what was once easy to do is by modern methods anything but easy, and that what was not long ago impossible is now by no means difficult; it is, in short, that modern practice has followed naturally the course which was smoothest. Some will contend that that course is also naturally downhill.

In certain respects that may be so. The conditions of modern trade, and the wholesale way in which work is nowadays turned out, are not, it must be confessed, favourable to art. With the loss of the traditional handicraft of block printing in vegetable dyes, pursued in the leisurely way which is now no longer, economically speaking, practicable, we lose, no doubt, an artistic something which artists all regret. But is the loss irreparable; is there nothing to make amends? That is the question which it is proposed here shortly to discuss.

The writer speaks, of course, only as an artist, but he has had considerable experience in designing for colour printers, and has profited by their experience—more especially by that of Mr. William Turnbull, of Stacksteads.

The changes which have taken place are mainly two:—(1) from block printing by hand to roller printing by machinery; and (2) from the use of vegetable or, at all events, natural dyes, to that of colours artificially produced by the chemist.

The change from block to roller printing would not in itself have been of so very great importance, but for the necessity it brings with it of printing one colour immediately after another without allowing time for the last printed to dry—which, with the use of chemicals often inimical one to the other, involves, as will be explained by-and-by, very serious danger. For the rest, there is a great deal of nonsense talked about roller printing.

Granting that, in the hands of an artist, the block is capable of more sympathetic manipulation than the roller, all printers are not artists; in fact, it is only a very small minority of them that have any care for art at all; and in the hands of the mechanical (that is to say of the great majority) the machine roller is a much safer instrument than

the block. One may not be able to do with the roller quite what is best done by the block, but one can do that by it which the block cannot so satisfactorily do. It is mere folly on our part to waste our energies in trying as we do to make one do the work of the other; we should be much better advised in endeavouring to make the most of the capabilities belonging to the machine roller. Our failures in machine printing arise largely from misapprehension and misuse of the instrument we employ. There is not a word to be said in praise of that ultra-mechanical precision of workmanship which is the mistaken ideal alike of the English manufacturer, and of the public to whom he appeals. But it is quite possible to err on the other side, and to affect a preference for whatever is irregular, crooked, or ill done.

The great superiority in block work comes from the circumstance that a wood block is much more easy to cut with feeling than a copper cylinder, and that men of artistic temperament take, therefore, perhaps rather to wood than to copper engraving. At any rate, the engravers of copper rollers have got into a hard and unfeeling way of execution, to which they cling with all the tenacity of ignorance. But there is no reason inherent in the process why copper engraving should not do full justice to the most delicate design; and why, in fact, the artist's drawing (assuming him to know his business, and to produce a practical working drawing) should not be rendered line for line. Given a skilful engraver, he could even, if it were desirable (which it is not), produce in copper all those accidents of execution which ordinarily betray the wood block, and so effectually deceive the clever ones who know just enough to be prejudiced in favour of block printing. Would he but faithfully give us the artist's design instead of (as he thinks) improving on it, we should hear much less about the hardness of machine-printed work. If he won't do that, we shall have to devise some mechanical means of getting our designs facsimiled, and he will awake some fine morning to find his occupation gone, poor man!

It may be said in favour of copper that it gives us a chance, by partly etching, partly engraving a line, of getting a rather valuable variety in the depth of its colour, which you cannot get in wood; but, in speaking of the possibilities of roller engraving, one thinks especially of direct and straightforward work with the graver, not of that feeble stippling (engraved or etched) which, as at present practised, is, artistically, a quite hopeless process.

Now with regard to the colours employed by the cotton





SUMMER.

By ALBERT MOORE.

a. moore

printer. Let us review the various kinds of dyes, and the processes used in printing with them.

1. The time-honoured practice was to print, not with colour but with a mordant, a substance, namely, which had affinity with the cotton, which the dye itself had not. A mordant, that is to say, penetrates the material (literally "bites" into it), and, when the cloth is afterwards immersed in the dye vat, absorbs the colour, and attaches it to the material. In printing, for example, with madder, the king of the vegetable dyes, the mordant (alumina), after having been dissolved in acetic acid, and thickened with starch, is printed upon the cotton. When that is exposed in a warm atmosphere nine-tenths of the acetic acid volatilises, leaving in the cotton fibre the insoluble alumina, which, when the starch has been washed away, is ready to be dyed. Different methods are employed with different dyes; but that is substantially the system adopted: the mordant is first printed, and then the goods are dyed. This may be called the "dyeing" method—and, perhaps the dying one.

2. It is a short step from that to the next process, by which the pattern is printed in a kind of paste in which all the ingredients, starch, colour and mordant, are combined. The printed goods are then enclosed in a vessel into which steam is introduced at considerable pressure; and in this "steam-box," as it is called, starch, mordant, and colour fight it out, so to speak, among themselves, with the result that "lake," as it is called, is left in the fibre—and so, equally, we get our cotton-print, by what may be called the "steaming" process.

The difficulty the colour mixer has to contend with is, in this case, that the materials he is using are nearly all of them in a state of unstable equilibrium; *i.e.*, as soon as ever the various ingredients which go to make the colour are put together, they have a tendency, and a very strong one, to set to work on their own account, and begin to form a precipitate which, from the printer's point of view, should only form after the operation of printing.

The result of this impatience on the part of the chemicals is that the colour, instead of being formed *in* the fibre, is formed only on its surface; and the "lake," as the combination of mordant and colouring matter is called, having no natural affinity with the cotton, is not fast, and can easily be washed out: whereas, of course, it is the business of the printer so to penetrate the cotton fibre, so to combine his colouring matter with the cellulose, the insoluble part of the cotton, that it is impervious to soap and water, and practically inseparable from it. His colour must be soluble in order that he may print or dye with it. That done, he has to render it insoluble.

3. A third method of proceeding is to mix the colour (mineral or vegetable) with albumen, and print with that. When the cloth is afterwards steamed, the albumen coagulates and fixes the colour more or less. The result cannot in any case be as permanent as when the colouring matter enters into the fibre. But even were the colour perfectly fast, the effects to be obtained by this process are rarely, if ever, satisfactory. Whenever a tint is heavy and opaque, you may suspect that it was printed with albumen. This dull, dense quality may not be inseparable from the albumen process, but so far, at least, printers do not seem to have been successful in getting pure transparent colour that way. It is apt to look like what it is, pigment, and not a dye or stain. The method is not very largely employed, but it is forced upon the printer by the demand for certain shades of colour not otherwise easy

to get. It is convenient, inasmuch as the printer can always see what he is about, and it is an easy process; but it is not precisely a cheap one, though the work always looks rather cheap.

So much for albumen printing. Whether we adopt the dyeing or the steaming process, we are equally free to use vegetable or mineral colours, natural products or artificial.

In old days, when mainly vegetable colours were employed, and the dyeing process was in vogue, more time was spent upon the work than modern impatience will allow. So many colours meant practically so many dyeings. Of course, one could get variety in the depth, and even in the shade of a colour. With an iron mordant, for example, one could get out of madder anything from purple to black, and with an alum mordant anything from pink to red, according to the strength of the solution, and, the mordants once printed, one operation of dyeing was enough. But if it was desired to introduce a blue, that entailed a separate print (indigo, as it happens, requires no mordant), and if yellow was wanted, that involved yet another mordant and another dye (though the two could be printed together). This would give us, with the green, produced by the superposition of the yellow over the blue, a familiar and satisfactory scheme of colour.

For a long time that simple scheme answered all the purposes of the modern printer. But he is no longer modest, and it will no longer satisfy him. So long as the old system of printing was the only available one, it argued only good sense to accept the palette afforded by the means at hand, and to make the best of it. Nowadays it would argue only obstinacy.

By adhering doggedly to the old formulas, now that they are pretty generally forgotten, one might almost gain credit for doing something fresh and original; but the merit of such a scheme belongs to no man—it is the inevitable outcome of the old dyes and of the old way of printing.

The vegetable dyes offer, it is true, a charming range of simple colour; but undoubtedly a limited one, so far as stable colours are concerned. It cannot be denied that though madder, indigo, and Persian-berry give us a red, a blue, and a yellow, which are sufficiently permanent, these are the only vegetable colours which hold to-day the place they won so long ago. And if to use merely these simple colours requires three separate processes, whilst by the adoption of coal-tar products a dozen different tints can be printed one after the other, and by one single process of steaming brought out and fixed, it is clear that it is of no use crying out against the new methods.

Because at the onset aniline dyes did give us some very monstrous colours, artists have too readily jumped to the conclusion that crudity of colour is inherent in coal-tar. That remained always to be proved; and, in fact, the contrary has long since been made manifest. It is quite possible at this date to produce from base of coal-tar colours which the artist will complacently assume to be vegetable dyes. And, as a matter of fact, he deceives himself daily in this respect. Indeed, he has so made up his mind that coal-tar colours must be offensive, that he will not, if he knows it, look at them, much less inquire into what has been done since the days of Perkins's purple; he remains, therefore, hopelessly ignorant of this side of the dyer's art, and goes on, in the best of faith, no doubt, making reckless assertions about modern dyeing which, if they were ever quite warranted, have long since ceased to be substantially true.

It will still take a great deal of such statement to persuade us that the only hope of modern dyeing is to give up all

that chemistry has placed within our reach and go back to processes which were already old when Pliny wrote about them.

Vegetable dyes appeal to the artist because Nature has cunningly adulterated her primary tints, mainly with that delicate brownish shade of colour which remains, for example, in old tapestry when the pale bright tints have flown. Indigo is blue plus a certain amount of brown, Persian berry is yellow plus brown, and madder is red plus a considerable quantity of brown, which brown is naturally mixed with the primary tint, and inseparable from it, compelling the dyer to a wholesome moderation in the use of crude red, blue, or yellow.

The chemist, on the other hand, is able to produce a practically unadulterated red, blue or yellow; and he prides himself upon producing shades of colour which are artistically of no use until they have been reduced by the admixture of other colours. But it is a perfectly simple thing to degrade or grey them. It does not in the least follow from the crudity of Magenta and other battle-named shades of aniline, that all aniline colours, still less all products of coal-tar, must perforce be crude. It is true that the chemist cannot as yet get quite the quality of some of the vegetable colours, such as madder; but he goes very near to it, so near sometimes that it is not so easy even for the artist to determine whether a natural or artificial dye-stuff has been used. If the man of science would turn his attention to the production of artistically beautiful instead of chemically perfect colour, success would be only a question of time. The mistaken ideal of the chemist, his persistent endeavour to produce a "primary" colour, is a source of difficulty to the printer, who, in order to get the sober shade he wants, may have to mix two or three substances. He has, therefore, in the production of a simple four or five-colour design, each of which is compounded in this way, to deal with a dozen or more ingredients, any one of which may act injuriously upon another. With regard, however, to the dyes themselves, it would not be going beyond the truth to say that, whether as regards the facilities they offer to the printer, or in respect to permanence of colour, resistance, that is, to the action of light or of soap and water, for every fast vegetable colour there are five or six coal-tar colours as good or better.

The first attempts in aniline dyeing (basic colours fixed by means of tannic acid) were confessedly fugitive, but even aniline dyes are now produced which on the whole cannot fairly be called more fugitive than vegetable colours. The more recent alizarine colours (which are acid, and require a metallic base to fix them), are not only faster than aniline, but faster than any vegetable dye excepting only madder, with which it is chemically identical, alizarine being in fact the trade name by which madder was known in the Levant.

In our appreciation of vegetable dyes, we have to bear in mind that those in use are a survival of the fittest; and that for every one that has lived, perhaps a hundred have dropped out of use, for the very good reason that they were found wanting, probably in the matter of permanence.

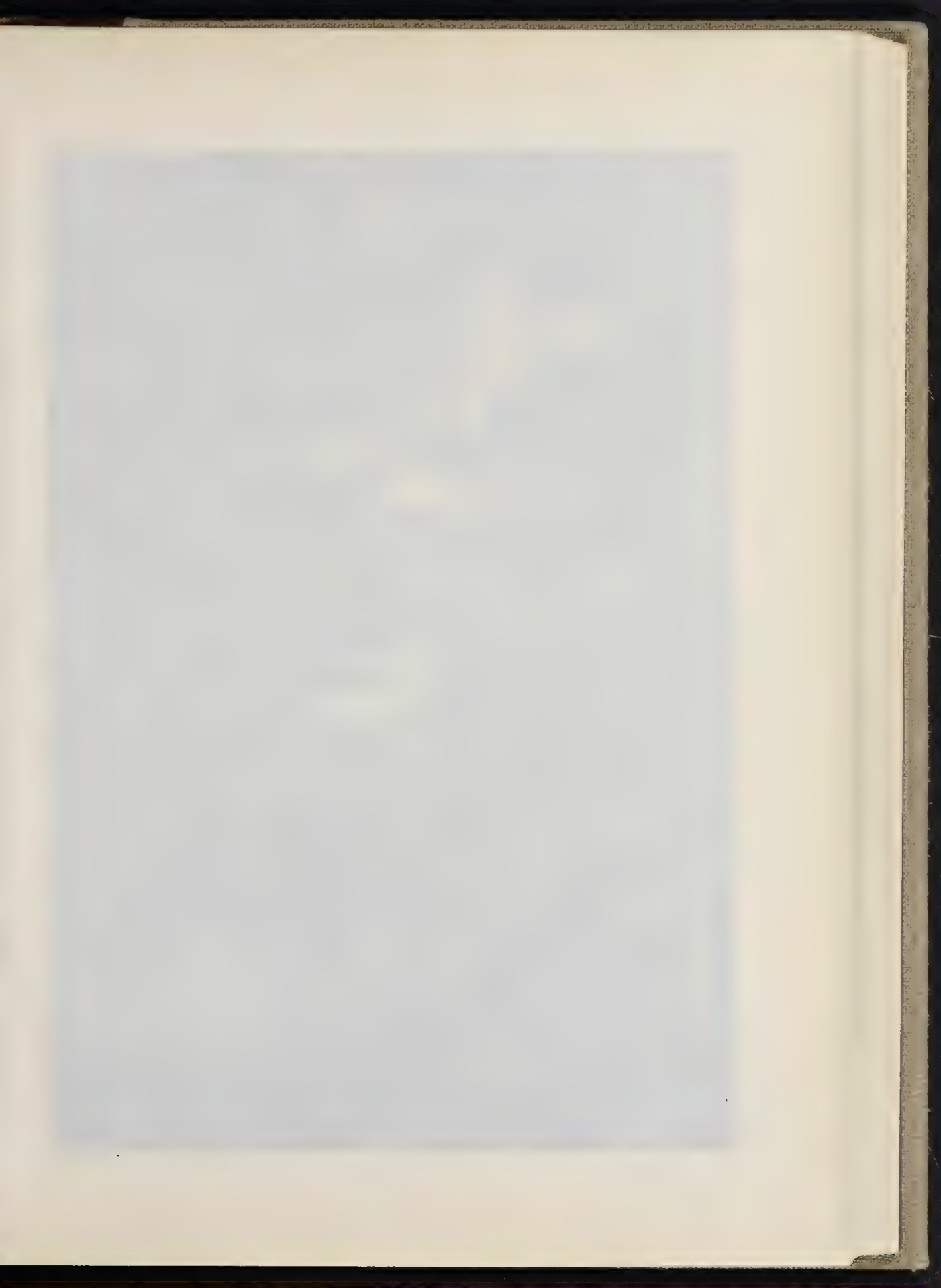
Truth to tell, no dye is absolutely permanent. All colours fade more or less on exposure to light and atmosphere, to say nothing of washing out. The fault of the aniline dyes is that, not content with fading, they change their hue and assume sometimes the saddest, sickliest shades. In the case of vegetable colours you can rely upon their getting paler, and browner, and often they mellow with age. Moreover, concerning them everything is known that is to be known, and the

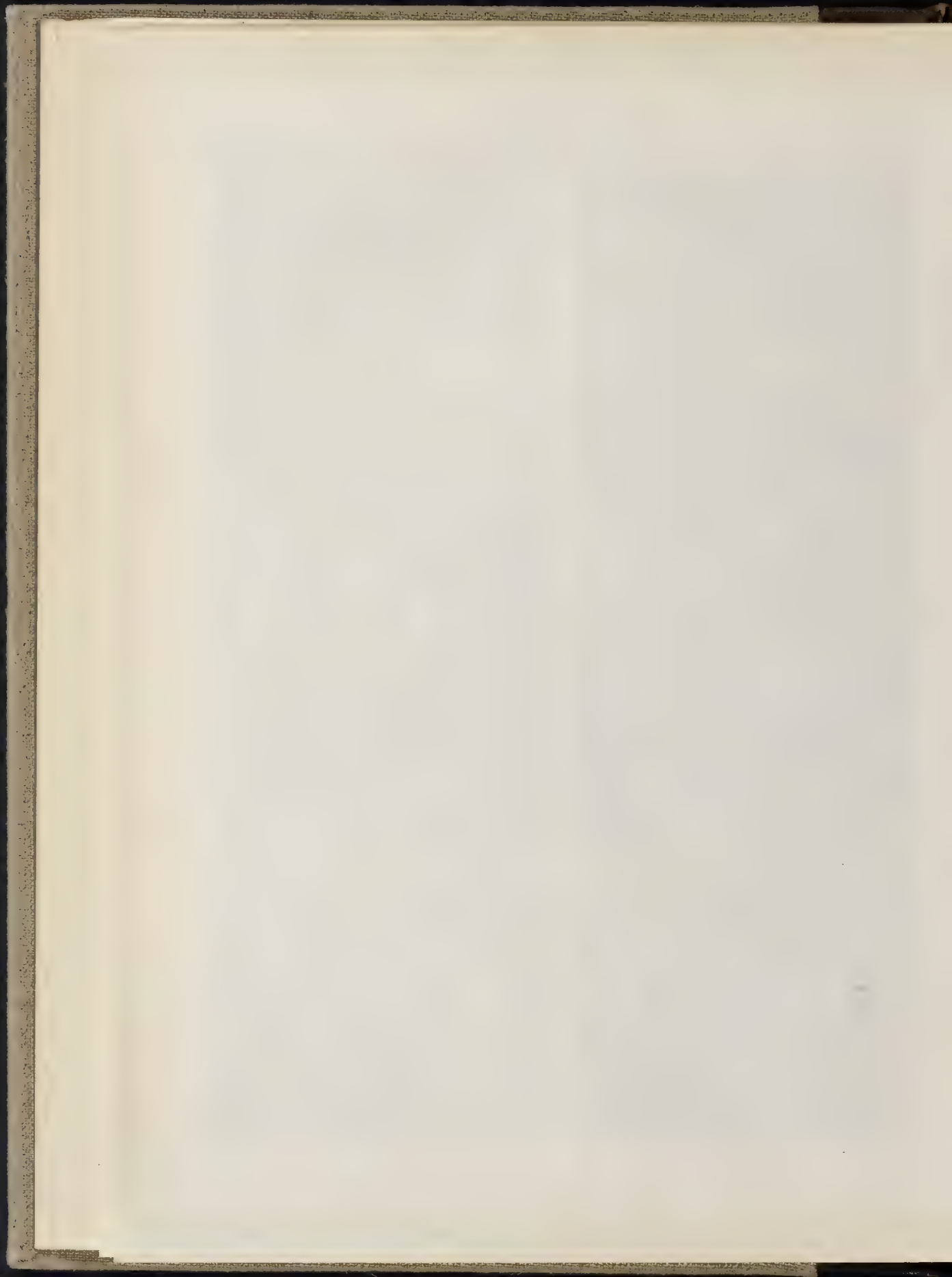
printer or dyer who has learnt his trade has them, so to speak, under his control. With coal-tar colours it is just the other way about. Of them there is pretty well everything yet to learn. They are of such comparatively recent discovery that there has not been time, by any process of selection, to weed out the unworthy. At present some survive which are certainly not the fittest. But rapid progress is being made in the production of coal-tar colours; so rapid, one may say, as for the time being to perplex dyers and printers and colour-mixers, who have hard work to keep pace with the chemists, and whose work must in the nature of things often be experimental, and not seldom a failure; which failure is put down to coal-tar colours, and not, as it should be, to our inexperience in the use of them. Happily our inexperience is a thing that will pass. Already we begin to see, dimly though it may be, a way out of the perplexity arising from so many seeming possibilities.

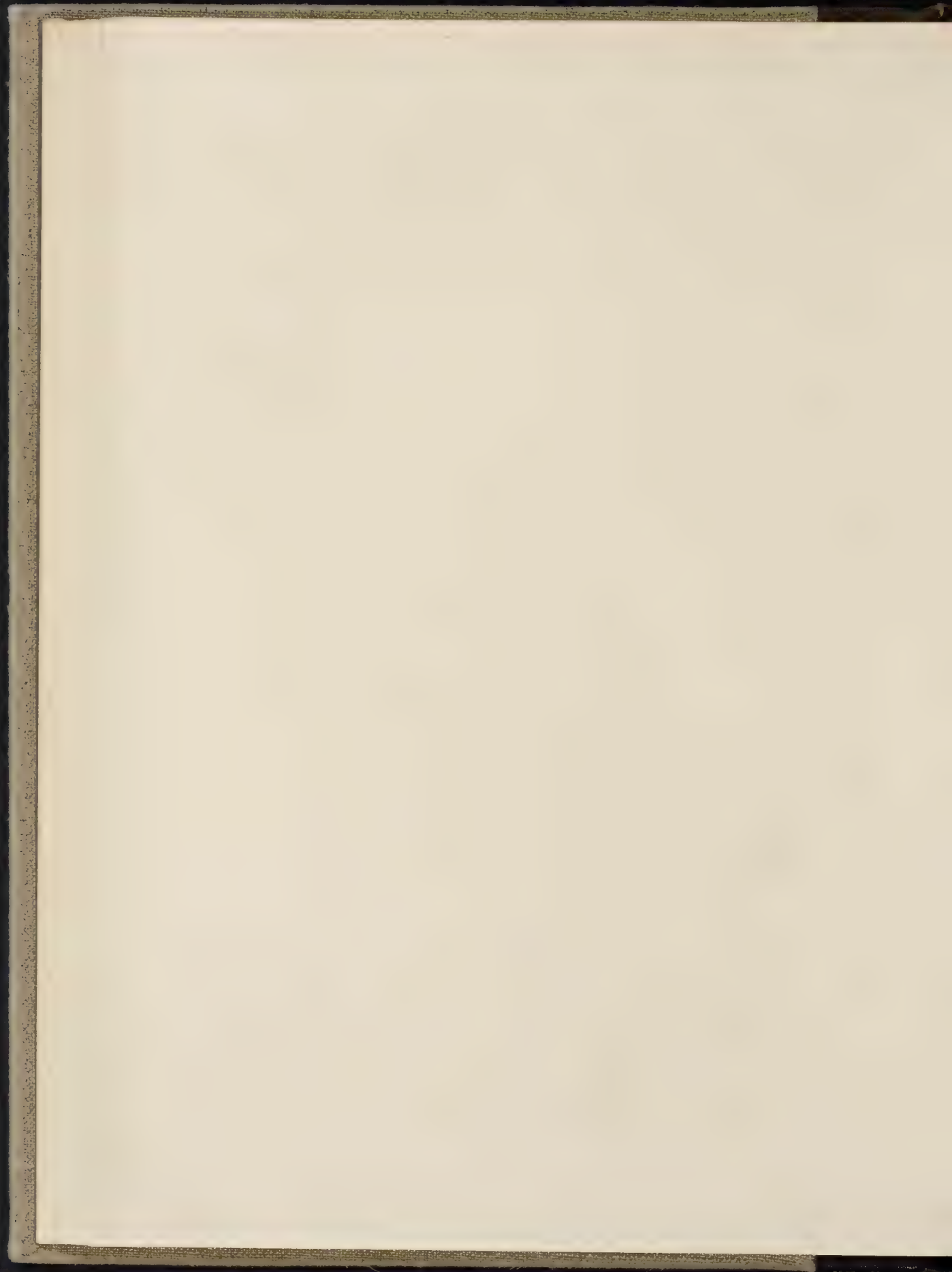
The dyer's desideratum is a full palette of fast colours, clear, transparent, penetrating stains, all from the same base, all susceptible of the same treatment, all of which may be safely mixed together in any proportions, and which can be developed and fixed at one operation. Nature does not appear to have provided this palette for us. It is the business, then, of the chemist to produce it in the laboratory. But it wants a chemist who can see. It is said that seltzer-water is manufactured in England which is chemically identical with the natural product of the Rhenish spring. To taste the two, no one with a palate to his mouth would suppose them to be at all the same thing. And so with dyes. It is of no use telling us that this artificial product is chemically precisely the same as that natural one, unless they appear so to the eyes of men who can see colour.

There has been brought into the market within the last few years a series of colours, known in the trade by the name of the "direct senas," produced from coal-tar, which, but for one failing, might almost be said to fulfil the conditions expressed above; and they have the further recommendation that cotton, it appears, acts as a mordant to them, just as wool does to aniline dyes. Their failing is that, though they are, practically speaking, fast—soap and water, that is to say, has so little effect upon them as to produce no appreciable diminution in their volume—something, nevertheless, however little, does come away in the wash, and that little is enough to stain the lighter portions of the cloth; and even after the goods have long left the mill, the colour, as we say, "prints off" on to any damp white cloth with which it may come in contact.

Indeed, every method has its inherent weakness, the defects of its qualities, which the judicious printer may, no doubt, minimise, but scarcely do away with altogether. The roller itself is always inclined to take too much upon itself. Even though the colour mixer may have chosen his ingredients with the greatest care and the truest judgment, though the colour mixture may be all that could be wished, still the printing has to run the gauntlet of risks which are none of the mixer's making, and over which the printer has no control. Wherever a number of tints have successively to be printed by machine, the lighter and more delicate of them are always liable to accidental modification. For it is practically impossible to keep a roller so clean that no trace of colour remains on the smooth unengraved part of it; and any vestige of colour that may cling to its polished surface is apt to print off on to the wet parts of the cloth just printed. On a dark colour this is not apparent and occasionally the accident may result in an effect artistically not unpleasant; but it is clear that on a delicate tint any trace of dark dye







may easily discolour it, and mar the effect altogether. Why not print the lighter colours last? it may be said. That would be the obvious thing to do; but calico-printing is a complex business, and it may often be that there are other considerations which make it imperative to print the colours in a given order. Nor does the danger of machine printing end there. The roller is of copper. It is scraped clear of superfluous colouring matter by a steel scraper, technically known as the "doctor." Now the acids used in the composition of many "lakes" or printing colours, as, for example, in a pale red extract of alizarine, will attack both the copper roller and the steel scraper; and the solution of copper from the one and of iron from the other will give, in combination with the alizarine, a very appreciable stain of purple, enough to totally destroy the quality of the pale red print.

Again, the operation of "steaming" is not such a simple affair as might be supposed. Not only is there constant variation in the consistency of the steam (which at one moment holds much more water in suspension than at another), but the dry fibre itself will absorb from the air, before it enters the steam-box, from two to eight per cent. of water. Now, if the material should be too wet, the colours will run; and if too dry, instead of penetrating the cloth, they will get baked on to it; so that a dry east wind or a damp fog may upset the most accurate calculations of the printer—who has, in fact, to contend literally with the powers of the air.

The difficulties of the block printer are largely mechanical. It requires not only considerable skill to print accurately by hand, but it takes more time than modern commerce will allow, and as a consequence you can generally detect block printing by faultiness of fitting; it is apt to be slightly out of register. That may not in some instances matter much—it all depends upon the pattern—but, to the producer who would not limit himself to a comparatively narrow range of patterns, it is a very serious argument against the use of block printing. The commercial argument against it needs no repetition here.

It remains to consider the kindred processes of "resist" and "discharge" printing. In the one you print on to the cloth something which resists the mordant or, it may be, the colour. The action of this substance may be either mechanical (as in the case of wax or any fatty matter), or chemical (as in the case of acids and sulphates). In the other you print on to the coloured cloth an acid, which (under conditions needless here to explain) eats out the colour and exposes the natural white of the fabric; or, in some cases, it is the mordant which is discharged before the cloth is dyed. These processes, which may be employed either with block or roller, with vegetable or with coal-tar colours, are not so much used as they might be. Printers would do well to give more attention to the discharging of other colour. The great advantage of the discharge and resist processes is that you thereby get a deep rich ground-colour, which is not merely printed, but dyed, and which is consequently fuller than a printed tint can ever be.

The troubles of the modern printer are to a great extent of the salesman's making. He will insist upon our matching colours which are easy enough to get in silk or wool, but which cannot safely or surely be got in cotton prints. He will by no means allow that the colour-scheme in cotton-printing should be suggested by what can be done in dyeing. He has no notion of the dangers and difficulties besetting the cotton printer's craft. He demands the impossible, and has only blame for the man who half succeeds in accomplishing it.

It is a pity that printers have not more often the pluck to work in the direction which, surely, they must know to be right. Why so eager to supply what may, or may not, be the "demand" of the public, but is in any case an ignorant and foolish one? It is not meant to say that men should too readily accept the limitations of their craft as final, but only that as workmen they should know the direction in which its development is possible, and follow that. There surely lies the best hope of success.

LEWIS F. DAV

THE MORNING AFTER THE FÊTE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LUDWIG KNAUS, H.F.A., IN THE POSSESSION OF MESSRS. BOUSSOD, VALADON & Co.

IN choosing to represent the morning after the fête, Herr Knaus has given his subject a wholly serious turn. We are not invited to witness the mirth and music, the drowning of dull care in the "flowing bowl," which has taken place on the night before. The noisy revellers are now silenced or overcome, and the cold grey dawn is breaking outside. The guttered candles, which have been burning all night, are not yet extinguished, and the air is full of stale tobacco smoke and fumes of liquor. Listening to the two gamblers at the table stands a trombone player, an admirably realised type of the vagrant minstrel, while his fellow with the violin-cello examines, with a look of stupid distress, the empty glasses left from last night's orgy, seeking, apparently, something to moisten his parched and burning tongue. Eloquent figures these, of lives of improvidence, of dirt, and dissipation. On the right of the canvas a middle-aged woman carrying a child is trying to recall to some degree of consciousness a drivelling old drunkard, presumably her husband.

The two figures to which the whole composition leads up are the maiden and her lover in the foreground on the right.

Young and pure, and in the fresh beauty of her eighteen years, the girl seems wholly out of place in this gathering of the disreputable and the besotted. But, alas! her lover has borne his share in last night's revels, and now lies with his head upon her lap in helpless stupor. She sits motionless, and a bitter sadness dims her bright face. She seems to be looking into the future; gloomy, stunned, terrified. The older woman behind her has gone past all these emotions, but the girl feels them keenly. The lad is handsome and manly; the nobility of his features has not yet been disfigured or effaced, but she does not look at him. Suddenly she has realised what it all means, what it may all come to, and her destiny seems to paralyse her.

Herr Knaus, who has been for many years an Honorary Foreign Member of the Royal Academy, was born at Wiesbaden on the 10th of October, 1829. He has built up a reputation which is deservedly great on both sides of the Atlantic. He received his Art education at Düsseldorf Academy, and also studied eight years in Paris. In 1874 he was appointed Professor at the Academy of Berlin, a position which he resigned in 1884.

THE LANGHAM SKETCHING CLUB.*

THE ways of a sketching club vary with the ways of contemporary Art, and some of the latest Langham work is modern indeed. Nevertheless, "historical" or costume subjects are still dear to the designer, let his technique be ever so recent. Interesting as the street may be, and the cab and the costermonger, a man who read Scott when he was a boy has an abiding regard for the incidents of human history that were clad in doublets and in farthingales, and had for speech the dear language of the historical novel, which is all its own, and varies but little from the days of the Crusades to those of the Restoration. The young painters whom Thackeray loved to write about, and in whose ranks he would have liked to range himself, evidently had costume-painting—called "historical"—as their idea of the height of Fine Art. They painted the doublet as a matter of course. They painted helmets from dish-covers, practising a thrift which seemed to be expected of young artists in those days, and this was part of an innocent Bohemianism much enjoyed. They seemed to take it for granted that knights, ladies, and burgesses, as modern minds imagine them to have been, are the fit and eternal subject for the art of painting. Under the general title of "costume" everything that is picturesque in the good familiar common manner can be comfortably ranged. But not until Thackeray (the author, not the artist, in this connection) had made the eighteenth century, as seen in retrospect, part of everybody's romance, did the illustrating men of

England admire effectually the most beautiful form of artificial dress—the long coat, the lace ruffle, and the tied hair with powder.

Since those days the charming outline has been used, always with an elegance of its own, in a thousand different ways. It is sufficiently removed from to-day, and yet it is worn by figures that saw things much as we see them, and are modern gentlemen, in a moderate sense of the word modern. More, accordingly, seems to have been chosen from the last century, than from older times, by the sketcher and the illustrator. It had more dignity than the time that immediately preceded it, and more civilisation than the time that preceded it by centuries; and it was—and perhaps is still—less hackneyed than others—than the day of Cavaliers and Roundheads, for example. To the last century Mr. W. Pike and Mr. W. D. Almond have gone for the motive of their sketches, 'The Insult' and 'In Council.' Both are interiors, with seated figures at a table, and one figure erect, and, in both the figures have the grace of their time and the grace of the artist's designing hand. These memory-sketches are exercises in the art of arrangement, and tests of the draughtsman's mastery of the rules and relations of composition. In this matter, and as tests of recollection as to the facts and truths of illumination, these sketches, which look so like studies in fancy, are genuinely what they are called—memory sketches. Yet the reader must perceive, once for all, that none of them—whether dealing with landscape or not—are, or can be, in the completely literal

* Continued from page 6.



IN COUNCIL. A LANGHAM SKETCH BY W. D. ALMOND.



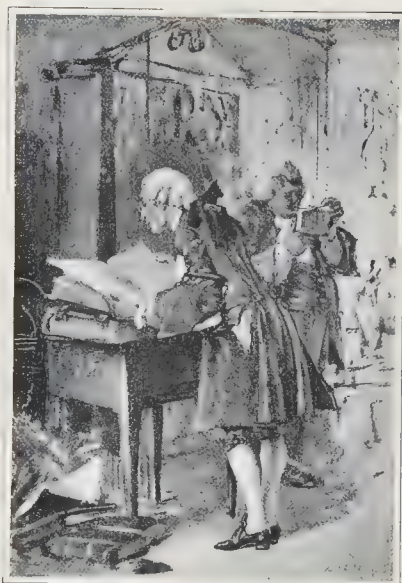
THE INSULT. A LANGHAM SKETCH BY W. PIKE.

sense, memory-sketches. The remembrance of natural fact is a rational remembrance, a remembrance of the ruling of light, space, atmosphere, and perspective, rather than a retained visual image. Yet the retaining of the visual image plays no small part in the reconstruction, and the faculty of that retention is a thing which can be greatly helped or completely lost.

Unquestionably children have it in greater degree than the adult; and for this reason—that they are in the unlitrary stage of human life. Reading comes afterwards, and at first rather stimulates than discourages the making and taking of observations. Every child who first begins to hear or to read stories, follows every incident with a mental picture so distinct that every place and every aspect is definitely assigned. A child will follow descriptions if they are given, but needs none. And the most unkind thing that can be done to this little reader is to give him a tardy description—that is, to let him, unguided, arrange everything to his exacting mind, this to the right, that to the left—and then carelessly and casually to confound him by the mention of place or aspect that contradicts his own arrangements, and gives him the task of re-picturing everything. It is far better, in writing for children, to say little, but to say that little at once. But when reading becomes a habit, it slowly but completely destroys the power and precision of mental imagery, or visual imagery remembered or imagined. As the habit of reading grows to be a habit in the most lifeless sense of the word, it doubtless

destroys other things as well; for quite idle reading is the nearest approach to perfect mental sloth and blankness that has yet been discovered, short of an anæsthetic. It is idler and less responsible than dreaming, for, at least, the sleeper dreams his own dreams. But it is not idle reading only that abolishes the mental vision so necessary to a painter, and so natural to a child. All removed and mathematical thinking stops or suspends it. And the painter has much of the effect of a literary education to undo. Books are not good for artists; neither are they good for actors. The best actors are not readers, as any one knows who has seen the admirable acting of unlitrary Italians in some little summer provincial theatre open to the air. There are other educations besides the education to which our race and our age have so accustomed us that we call it simply *par excellence* education. A memory-sketching club has the mission of proving all these artistic qualities, and, in addition, of testing the thorough understanding and apprehension of what is a sketch, and the characteristics that differentiate it from an unfinished picture.

To the last century also, which has a costume that takes so well the attitude of his studious *bibliophile*, Mr. Thomas Davidson has gone for the subject of his 'Old Volumes.' It is a pleasant subject, and has been presented in innumerable drawings that have been inspired probably by the delicate strength and the slight humour of Meissonier. There is a little banter



OLD VOLUMES. A LANGHAM SKETCH BY THOMAS DAVIDSON.

suggested towards the unconscious and occupied figure of the book-lover, whether at the library shelf or the book-stall. He is gently presented to the smile of the spectator, and for the opportunity of that kind of smile almost every spectator seems to be more or less grateful.

In his studio-sketch 'In Bohemia,' Mr. W. A. Breakspeare shows a delightful sense of colour. The resting model's red hair is against a red screen, and russet browns, cool silver-colour, and beautiful white are about her. The colour is made infinitely more interesting by the slight but rich execution. There is a fulness and sweetness in the brushing of the flowers and other accessories on the table. It is an execution that has the sketch quality, and yet withal none of the meagreness and strawiness and poverty which seem to be so much a prevalent method of the more rapid and brief work of painters. Mr. Breakspeare, moreover, has more than customary vivacity in his figures. The resting model is as full of life as the chattering friend—who, by-the-bye, is marked with French temperament in her expression, her movements and her garments.

Still more modern in his choice of a scene is Mr. J. T. Manuel, in his sketch called 'The Reckoning.' The group is full of extraordinary life, notwithstanding the extreme slightness of the indications in several matters of form and place. The waiter moves, the woman talks, with her feminine emphasis, as she buttons her glove, having eaten her breakfast; but most vital of all is the act of the man who pushes his elbow out over the table as he straggles forward and lays his preoccupied face in his long hand. This man's wearied and silent face is a bit of experience. The memory that kept such a look and movement for a sketch of remembrance is certainly alert for observation, and evidently impressible by things worth holding. Mr. Manuel is obviously an admirer of Forain, and the influence of that wonderful draughtsman is apparent in his selection and apprehension of character, as

well as in the quality of the black and white. Mr. Manuel works with a loose, soft line that is rather brushed than drawn. As with Forain, every fragment of a line has expression. The intention of the designer, nevertheless, plays a large part in his effect. When he presents eyes by two pin dots in the perfect blankness of a large face, the principal success of their insignificance is due to our knowledge of the difference this artist has intended to make between his way and the usual way of rendering human eyes. Important too, in work of so few lines, is the unhesitating audacity of the touch, when the curve or bump or grimace of caricature has been decided upon.

Mr. Manuel is like Forain, but he is not exactly the same. There is, in Forain's work, a certainty of drawing which hardly a contemporary artist in black-and-white possesses. When the forms are merely implicit they are implied with such full mastery as Charles Keene proved with less simple means, and, even then less convincingly. There is, in fact, a curious likeness, with a no less curious difference, between Forain and Charles Keene. The French draughtsman has more brevity, more intention, even less waste of touches, and a more clear absence of hesitation. No two draughtsmen before them had their sense of the common, especially of the common grotesque, and more especially of the common grotesque as it fortuitously results from the long wearing of undignified clothes by ordinary figures. An old livery, an old boot, an old overcoat, adapted to the shape and the daily uses of a middle-aged citizen who has become broad with regular dinners and much "telescoped" in figure with seden-



THE RECKONING. A LANGHAM SKETCH BY J. T. MANUEL.

tary work, and whose foot has never had an arch in its form or a spring in its action—these things Keene and Forain alike have appreciated. And their apprehension revives in the observant eyes of Mr. Manuel, with an addition which he seems to promise—an addition of his own; this may be discovered in the little tragic touch and the little gay touch existing in some of his sketches. Moreover, if it would be untrue to say that Forain seldom attempts movement, it is obvious that in several series of his drawings, a stolid kind of stationariness is part of the character, and that the figures best remembered from amongst his drawings are heavily motionless, and that this is their most expressive attitude, always admirably conveyed by the designer's slightest line. Charles Keene had a good sense of movement, and Mr. Manuel seems to have it too.

even as in his day it clung to the conventions of Cruikshank. But at last it is free; its convention of line is simple and fresh; and as to conventions of character, its characteristic is that it has none. Perhaps it is worth while to add that what is said here of the art of caricature takes no note whatever of the work of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley.

One of the sketches illustrated in the previous article (page 6), is 'A Tidal River,' by Mr. D. Green. He has chosen such a scene, most admirable in black and white, as Mr. Wyllie has often painted, with a palette charged with the simple but various greys of the Thames sky, the Thames waters, and the Thames coal-barges. There is a fine and peculiar pictorial quality in such a subject. In the first place, the eye is satisfied with a great sense of the level of surfaces. Mr. Wyllie habitually, and Mr. Green in this sketch, have



IN BOHEMIA. A LANGHAM SKETCH BY W. A. BREAKSPEARE.

We are inclined to give, at this length, a kind of careful and deliberate welcome to this young talent because the art of caricature—to give it a not very appropriate name—is full of life in England just now. Even as to a fastidious playgoer there seems to be comparatively little conspicuous talent on the serious national stage of our day, but plenty amongst comic actors; so comedy and fugitive work in black and white are running away with more than their usual share of the enterprise, vigour, and vitality of the draughtsman. It is not a thing to be deplored, even if deplored had ever had any effect in averting, or even in checking, the tendencies of a generation. In England the art of caricature has taken long to outlive and live down the conventions left by John Leech,

1895.

given to the surface of the Thames such an effect of a large level as few marine painters have chosen to give to the surface of the sea, and such as no plain can give. The low forms of the coal-barges favour this effect most fortunately, and the painter is well advised to place his horizon rather high, so as to get more sight of the top of the black cargoes, and a greater space of the lightening greys of the receding waters beyond. And from all this horizontal breadth and simplicity rise with all the more fineness and loftiness the masts of the sailing boats. All the sky is simplified with the vagueness of smoke and climate; smoke sketches vaguely the distant boats, and the nearer are etched against it. And the smoke itself, as it comes puffing fresh and dark from a funnel, is contrasted with

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itself extended, diffused, and atmospheric in the further sky. Nothing is so wonderful as the contrast of the tidal Thames with the Thames of the locks. No other river is black and grey in contrast with such green. No other river flows first under such a scenery of cloudy skies, and ebbs and flows afterwards under so shapeless a mist. It is impossible to assign any mental image, such as clings about every other name, to the name of the Thames, so various is its character. Even the upper Thames has its complete differences. It is suburban; a little higher it grows conventional with beeches and reaches; and a little higher still it becomes simple, spare, open, a river for the ascetic landscape painter, who found the woods of Marlow too pretty and too expected for a picture. In composition, the lower Thames is exceedingly pictorial. The boats and barges compose themselves. Following one another, they have the happiest curves which accord with the movement and line of everything else, because they are due to a curve in the lines of the river itself.

In the year 1887 the Langham Sketching Club held an exhibition of its members' drawings, which gave to the public a far wider knowledge of its work, of course, than can be gained from the illustrations to the present articles. The catalogue of that exhibition is interesting by its names. The work of Walker, dead many years before, appeared with that of men who, seven years ago, were new men and are now well known, and also with that of the much older members of other years.

We have already mentioned many names of members of to-day, and the reader will recognise among the rest a great many of the names that make the interest of the annual exhibitions in the many galleries of London. They are these:—Charles Cattermole, R.I.; Sheridan Knowles, R.I.; and G. S.

Walters, W. Follen Bishop, Adam Proctor, Edward Read, G. Kilburne, jun., F. Hamilton Jackson, A. W. Strutt, J. Finmore, all of whom are members of the Society of British Artists, and so also is Mr. Sheridan Knowles, above-named. His companions of the Institute, as well as of the Sketching Club, are Cyrus Johnson, Bernard Evans (also of the British Artists) and W. B. Wollen. The names of Blair Leighton, Herbert Dicksee, T. Davidson, C. J. Watson, J. Gülick, J. A. Fitzgerald, Monk, N. M. Lund, Dixon, and Champion Jones, are comprised in the list of the active members.

Before admission to the club a very searching test is applied. A time drawing has to be presented, of such ability as to pass the examiners. No such stipulation exists in the case of the Life Club adjoining. The latter, therefore, is more distinctly a place of study and preparation—a class. The Sketching Club, on the other hand, implies a good deal of achievement. Its members, having passed the same test, meet on a certain equality. They necessarily trust one another's powers, and are, as it were, put at their ease. For such a society, "club" is the only right word. It is for such a society that members must naturally feel a warm affection, and no little loyalty—a feeling that centres in the President. Mr. Haité is, on his side, devoted to the interests, to the excellence, and to the reputation of "The Langham." All the illustrations to these articles are from his private collection. He is not only an ardent sketcher, but an admirable landscape painter (witness his 'Nomads,' here illustrated), and also a decorative designer, a connoisseur, and a writer upon the arts he has studied. His early work was in the reform of wall-papers, and his later is in brilliant records of street and field, of Holland and of English rivers. As a President, he is impartial—with a marked preference for the hardest workers.



NOMADS. A LANGHAM SKETCH BY GEO. C. HAITÉ, PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NEW REICHSTAG PALACE, BERLIN, AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

To the Editor of THE ART JOURNAL.

As the palace for the Reichstag is just completed, and has been opened for use after the labours of ten years at a cost of a million and a half pounds sterling, it may be worth calling the attention of your readers to the conduct of the German Emperor towards its architect. Of the building itself the Emperor in his visit to Rome in 1893, said that it was "Der Gipfelpunct der geschmacklosigkeit" (the pinnacle of bad taste). Now we cannot refuse the right of the German Emperor to have an opinion of his own, but we may ask whether it was good taste, or whether he considered it the part of a gentleman, to take advantage of his position to impress on his subjects his opinion of a building, the design of which was chosen by a special committee, to which was decreed the first prize, and which met the approval of the Emperor William I? Should not the Architect's reputation have made him pause, for Professor Wallot has deservedly a very high one. He has studied with success all styles of architecture, first in Berlin, where he went in 1870, and where he became a master of the Classic; then to Giessen, when he became a master of the Gothic; and lastly to Italy, where he studied the palaces of Palladio, and became an expert in Renaissance—the freedom with which he has used it is seen in the New Palace in the Königs Platz. He was naturally bound in some measure by the traditions of the site, and to this he has given effect in the fine building which has replaced the insignificant Palace of Raczinski.

If this was all the Emperor had done it might, perhaps, have been passed off with a smile, but he has done a thing which we think of grave importance to artists and to all lovers of Art, and which has been a source of annoyance to the artistic world in Germany. He has used his royal power in depriving Prof. Wallot of the large gold medal for which he was unanimously recommended by the jury of the Art Exhibition of 1894, and ordered it to be given to Frau Parlaghy. This artist is of but mediocre merit, who had managed to secure the smaller gold medal in 1890, but one who has known how to use court influence with some effect, for she will now be "hors de concours." There will thus be no more opportunity of refusing her pictures, as was said to have been the case with her portrait of 'Moltke,' though it was, by imperial order, admitted later. Is such conduct right? Can it be correct for a king to use his royal

power in placing his own opinion in opposition to that of a body of artists? It seems hardly credible; fancy what an outcry there would have been in this country, if such an action had been done here. The Germans feel it as much, but they have to bear it in silence. When they can show their feelings by their actions they do so, and the *Berliner Kunstverein* have signified their opinion in making Prof. Wallot an honorary member and in giving him a banquet in which it is said that many veiled sarcasms were uttered about the Emperor and Mme. Parlaghy.

The Emperor seems thus to have placed himself in opposition to almost every one, for everywhere pæans of praise rise in favour of an artist who has devoted the labours of the last ten years in arranging every single detail that secures the comfort of all that will attend the building, of whatever grade or capacity. He seems to have secured a unity between the exterior and interior which is often wanting in Renaissance buildings, and has placed the decisive artistic stamp upon it.

AMICUS ARTIUM.

THE SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS.

To the Editor of THE ART JOURNAL.

In reference to my letter about the Society of Illustrators, which appeared in your December issue, I have received a most courteous communication from Mr. Edwin Bale, in the interests of Messrs. Cassell, taking exception to a paragraph which Messrs. Cassell point out is a statement that *only* Royal Academicians and a few well-known men are paid for contributions to their publications of "Royal Academy Pictures," and they consider that such a statement is calculated to prove detrimental to their interests. It is not only due to Messrs. Cassell, but to myself, to assure them that the paragraph was not written under that impression, or with any desire for it to bear that construction, inasmuch as I knew that it was the custom of Messrs. Cassell to pay *every* contributor. The unintentional injustice really arose from a desire to give Messrs. Cassell the credit due to them. This explanation I should have felt bound to make if my attention had been drawn by anyone to the paragraph being possible of such construction, and I hope Messrs. Cassell will not only accept my regret for the sentence being capable of such construction, but my assurance that no such reflection was intended.

GEO. C. HAITÉ.

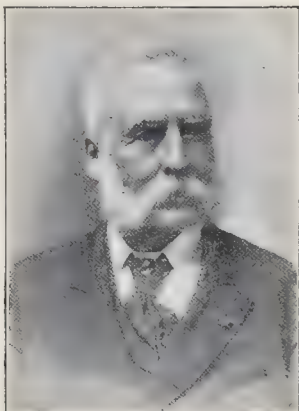
OBITUARY.

MR. E. L. MONTEFIORE.

THE death of Mr. E. L. Montefiore, of Sydney, will prove a serious loss to the cause of Australian Art, with which

his name has been prominently identified during the last thirty years. Although associated with commercial pursuits during the greater portion of his lifetime, a love of Art was his ruling passion, and he was never weary of the oft-times thankless task of endeavouring to inculcate the true principles of artistic taste in others. At the time of Mr. Montefiore's arrival in Australia, there was not a single public Art gallery in any of the colonies, nor any private collection of note. In Victoria he assisted in establishing the Arts Academy, which led to the formation of the present Victorian National Art Gallery. In 1870, removing to Sydney, Mr. Montefiore repeated, with the assistance of Mr. E. Du Faur and other gentlemen, the experiments so successfully initiated by

him in Melbourne, the National Art Gallery of New South Wales being a direct result of the formation of the Art Academy established in Sydney by Mr. Montefiore and his friends.



E. L. MONTEFIORE,
LATE DIRECTOR OF THE ART GALLERY OF
SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

Several of the leading artists in the colony won their spurs in connection with the Academy classes, Mr. Montefiore predicting their future success. He was possessed of an excellent judgment, and never allowed personal feelings to influence his criticisms. He was just without being severe; accurate, without being pedantic. Broad in his views, he refused to favour one school at the expense of another, pointing out that each had its merits as well as demerits, and that excellence could be obtained only by a careful study of various styles. At the time of his death, October 22, 1894, Mr. Montefiore was seventy-four years of age. He was at one time connected with the old Australian firm of Montefiore Brothers. His mother was a niece of Sir Moses

Montefiore, hence the addition of the name of Montefiore to his own name of Levi. His brother, Mr. George Montefiore Levi, is a Belgian senator, and presided at the recent Silver Conference in Brussels. He was born at Barbados in 1820. In 1892 he relinquished commercial pursuits, and accepted the position of Director of the Sydney National Art Gallery, which office he held at the time of his death.

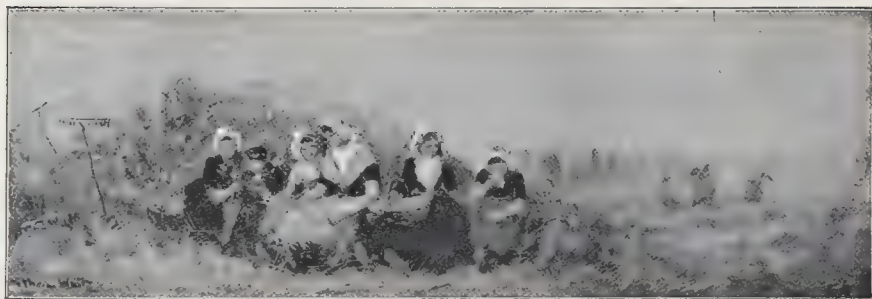
James Hamilton, A.R.S.A., died at the early age of forty-one, in Edinburgh, at the end of the year. He was beginning to be well known for his semi-historical paintings, his special delight being to represent Prince Charlie, and incidents from the Waverley Novels. His death at so early an age is a severe blow to Scottish Art.

The death occurred at Paris, on the 11th of December, of Jean Gigoux, a well-known historical and religious genre painter, at the great age of eighty-eight years. He entered the École des Beaux-Arts at Paris in 1828. His most celebrated painting, 'The Death of Leonardo da Vinci,' was exhibited in 1835. He was one of the first to avail himself of the artistic possibilities of lithography, and in 1885 he published a chatty volume of memoirs.

We regret to record the death of T. Nelson Maclean, the sculptor. He was born at Deptford in 1845, and went to Paris at the age of fourteen, where he stayed until 1870. Much of his best work was done in terra-cotta. In 1886 he organized a collective exhibition of his works.

Alexandre Bida, a well-known illustrator of French gift-books, died in Paris at the beginning of January. He was born in 1813 at Toulouse, and studied water colours and drawing under Delacroix. Between 1844 and 1846 he visited the East and returned with many sketches. His 'Retour de la Mecque' and the 'Champ de Boaz à Bethléem' were bought by the state.

Jean Turcan, sculptor, in favour of whom a tombola or subscription lottery was recently organized by the leading artists in Paris, died on the 3rd January, in Paris, of paralysis. Previous attacks had long prevented him from practising his art, and had reduced him to a condition of absolute poverty. His masterpiece, which obtained for him in 1888, not only the Medal of Honour of the Salon, but also the Cross of the Legion of Honour, is a marble group, now in the Luxembourg, representing a paralytic being carried by a blind man.



DUTCH HAYMAKERS. BY R. THORNE WHITTLE.

THE ROYAL WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

THE Royal Water-Colour Society blooms twice in the year. As a rule, the winter show is less important; at any rate, there are more promises than performances, more studies than pictures. This year, however, the winter exhibition, the thirty-third in succession, is noteworthy for the scarcity of sketches and finished studies. The show in the well-known gallery in Pall Mall is a good one, in so far as the general standard is concerned. There is little of the amateurish element, which is a bane of most other water-colour exhibitions, and still less of what no sophistry can pass as at least creditable. On the other hand, there is a marked falling off in some of the work from artists of repute; and, again, there are few drawings of such outstanding merit as to make this particular exhibition memorable. Among these few exceptionally good examples, the drawings of Mr. Matthew Hale and Mr. E. R. Hughes demand most attention.

Several of the ablest members of the Society are unrepresented. This is the more regrettable, as Mr. Arthur Melville, Mr. Henry Moore, and Mr. J. W. North are among the absentees—three men ill to be spared by the League of Water-Colourists, of which they are truly stalwart men of might.

Many visitors, also, will miss the delicate silver points of Mr. Edward Poynter, the deft drawings of Sir Frederic Leighton and Sir E. Burne-Jones, the careful nature-studies of Sir Francis Powell, and the scrupulously scholarly classical studies of Mr. Alma Tadema; while Mr. David Murray will disappoint his admirers by his absorption in, to use parliamentary language, "another place." To set against this, however, is the liberality, almost the superabundant generosity, of some other members. Thus Mr. Herbert Marshall is represented by thirteen drawings, a number whose ill repute does not militate against the excellence of his work. Again, Mr. Albert Goodwin has five entries to his name, Mr. Birket Foster nine, Mr. Walter Crane eleven, Miss Clara Montalba eight, Mr. Collingwood twelve, and even the veteran Sir John Gilbert has contributed five characteristic drawings. In all, there are drawings sufficient to extend throughout the year at the rate of one a day; only, one wonders, how many red-letter days would there be?

The pleasant surprises are, as it happens, occasionally afforded where least expected, or at any rate not anticipated. Mr. Tom Lloyd, for example, has two drawings at the Pall

Mall Gallery of exceptional merit. These are, in draughtsmanship, colour, and composition, much superior to the other work he sends. In 'Cherry Ripe' we have a delightful presentment of an old walled garden, rich with the chemistry of the sun and air, redolent with the breath of myriad life. In 'Gone,' which we illustrate, there is more suggestion of story: and, after all, when everything has been said against the literary element in the painting of a picture that need be said, the fact remains that to tell a story convincingly and satisfyingly is, in paint as in words, a creditable and desirable thing. In 'Gone,' however, the paramount charm is that of the exquisite combinations of light created by the ruddy sunfire and the pale moonglow in union, the soft waves of colour falling upon the calm surface of a stream with lovely effect.

Of the two younger artists who are probably the most popular at the Royal Water-Colour Society's exhibitions, Mr. R. W. Allan and Miss Clara Montalba, the verdict must be that neither has surpassed the work shown in recent years, and Miss Montalba has, in more than one drawing, fallen into a careless and mechanical mannerism. 'Shipping on the Giudecca' is much below this clever lady's best, notwithstanding (indeed, because of) its picturesqueness and scene-painting effectiveness. More straightforward and more creditable is 'Before the Storm,' where, under a cold and windy sky, the green water of the outer lagoons is seen moving in serpentine waves of gloom, with one or two gondolas reflecting from their steel prows a metallic light that seems to mirror the hidden lightnings which lurk behind the clouds.



THE SCHOOL OF REPENTANCE. BY J. H. HENSHELL.

In two at least of his drawings Mr. R. W. Allan, on the other hand, is not disappointing. His characteristic combination of breadth of treatment and subtlety and delicacy of detail is perhaps most adequately illustrated by the 'Market-Place, Middleburg,' of which a reproduction accompanies this text.

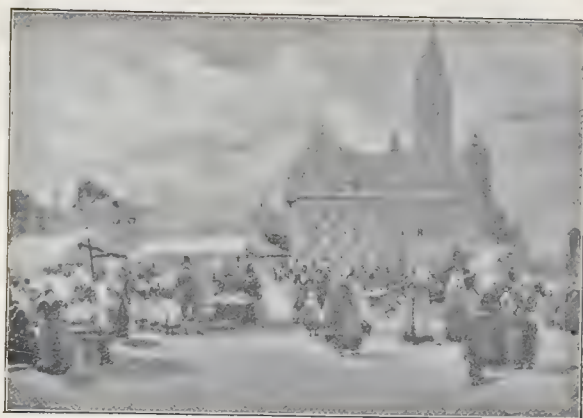
Mr. Matthew Hale may be unequal, but his inequalities are invariably on the high level of Art. In all his work there is a distinctive grace in selection, a suavity of expression, a directness of presentment, which leads one to the belief that, fine as are the drawings and paintings which Mr. Hale has produced, particularly within the last three years, he has still to find a more liberal way for his art, still to gain a larger, a more potent, a more enduring utterance.

There is a natural kinship between the art of Mr. Hale and that of his elder comrade, Mr. Alfred W. Hunt. Mr. Albert Goodwin and Mr. Alfred Hunt are, at this Gallery, to some people, what Mr. R. W. Allan and Mr. Arthur Melville or Mr. Brabazon are to other lovers of water-colour Art. For these,

they represent the best tradition and the most winsome and immutable convention. Of Mr. Goodwin's work I would most emphasise the worth of his noble 'Wells,' a moonlight picture of the Vicar's Close in that cathedral city, and his scrupulously observed and exquisite 'Schaffhausen.' Mr. Hunt's admirers will, at a glance, recognise his handiwork in 'Hayburn Wyke,' 'Saltwick Bay,' and the masterly and altogether delightful 'Robin Hood's Bay,' where promontory after promontory looms through the warm morning air, with delicate and gracious tones and gradations.



"GONE." BY TOM LLOYD. FROM THE DRAWING IN THE POSSESSION OF W. N. GRIFFITH, ESQ.; DOLGELLY.



THE MARKET-PLACE AT MIDDLEBURG. BY ROBERT W. ALLAN.

Another aquarellist, whose best work is distinctly good at this exhibition, is Mr. R. Thorne Whaite. On the whole, the ablest of his several contributions is 'Enthuizen,' that Zuyder Zee town which has quite ousted Scheveningen from

the first place in the estimation of water-colourists. But there is both charm and grace in his 'Dutch Haymakers,' of which also we give a small reproduction.

The figure-drawings are not only comparatively few, but are generally of secondary merit. Mr. J. Henry Henshall's 'Stool of Repentance,' which is reproduced overleaf, is characteristic and pleasant. But the best thing in this *genre*, the most distinctive and memorable in the exhibition, are the portraits and figure-drawings by Mr. E. R. Hughes. These works are worthy of high praise, and there can be no question that Mr. E. R. Hughes is "a coming man." Though not his most uniformly able drawing, the most ambitious, and, in some ways, the most notable of his contributions is his rendering of that episode in Straparola where Biancabella stands naked in a basin filled

with milk, set under green leafage, while her snake-sister, Samaritana, licks her sunlit body. The serpentine body of Samaritana is painted with extraordinary skill and brilliancy.

WILLIAM SHARP.

ROYALTY AND THE FINE ARTS.

THE letter we publish on a previous page is a protest against Imperial interference in Germany in matters connected with the Fine Arts; but we fear the patronage of Royalty in England is not much better bestowed. For the portrait of the Prince of Wales, his Royal Highness has certainly been well advised in arranging with M. Edouard Detaille, the ablest of living military painters. But what can be said in defence of the latest announcement of artistic patronage in court circles? Her Majesty the Queen has been advised to appoint the Chevalier E. Martino to be Marine Painter in Ordinary in succession to Sir Oswald Brierly.

We could not say great things in favour of the artistic quality of the productions of the late marine painter to the British Queen; but he was, at the least, a native of these islands, and something could be allowed to him on that score. But when a successor came to be chosen for the sovereign whose empire "rules the waves," the court wire-pullers must have been hard driven in their choice, when they put forward the very "ordinary" painter and foreigner who is now appointed. We have nothing to say against the Chevalier Martino as a gentleman. He has been long resident in this country, and has many admirers amongst naval critics. No one knows better the correct ropes and instruments employed in any kind of vessel which sails the ocean. But it is the accuracy of the photographer, and not of the artistic interpreter.

In years gone past, THE ART JOURNAL has owed much to her most gracious Majesty, and although no more loyal citizens can be found than in artistic circles, we give place to none in our honour of our ruler. We would ask then to be permitted to protest, as loyal subjects, against hole-and-corner appointments such as this. Would Sir Frederic Leighton have advised the authorities advocating such a choice, when there is a J. C. Hook or a Henry Moore in the Royal Academy, a W. L. Wyllie and a Colin Hunter on the doorstep, and a Somerscales approaching the portico? Do courtiers

never hear true artistic conversation, consideration, and discussion? Without flattery, and stating only what is known to those who know him best, the President of the Royal Academy is one of the largest-minded connoisseurs of the Arts in our time. His sympathies are properly always with the Academy, but he is broad-spirited enough never to miss the New English Art Club, to be the possessor of several beautiful Corots and Daubignys, and to number Mr. Brabazon and Professor Costa amongst his oldest friends.

With such qualifications could not Sir Frederic, with that suavity of manner no courtier can excel, could not the President have ventured to tell those who approach the sovereign something of the wide field of the Fine Arts, which, unhappily, no court personage seems to know exists? The Queen makes it her boast—and it is in such phrases that history is made—that she sympathises with all her subjects in every walk of life. From the daily newspapers we learn of her Majesty's sympathy with the lowest, as well as the more highly stationed. The acquiring of Eastern languages has employed the leisure hours of her Majesty in recent years, and Eastern people are justly grateful for the very beautiful token of sympathy. But the artistic world seems to be in as great need of interpretation and study, and we may respectfully recommend even the greatest sovereign Britain has seen, to seek fresh conquests in the world of Art, which so few courtiers seem to understand.

The Prince of Wales is being painted by M. Edouard Detaille, and the picture will be one of the attractions of the approaching Paris Salon. The canvas is large, and represents the Prince on horseback, in military dress. Beside him, also on a charger, is the Duke of Connaught, and the Prince directs the Duke's attention to some incident amongst the troops, which are seen defiling in the distance. It is likely the picture will afterwards be publicly exhibited in London.

NOTES ON RECENT ART BOOKS.

"THE CHURCH OF SANCTA SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE," by W. R. Lethabey and Harold Swainson (Macmillan), is distinctly the best book which has yet appeared on the ever-interesting subject of the great Byzantine Church or Mosque of Sancta Sophia. It is elaborate without being too technical, and whilst it will prove invaluable to the student of architecture, the frequent quotations it contains from ancient chronicles and authorities render it delightfully interesting to the general reader. It is a curious fact that the architecture of this magnificent monument has been so little studied by modern architects, for it is without question the most perfectly adapted building for the purposes of public worship ever erected. More people can see the altar and hear the preacher in Sancta Sophia than in any other church or hall in the world; and after all, be the ritual what it may, hearing and seeing are the two principal objects for which a church should be built. It is to be regretted that the plates in this volume are not of better quality. A few photogravures of the interior of the mosque would have aided the writers greatly in conveying their meaning, and have added immensely to the interest. Possibly the rather archaic appearance of the volume might have suffered by the introduction of these essentially modern illustrations, but they would have facilitated the work of the writers very considerably. Messrs. Lethabey and Swainson's book deserves to be carefully studied by all rising architects, for it opens to them a new field of investigation, and introduces, as it were, an architecture at once convenient and sumptuous, which is by no means ill suited to our climate and requirements.—It is with unfeigned regret we learn that Mr. Harold Swainson, one of the joint authors, died at Cairo on the last day of 1894. He was only twenty-six, and had only begun to give the world the benefit of his prolonged studies.

"GRUNDRISSE DER KUNSTGESCHICHTE VERFASST VON DR. FRDR. FRHRN. GOELER VON RAVENSBURG" (Berlin, 1894), supplies a want which the student must often feel when trying to cope with the ever-increasing mass of Art literature. The tendency in this field to write *ad probandum* instead of *ad narrandum* is becoming so strong, that in most cases we are unable to see the facts for the opinions; and if we are to keep our feet, while the flood of "discoveries" and "appreciations" rises daily higher and higher, we must be able to lay hold of those fixed points which are no more shifted by the passing of impressions than the mountain-tops are melted by the clouds. The object, then, of our author has been to supply just such a map of the whole field covered by Art history as will enable the student not only to follow the main roads with intelligence, but to strike out paths for himself without the risk of losing his way. Such a scheme has obvious disadvantages from a literary point of view. To systematise a subject it must be dissected, and dissection kills; while the *certain*, with which alone such a book has to deal, is nothing after all but a bleached skeleton compared with the florid body of circulating opinion. Within these limits, however, the work has been thoroughly well done.

In the section devoted to the arts of Italy it is surprising how much information has been compressed into a small space, and the author, in search of the positive, has threaded his way through the critics with great discrimination. Our provincialism has, as it were, two voices, active and passive. The English misconceive their neighbours; but, as universally and invariably, they are misconceived by their neighbours. We are, therefore, not surprised to find the small section devoted to English Art the most inaccurate in the book. Reynolds was not a baronet, nor was Lawrence his pupil, and Turner, though, like Shakspeare, "subjective," "poetical," and "fantastic," in the noblest sense and the highest degree, was, again like Shakspeare, not entirely so. In his "Liber Studiorum" he challenges every one in turn. The great "inventor of harmonies" can contend with George Morland, and beat him, on the bagpipes.

The original publishers of the novels of Charles Dickens—and the owners still of many of the copyrights—are rightly the most enterprising in the publication of these works. In "OLIVER TWIST," Messrs. Chapman & Hall publish, for the first time, coloured reproductions of the drawings made by George Cruikshank as illustrations now nearly sixty years ago. It is almost unnecessary to say that these original drawings are of the greatest interest to the lovers of Dickens and Cruikshank, and the new publication, rather severely limited in number for the moderate price, is sure to be welcome on both sides of the Atlantic. It is not possible here to enter into an account of the controversy regarding these drawings, the point in dispute being the question whether Dickens or Cruikshank originated the idea of a London boy's adventures with Bill Sikes, Fagin the Jew, and the other characters in the book. For us now, it is sufficient to believe that the idea was one that was acceptable to both writer and artist, and that they worked hand in hand to make the publication a success. Cruikshank's illustrations are really remarkably clever, yet his reputation has not yet been adequately recognised. His rival "Phiz" is better known as an artist, and his fame is rather increasing than otherwise, simply because his chief productions were brought together ten years ago in a serious volume on his life and work. But Cruikshank has only been treated as a temperance reformer and political caricaturist; not yet as an artist and creator of character. To adequately appreciate Cruikshank in an artistic way, it is necessary to examine at least a score of different books published from twenty to sixty years ago, and only the most enthusiastic will do this. Meanwhile the new edition of "OLIVER TWIST" will help to recall Cruikshank and his characteristics; and while we cannot altogether praise the results of the method of reproduction adopted—so far behind the coloured illustrations made by the French—we can cordially recommend the volume as a step in the right direction.

The illustrations to "GOOD KING WENCESLAS" (Cornish, Birmingham) have evidently been a labour of love to Mr. A. J. Gaskin, for the *édition de luxe* has been "printed with his

own hand," after the masterly designs have been drawn and engraved by him on wood. To be complete, however, there ought to have been twelve illustrated pages instead of only six, for the poem easily lends itself to pictures.

Of quite another character are the "Decorative settings," by F. C. Tilney, to the "SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE," by Mrs. Browning (Dent). Mr. Gosse's most excellent introduction, followed by the artist's preface, leads the reader to expect the illustrative designs to be at least mildly worthy of the exquisite poetry. Mr. Tilney would be better advised to employ his talent—and it is of no mean order, as several of the designs, and chiefly the 'Patient Angel,' testify—to methods and style which will advance his art, and not to the hackneyed means of expression he has here been led to adopt.

Architects and archæologists should know the "ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION SKETCH BOOK" (9, Conduit Street), which has been published for a quarter of a century. It is just opening a third series with examples specially appealing to all who take an interest in architecture.

"CYNICUS, HIS HUMOUR AND SATIRE" (Simpkin), is unfortunately heavy in its humour and weak in its satire. Cynicus never seems to get beyond the obvious, and his plates are simply platitudes in prints. Hogarth and the earlier humorists might bring forth easy essays in prints, but the time has gone by for a satirist whose powers of insight are limited, and who seldom in a long series of designs hits on a subject which can stand something more than a cursory glance.

"NAPOLEON AT HOME" (Gravel), from the French of Frédéric Masson, is an account of the daily life at the Tuileries. The devoted study of a lifetime has rendered M. Masson the first authority on the career of the great Frenchman. There are many collectors of Napoleon books amongst English-speaking people—the Premier, Lord Rosebery, is one of his greatest admirers and the owner of several personal relics—and to them M. Masson's two volumes are invaluable. Each employment of the day is given in detail, and many points often considered of no moment are noted down, so that the portrait is faithfully complete to the most minute fact.

Mr. Rudolph Lehmann's "ARTISTS' REMINISCENCES" (Smith, Elder & Co.) is a volume of personal experiences, artistic and social—mostly the latter—such as the ordinary public find very entertaining. Mr. Lehmann has met the principal European celebrities of the past sixty years, and his anecdotes are usually well told, although the disposition to give full titles to all the personages mentioned shows that the artist himself was greatly impressed with his own surroundings.

"JOSIAH WEDGWOOD," by Dr. Samuel Smiles (Murray), requires no apology for its appearance, even although several lives of the famous potter have already been published. Dr. Smiles has had the advantage of utilising the materials found in the family manuscripts, which throw new light on the personal history of Wedgwood. He has employed all his art in producing an inspiring account of Wedgwood's hopes and fears, gains and losses, and the only regret is that at least a few illustrations have not been added; for an account of an

artist's career cannot be entirely satisfactory without some specimens of his Art to examine and discuss.

The Birmingham School of Illustrators seems to be content with doing the least possible number of illustrations to a book, and this unhappily becomes more pronounced. "THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE," pictured by F. D. Bedford (Methuen), is illustrated by a continuous series of five designs, repeated over a dozen times in the book, with only a full-page plate here and there. These designs are well-drawn, humorous, and decorative; but if the publishers dreaded the expense of new illustrations throughout, it should have been possible to arrange the text differently. As it is, the capital English translation is a little spoiled by the monotony and chance-occasioned inappropriateness of the surrounding embellishments. "THE QUEST" (Cornish, Birmingham) is a new magazine to be published three times yearly, and is well worth the attention of all interested in the remarkable development in Birmingham of restrained and appropriate, if sometimes over-quaint, illustrations.

It is regrettable that Mr. J. C. Van Dyke should have lent his name to the compilation entitled, "A TEXT-BOOK OF THE HISTORY OF PAINTING" (Longmans). It is impossible in three hundred small pages to give a "concise teachable history of Art for class-room use," and it ought not to have been attempted. Even a division into three books on the art of the ancients, the old masters, and the modern artists, would have been condensed enough. With sometimes a dozen artists treated on a single page, no student can obtain from the book any definite idea, except a catalogue of names.

"LE MONDE MODERNE" (Paris: Quantin) is a new French monthly on the lines of the better-class English and American illustrated magazines, and the first of its kind issued in Paris. The reproduction of "DUTCH ORNAMENTAL ART" having proved successful, M. Nijhoff, of The Hague, has commenced the issue of fascicules of a third volume, with designs for knife-handles and borders of plates in metal, by Michael le Blond.

"A COMPENDIUM OF PAINTING," from the French of J. Blockx (Percy Young), is a short scientific treatise, practical and useful. "CARBON PRINTING," by E. J. Wall (Hazell), is also technical, but necessarily so in its dealing with the details of preparing a tissue. "PEN PICTURES, AND HOW TO DRAW THEM," by E. Meade (Gill), is not to be recommended, for the writer says, and holds it up as an example to be followed; "It is possible, by judicious 'cribbing,' for one who cannot draw a line to make a respectable drawing with a pair of scissors and paste!" "MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS," a play by Robert Blake (Simpkin), has many spirited passages, especially where the Queen curses her son, James the First, for want of love or pity.

Other minor books interesting in their way are "SHAKESPEARE'S STRATFORD," by W. H. Waite (Allday, Birmingham), a shilling illustrated guide. "THE STORY OF SELBY ABBEY" (Spencer, Selby), an excellent little account of one of Yorkshire's attractions. "THE CUDWORTH COLLECTION OF ANTIQUE TERRA-COTTA LAMPS" (C. J. Clark), is an illustrated series of notes on a private collection of ancient lamps in Bradford.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE STUDY OF THE JAPONIST COLLECTOR.

THE HOUSE OF A JAPONIST COLLECTOR.

II.*

I AM still in my study. Over my head hangs a fan-face, decorated with a pheasant painted by the deft hand of Hokusai. In Mr. Whistler's famous "Ten O'Clock" address, to which I had the pleasure of listening, the last sentence of the peroration was, if my memory recalls it aright, "The Genius of Art, which fled weeping from the tomb of Velasquez, took refuge on the fan of Hokusai." It is to me a pleasing fancy that this may perchance be the designated fan. For it is a masterpiece of delicate, but expressive drawing, and one could not ask for a finer example of one phase of the art of this popular genius. I have it in the lacquer frame which I had made for it in Tokio, where I found it hanging as the only decoration on the wall of a great connoisseur, to whom it had been for many years a sort of household god, and whose courteous kindness, even more than the other induce-

ments which I offered, induced him to part with it to me, after occasional hints to which he was deaf throughout the two months that I visited him from time to time. Many similar efforts have been made, since it hung upon my wall, to tempt me to allow it to pass into the collections of American and French millionaires, enthusiasts in the worship of Hokusai, but I have been deaf to all seductions. It was the first fine Hokusai which I had been able to acquire, the direct product of his pencil; since then I have had the rare good fortune to acquire a whole series of landscape sketches from his pencil, and a whole library of his printed work, but these are hidden in portfolios, and this is not the place to speak of them.

Only to give an outline of the products of this rare genius would fill this whole series of papers. Never was any man more versatile, more brimful of imagination, more copious in incomparable production. After the Japanese fashion he

* Continued from page 11.



THE MANZAI DANCER.

ent years old, then I understood nearly the form and the true nature of birds, plants, and animals, and when I am still older every point and every line will be full of life." Hokusai drew, for the engraver, on thin sheets of paper destined to be pasted on wood blocks, and subsequently destroyed by the graver's tool, as is the Japanese fashion of producing wood engravings. I have been so fortunate as to secure a series of original sketches (see one below) which escaped this fate and remained unpublished. On the book-shelves of my Japanese library repose the thirteen volumes of his *Mangwa*; the collection of ten thousand sketches, of which many editions have been published, and nearly all of his innumerable illustrations of the romances of Bakin and of national legends and historic events; his "Hundred Views of Fuji," in which he triumphs as a landscape artist, and his numerous sketch-books of models

changed from time to time his artist name. Towards the end of his life he added the descriptive name Guakio (mad to draw), and in one of his most famous books, "The Hundred Views of the Mountain Fuji," he says of himself, "When six years old I was mad to draw object forms; at fifty I had published an infinitude of drawings, but I was discontented with all I had produced until I was sev-

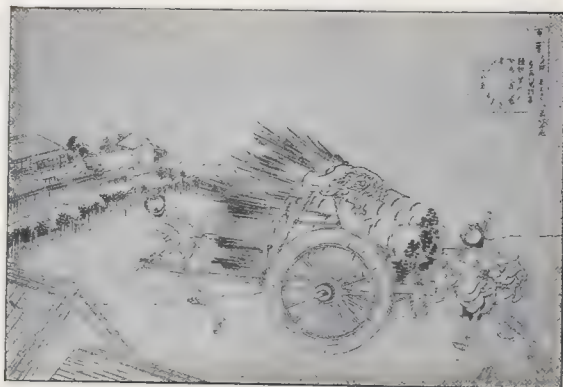
enty years old. This astonishing fecundity, without any abasement of genius; this variety of style, this condescension to industrial ornamentation, the occasional rioting of imagination in scenes of caricature, in the feat of sketches drawn throughout with a single continuous line, this triumph of witty observation and of prestidigitation could only be accomplished without falling into humiliating banality by a genius of the first water; but all this Hokusai triumphantly accomplished.

On my right hand on a pedestal, and in a shrine devoted to itself, the benevolent Buddha serenely looks down in eternal and undisturbed calm. Parodying the words of Napoleon, I think of his phrase addressed to his army in Egypt, "Ten centuries look down upon you!" For this Buddha (illustrated opposite) comes from a temple at Nara, and has an authenticated pedigree of more than eight hundred years. He fulfils the canon of glyptic perfection laid down in the ancient books of India, whence this type was derived. He has the thirty-two signs of greatness, and the eighty secondary marks of beauty enumerated in "*Sacred book of the lotus of the holy faith*." He has "the broad and smooth forehead, an eye like the petal of a blue water-lily, lips like the fruit of Vimba, hidden veins, shoulders perfectly rounded, body like the trunk of a fig-tree, perfectly rounded and polished limbs and flanks, full knee-pan, soft and delicate hands and feet, long fingers, well-developed heel, an arched instep, ankles hidden from view; he has the strength and amiability of the ox, and the measured gait of the elephant. When the most perfect of Buddhas walks he plants his feet equally in contact at all points of the earth with the well-balanced step of the elephant; his gait is distinguished."



HEAD OF THE JIZO (BUDDHA), FROM THE DAIYAGAWA RIVER.

This Buddha came to me as the result of a pleasing episode which I delight to recall from time to time when refreshing myself with the contemplation of this much-prized image. Invited by a communication from the Prefecture of Kioto to appoint a day on which to receive our party at the famous temple of Kin Kan Kuji, the priest in charge had arranged a display of all the chief treasures of that famous temple, and of the palatial house attached to it, once occupied by the famous Hideyoshi Taikosama, the Napoleon of Japan and the conqueror of Korea. He had retired there on laying down the burdens of the Shogunate. After visiting the wonders of the temple and the famous tea-house, where he had established the ancient tea ceremony, laid down its laws and gathered around him the most famous artists and masters of that ceremony, and after wandering through its famous gardens and parks, and being instructed in the mysteries of its landscape views and quaintly distorted forest trees, we were ushered through a



AN ORIGINAL SKETCH OF HOKUSAI.

succession of palace chambers and guest rooms. Here were hung for the occasion an unrivalled series of kakemonos by the great masters of old, and here, too, were the ancient lacs, the writing-boxes, the lacquered dinner services, and the ancient bronzes of Hideyoshi. We ended with the tea ceremony in the private apartments of the priest, a handsome suite of rooms lined with typical screens, and there stood conspicuously this Buddha. It had been brought thither, he told me, after the destruction by fire of a temple at Nara, from which it was saved. It was a work of Unkei, a great sculptor of the eleventh century, and when the head, which can be moved, was lifted off the whole body appeared to be filled with the small prayer papers of past generations, on which were inscribed the special supplications of the pious. It had been in his family and that of his predecessors for five generations, but he explained to me that this and an ancient writing-box, which he produced, bearing the arms of Taikōsama, were his private property, and not that of the Government, as were the other articles I had seen. A little bird subsequently whispered to me that various circumstances, which were explained, made the priest not unwilling now to part with these cherished objects if the inducements were adequate, to supply certain urgent needs. This was a subject which could not be discussed at the moment or with so lofty a personage. Negotiations were, however, opened through an intermediary, and opportunities were afforded of verifying the statements made, and a great expert was telegraphed for by me, to whom all the certificates and the objects were submitted, with a fully satisfactory result. The price named was, however, of a character to terminate the negotiation, and after much tedious interchange of views and expressions of mutual courtesy and regret to an official of the second rank who conducted the affair, a final price was named by me, which was politely declined. About a week after, however, my little interpreter entered the room in the early morning, and with many bowings, and with an expression of solemn delight, beckoned in two attendants with an ancient wooden case. Turning to me he announced, "Buddha is come." "What?" I asked. "Buddha is come!" To the laughing demand for further explanation of this singular statement, he mutely replied by removing the cover from the case and pointing to the serene and ancient statue which lay there, all unconscious of his transfer to a new and modern possessor. By the same transaction I became the possessor of the writing-case of Hideyoshi, which occupies now a shelf in the same apartment.

I am a devout worshipper of these now somewhat neglected Buddhas, and many a little household Buddha, in lacquered and painted cases, smile upon me with an affable tenderness

and solemnity in my work-room. Perhaps the most interesting, because the most historical, is the stone head of one of the hundred Jizos of Nikko. These hundred statues lined the bank of the river Daiyagawa there. They are described in all the guide books, and I need not reiterate the well-known tale. Jizo is the protecting Buddha of wayfarers and of children against all wrongdoers and highwaymen. Of these hundred Jizos, which were set there in the fifteenth century, it is related, among other wonders, that they can never be counted twice alike in number.

It may be mentioned that a hundred is a very elastic term in Japanese use, and may mean anything from fifty up to two or three hundred. These stone images are ranged in a long line against the hill-side and by the river-bank. It is said, as I have mentioned, they cannot be counted.* Certainly I have never counted them, but there is now one less, I am sorry to say, than when I went there, for the head of one of the Jizos is in my study, and is illustrated opposite.

It happened in this wise. I had become a member of the Hoko-Kwai, and had made my offering of ten dollars for the custody of its antiquities, which produced this anomalous result. Walking along the riverside to the celebrated boiling pool of Kaman Gafuchi, and passing this long array of Jizos, I remarked to a local custodian that inadequate care was taken of these innumerable deities, and pointed to one of which the head had fallen to the ground. He was an irreverent person, who smiled gently at my remonstrance, and shook his head depreciatingly. A little colloquy ensued in the native tongue between him and my guide, who seems to have explained to him my special interest in such relics of the olden time. We pursued our way to the hut erected at the deep pool close to the boiling eddies, and in face of a rock isolated and surrounded by them, and on the face of which is cut the Sanscrit word "hammam." This rock appears

inaccessible, and the story runs that the miracle-working priest, Kobodaishi, had accomplished the feat by throwing his pen at the rock, or, as some say, by making motions with his pen in the air opposite to the rock. Kobodaishi is one of the most famous of all the Buddhist saints of Japan. He is reputed to have come into the world with his hands folded as if in prayer. He is believed to have been the author of the language now most used in Japan, and to have invented the Hiragana Syllabary. The name Kobodaishi, great teacher, spreading the law, was a sacred title conferred on him, one hundred years after his death, by the Emperor Daigo. It is held, however, that his apparent death was merely a conces-

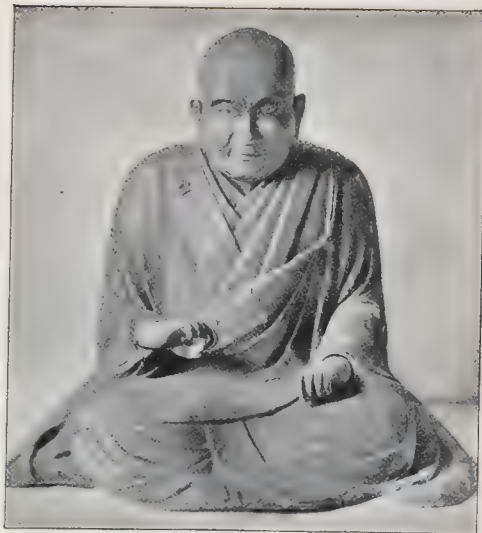
* "Murray's Handbook of Japan," by Chamberlain and Mason, x, 1891, page 160.



BUDDHA FROM THE KIN KAN KUJI TEMPLE.

sion to human formulæ, and that he still awaits in his tomb the coming of Miroku, the Buddhist Messiah. Many are his miracles performed in every part of Japan, and many are his shrines; they were particularly numerous about Nikko. Ascending the hill-side we came to a deserted shrine, from which the priest had fled and worshippers were none, but only an aged dame who remained as a sort of belated relic of the past and self-constituted caretaker to collect the few *sen* which the rare wayfarers might bestow. She, too, was about to leave. The little hut in which Kobodaishi found imperfect covering, which was no shelter from the weather, would then be quite without protection, and at the mercy of every mischievous urchin or robber. He was her only possession, and had become quite unprofitable; she was too old now to live alone, and was about to descend to the neighbouring village and trust to the alms of the charitable. I offered to relieve her of her profitless charge, this most venerable saint, for a sum of one hundred dollars, small enough, in all conscience, as an exchange for this noble image, but sufficient to keep her probably in comfort for the rest of her days. She most joyfully assented, and therefore this deity of the literature of the ninth century, and inventor of the Hiragana of old Japan, (here illustrated) now benignantly inspires my nineteenth-century scribbling. Regardless of its associations, it is, I think, a fine specimen of the portrait statuary of old Japan.

And now we return to the stone head of Jizo, from which I have episodically diverged. Our guardian aforesaid, who had accompanied us up the mountain, appeared to be much impressed by my acquisition of Kobodaishi. When I took leave of him, with the usual gratuity, I expected to hear no more of him, and from Nikko we returned to Yokohama, whence we took ship home. There, on examining in London a great accumulation of boxes and cases, a part of our artistic treasures gathered in Japan, I found among them a stout box heavily inscribed, but which was new to me. On opening it there lay within a long inscribed paper, which read thus:—"From your most humble servant, ———, who, with life-long gratitude, waits upon you with grateful thanks for your munificence and your interest in the sacred objects. May this sacred Jizo be your patron in all trouble and listen to your prayers." And so it happens that this stone image has found



KOBODAISHI. A JAPANESE SAINT OF THE NINTH CENTURY, AND INVENTOR OF THE HIRAGANA ALPHABET.

a resting place, unexpected and undesired by me, in my little sanctum, and now resides in London.

Among many other examples of the glyptic Art of Japan, as yet so little appreciated, but destined, I believe, to hold a high place in the esteem of artists and of archæologists, are many more intimate and domestic objects. One of them, a Manzai, in ancient pottery, lacquered in gold and harmoniously coloured, perpetually offers me the joyous greetings and good wishes which it is his function to bring, especially at the New Year. It is a figure of the Genroku period, presented to me by a wealthy merchant, whose amiable wish it was to offer one of his household treasures, which had for many years decorated his living-room. These Genroku figures, belonging to the Tokugawa period, are relatively scarce, and are much used as hereditary okimono. This one is specially interesting from its material. I have another companion figure, of great animation and gaiety, carved in wood, which it is unnecessary to illustrate. Near these figures are the pair of rabbits here pictured, which have the interest of bearing the signature of Hidari Jinguro, who flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the great temple carver who learnt to sculpture animals from the designs of Tanu, and whose sleeping cat in the ramma, or ventilating panel in the mortuary chapel of Ieyasu, at Nikko, is one of the standing wonders of the country. Before his time the carvers of these rammats had been rather carpenters than artists, and from that date they took a new status. He was surnamed Hidari as being left-handed. Like most of the early artists of Japan, many fables have gathered around his name. He was another Pygmalion, and brought to life a Galatea of the far East; his right arm was sacrificed in the interests of his vivified idol, and so forth. The rabbits are singularly archaic and simple, and yet like his cat of great power and vivacity of expression, although of almost monumental simplicity.

ERNEST HART.



RABBITS OF HIDARI JINGURO.

SEGANTINI AT MILAN.

OF late the fashion of holding collective exhibitions of the works of single artists has spread to Italy and established itself there. At Milan last year, contemporaneously with the Triennial Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture of the Brera Academy, a special exhibition was held of the works of Giovanni Segantini.

The impression left in the mind after visiting the Triennial Exhibition was a confused one. The brain was wearied by a series of shocks—so to speak—arising from the inspection of works of a character often fundamentally diverse in aim and method, and not all very pleasurable to examine; which must necessarily be the case in a collection which is representative of artistic development in Italy at the present time. On the other hand, one came away from the Segantini Exhibition with a feeling of keen artistic and æsthetic satisfaction, with a brain as fresh as one feels after a bracing walk in the country on a fine autumn day. For, just as well-regulated exercise is salutary for the body, so well-balanced and methodical study invigorates the mind. As a matter of fact, the three galleries of the Segantini Exhibition proved altogether more attractive to the public than the twenty galleries of the Triennial Exhibition.

It is always a real mental and artistic pleasure to be able to examine and compare the work of an artist in its entirety, from his *début* right up to his productions of yesterday, to follow step by step the development of different phases of his art, and to observe the impression made upon him from time to time by the achievements of others. An exhibition of this kind, moreover, offers an admirable opportunity for a brief review of the career and achievements of the man whose work it comprises.

The name of Segantini is not unknown to your public in England, for some of his pictures have been exhibited in London at both the Italian Exhibition* in 1888, and at the

Grafton Gallery in 1892, where they attracted much attention, and his great work, 'The Punishment of Luxury,' the theme of which is taken from the ancient Hindoo poetry, was bought in 1893 for the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool.

The works of this clever and original artist, who is only thirty-five years of age at the present time, had been brought together in the suite of rooms formerly occupied by the Dukes of Sforza in the Castle of Milan. These apartments are

situated in a palatial Renaissance building, which stands at the end of the "Cour Ducale," in the rear portion of the Castle. The entrance is through an imposing porch and vestibule, where a double flight of staircases, with low wide steps which are ascended without fatigue, lead to a second vestibule on the upper floor. Here, for the occasion, there had been carried up numbers of plants and shrubs, which, with their light green foliage, made a charming effect amongst the slender and graceful columns of the building, through which one could look out upon the *Rochetta* and the *Tour de Bonne de Savoie*, standing up against the blue sky.

This is the entrance to the apartments of the Sforzas. The salons, of which the Segantini Exhibition occupied three, are vast and spacious, with large casements which admit plenty of

light. The first room was entirely filled with drawings and sketches. This arrangement was a happy one, for the character of Segantini's painting is so striking and vigorous that sometimes it is almost overpowering, startling and unsettling the beholder by its wide difference from the work of the generality of his contemporaries. These forty-six studies quietly grouped together in the first salon created an atmosphere of tranquil strength in their completeness and harmony, and prepared the visitor, almost without his knowledge, to understand and appreciate the fifty paintings collected in the two other salons.

Segantini has acquired his powers little by little, it is true, by incessant practice and study, but the germ of his achieve-

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GIOVANNI SEGANTINI.

* His drawings at this exhibition were bought for the most part by Mr. J. S. Forbes, and the paintings by Messrs. Dowdeswell.

ments was original and in himself. He has also had his times of opposition and misunderstanding, through which he has had to pass to become what he is to-day. I can well remember the storm which was created by his audacity and the powerful originality of the first works which he exhibited in 1880, which was the time when he shook off finally the last traces of the influence of the schools of the Brera Academy, refusing with sturdy independence to submit longer to the academic yoke. He sent for exhibition some small paintings and a few drawings, amongst others a foreshortened figure of a warrior lying stark and dead, which I was interested to see once more in the Segantini exhibition. Admittedly there can be detected in it the influence of the great 'Pieta' by Mantegna in the Brera Gallery, but none the less as the work of a novice it shows astonishing courage both for choice of subject and for masterly execution in foreshortening and drawing. For the most part, of course, Segantini was put down as a fool or a clown.

He was eccentric, it is true, but in the best sense of the word only. He felt the necessity to be himself, to understand Art in his own way, and not in that of others. Happily blessed with sound health and an insatiable appetite for work, with qualities so original he could not fail to achieve results that were positive and tangible. On the other hand, his peculiar temperament led him to choose an isolated life. He felt and thought by himself, and was contented to be left to work out his own ideas.

So he lost no time in seeking the country, settling down in Brianza, the fertile and smiling district which stretches from Milan to the Lake Como. From thence he sent to the exhibition at Rome in 1883 a small picture entitled 'Sacred Art,' very powerful in its way, representing a kneeling monk painting with rapture a religious picture, whilst another fervently watches the work in progress. Critics were struck by the Rembrandtesque lights and shadows, and especially by the masterly drawing of the hands.

He devoted himself wholly to the study of nature, or I should rather say to the study of country life. The figure was already the chief aim of his art, and landscape, to which, nevertheless, he devoted much attention, entered into his pictures only as a background, as the scene for his situations and not as an end in itself.

If at this time he was still somewhat under the influence of the Cremona School in his selection of types, and in his sombre schemes of colour, and especially in the poetic—I might say, almost idyllic—sentiment of his work, nevertheless his genius was beginning to break through and reveal itself each day more independently, in proportion as he learned to express with increasing directness the feelings which he had experienced in his study of man and nature.

His brushwork, however, was still thick and pasty, and his colour rather obscure, the general effect being sombre. The ardent and poetic nature of our young artist already felt the rapture of nature's evening calm, and the idyllic sentiment of poetry which nature breathes when the quiet shades of night gather round the path of the peasant returning from his daily toil. The pictures 'Evening Time' and 'Ave Maria,' in the exhibition, are examples of his work at this period. He was also struck by the scenic effects of the tempests and rain storms which come down on shepherd and sheep out in the lonely Alps, and his 'Storm in the Mountains' is positively thrilling in its power.

In the course of his studies of country life, Segantini wan-

dered through the valleys and plains of Lombardy, filled with keen enjoyment at the charms of solitude and the grandeur of life amongst the Alps, and it was at this time that he formed his resolution to erect a dwelling and come and live upon one of the loftiest summits.

A little before this, our artist had chanced to see a French publication containing illustrations from the works of Jean François Millet. He was profoundly impressed with them, catching a glimpse of a treatment which exactly expressed all that he had himself felt. Here was an artist who, like himself, had drunk in all the poetry of the lives of the humble tillers of the soil, and who had been able to express it in a way that he had not been able to do. He did not even buy the work, he shut it up and sent it back; but the impression that that glimpse had made upon him was so strong that it was manifest long after in his work. It was well that he did not keep the volume and its illustrations—while catching a glimpse of the path to pursue he was thus able to maintain his proper independence, and to walk in it with a stride that was all his own.

The mountain which Segantini selected as his dwelling-place was Savognino, in the Canton of Grisons. Here he brought his wife and children, and lived eight years. When the time arrived that his children's education must begin, he found himself so far off from even the humblest school that it was necessary to import a tutor.

Thus he lived on in his mountain with his family, cut off from the world and alone with the face of nature. Left to his own resources in a position where another artist thus "outside the movement" might have lost his inspiration and his enthusiasm—those indispensable conditions of Art—he, on the contrary, filled with passionate devotion to Art and zeal for work, applied himself more than ever to study and to the development of his powers.

From time to time, on the occasion of Art exhibitions, he used to descend from his retreat and visit Milan, where his expressive countenance and shy manners caused as great an impression as his painting. But he always remained as short a time as possible—he did not feel at home in a city, he used to say that the air stifled him.

The results of his fresh artistic studies and patient contemplation of the life of the mountain peasants were embodied in a large number of drawings and a whole series of paintings. The exhibition contained a goodly number of them; let us examine the picture reproduced in our illustration, 'The Return to the Sheepfold.' Here we have a chapter taken from the tranquil life of the high mountains. It is nightfall, the shepherds are collecting the flock and leading it to the fold which we see in the background, the lamp has already been lit and shines brightly from the windows, while outside the sky is still in twilight, and the last rays of the sun strike the little chapel which stands above. A shepherd is just returning to the hut, in the foreground a shepherdess follows him. She moves slowly and pensively amongst her sheep, with hands joined behind her. They, too, seem to feel the evening calm and are hushed; two of them still browse, the others look almost as if they were quietly whispering together. All is in a tranquil half-shadow, and is simple and natural, yet dignified withal, for in the mountains life is simple, natural, and dignified.

At other times Segantini has occupied himself with the strong silvery light of full day in the pastures, or on snow-covered plains. He was dissatisfied with the customary formula for representing these effects. It was thus that he

came to adopt the technical method known as the subdivision of colours, based upon a well-known theory, and partially practised by Rembrandt and Ribera themselves. The theory is that mixed colours lose their clearness and brilliancy, while colours used purely, one laid on by the side of another, or very little mixed, give tones of far greater brilliancy and effect. By adopting this method Segantini has obtained in his later work some very powerful effects of colour and light. The most important examples of this fresh phase of his work are 'Ploughing,' exhibited in London in 1888; 'The Punishment of Luxury,' now, as noted, in the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool; 'The Retribution of Unnatural Mothers,' another subject taken from ancient Hindoo poetry, and the picture of the Virgin with the Infant Jesus, which he has entitled, 'The Inspiration of an Alpine Flower.'

These later works, however, introduce us to yet another of our artist's developments. From a phase of Art purely *descriptive*, occupying itself with the direct representation of the human figure and nature, rendering them poetically, it is true, but above all with intense sincerity, Segantini has passed on to an eclectic phase, a style which is concentrated, which suppresses generalities and abandons the mere representation of objects, occupying itself with the pursuit of ideas, with the expression and embodiment of thoughts.

Of this character are those masterly symbolical creations which have been inspired by Hindoo poetry, 'The Punishment of Luxury' and 'Retribution of Unnatural Mothers,' and the Madonna inspired by an Alpine flower, which he has also called the 'Fruit of a Life.' This Madonna is a young mother

seated in the sunlight on the trunk of a tree holding her child on her knees. A picture of the smallest size, it is a veritable gem in its tender poetic feeling, and a perfect feast for the eyes in its colour.

In the last work which he has produced, 'The Angel of Life,' he has brought to perfection once again the theme represented in the Madonna. A year ago, on the occasion of one of his trips to Milan, Segantini called to give me a shake of the hand, and to have a chat with me in my study, where his glance happened to fall upon a large photograph of Botticelli's 'Spring.' He expressed himself with so much admiration for its poetry and masterly execution that I hastened to offer it to him. He carried it back with him to his mountain. It was the first work of another artist which had ever entered his studio, and he attached it to the door. Going out or coming in he could not help seeing it. He who so resolutely refused to become a follower of another artist, and even resisted the power of Millet's influence, returning to work out his own path in Art, has become a disciple of Botticelli. His last masterpiece, 'The Angel of Life,' possesses all the executive qualities and the unconstrained poetry of the great Florentine himself!

Savognino is no longer lofty enough for Segantini. He has dreamed of a dwelling-place where the air is still purer and nature yet more majestic, and has recently removed with his family to Maloja, in the Engadine, perching his home upon a peak over six thousand feet high!

JULIUS CAROTTI.

MILAN.



THE RETURN TO THE SHEEPFOLD BY SEGANTINI.

MADAME MILLET.

ON the 31st January, 1894, the widow of Jean François Millet died, in her sixty-seventh year, at Suresnes, near Paris.

The event recorded in the French newspapers, in these few lines, touched a chord in many hearts, not only in France and England, but in the whole of the civilised world. Old memories were stirred, old thoughts revived, as we read of the death of this brave and faithful woman, who for thirty years was the partner of the great master's life, and who had survived him exactly nineteen years. We felt that, with her death, the last page in the story of that sad and glorious life was closed, the last link that bound us to the painter of the 'Semeur' and the 'Angelus' snapped in two, the past irrevocably done with and put away.

The world knew little of Madame Millet during her lifetime. She led a quiet, sheltered life in the bosom of her family, hardly ever leaving home, and only known to her husband and sons' friends. But no woman ever left a purer and holier memory behind her, and few have deserved better of their generation than this wife of the Grand Rustique, who has just passed away.

Her maiden name was Catherine Marie Joseph Lemaire. She was a native of Lorient, a village on the coast of Normandy, in the wild picturesque district of the Hague, near Millet's own home at Gréville. Like him, she belonged to one of those good old families of peasant owners who had lived on their own lands for many generations, cultivating their own fields and spinning their own flax. Like the Millets and the Jumelins, to whose family the painter's grandmother belonged, the race from which Catherine Lemaire sprang had inherited a stainless name and high reputation for piety and integrity. She had been reared in the same traditions of virtue and industry, in the same simple religious faith. Her age at the time of her death has been differently given; a reference to the registers of Chailly, under the date of her husband's death, January 20th, 1875, proves that she was then forty-seven years of age, and therefore sixty-six when she followed him to the grave last winter. Born in 1827, Catherine Millet was thirteen years younger than her husband, and barely eighteen when she became his wife. The painter, as readers of Sensier's Life will remember, had already been married once. His first wife, Pauline Virginie Ono, a pretty young dressmaker of Cherbourg, had accompanied him to Paris early in 1842, a few weeks after her marriage, but her delicate health had given way under the stress of poverty and hardship, and she had died in April, 1844, after two and a half years of wedded life. It was a bitter moment in poor Millet's history, and in after years he never cared to speak of what he had endured in those dark and lonely days. But sorrowful as his first experience of matrimony had been, he was not a man who could live alone. After his first wife's death he had come to seek rest and consolation in his old home and had lingered on, painting portraits and pastels, and loth to return to his dreary life in the great city. There he met the young peasant girl of Lorient, with the good honest face and the dark hair and eyes. She listened with gentle sympathy to the tale of his sorrows, and in her breast pity soon deepened into love. The artist, on his part, found in her a kind and thoughtful friend, and before

long asked her to be his wife. Millet himself was at that time thirty years of age, and a tall splendid-looking man, with expressive blue eyes and a melancholy air, likely enough to captivate a young girl's fancy. His portraits had already acquired considerable reputation at Cherbourg and in the neighbourhood. He had exhibited pictures in the Salon at Paris, and his name had been frequently mentioned in the local journals. In the eyes of these simple Norman peasants he was already a great man. This young wife was sufficiently intelligent to appreciate his genius, and was proud to think that he cared for her. She admired the artist while she loved the man, and gladly devoted her whole life to him.

They were married in the autumn of 1845, and towards the end of that year they returned to Paris, and settled in a small lodging of the Rue Rochechouart, where their first child, a daughter named Marie, was born in the following July. The next ten years of Millet's life were, as we all know, a hard battle with fate. His courage often sank, and there were days in Paris when he and his wife were in sore straits. In his extremity he was forced to exchange his drawings for food and clothes—six went for a pair of shoes; a picture was sold to pay for a bed. At one moment both he and his wife were reduced to the verge of starvation, and did not taste food for forty-eight hours. To make matters worse, they soon had a large family. Of their nine children, the five eldest were born within the first ten years, and in those hard times it was no easy task to provide for so many mouths. But through all, the brave wife and mother's courage never failed. She never complained of her own sufferings, never grumbled, and did her best to hide the poverty of her little household from the eyes of strangers. In the words of a recent writer, Mr. David Croal Thomson, "she was from first to last, a source of secret strength to her husband."

Another writer who knew Millet well in later years, and frequently visited him in his cottage home at Barbizon, M. Piedagnel, describes her as a valiant woman, always full of hope and courage, attentive to her husband's needs, sharing his sorrows and anxieties in his work, applauding his efforts, and giving him advice, inspiration, and comfort by a look or a smile; in a word, the "faithful companion and the guardian angel of his life."

But there was one occasion above all others when Madame Millet's conduct deserves to be remembered. It was on that memorable evening, in the autumn of 1848, when the artist, as he was looking in at Desforge's shop-window, where one of his own pastels of women bathing was exposed to view, heard a young man remark to his comrade that this was the work of a man called Millet, who always painted naked women. The words wounded Millet to the quick. He turned away with a pang and came home full of grief and remorse at the thought of his old home, of the grandmother who had dedicated him to St. Francis from his cradle, of the fields along the sea-shore, where he had ploughed and reaped by the side of his dead father, and vowed that he would waste no more time over these subjects, but go back to the first impressions of his youth. His own mind was made up, but he told his wife what had happened, and asked for her advice.

"If you are willing," he said, "I will paint no more of such pictures. Life will be harder than ever, and you will suffer, but I shall be free to do what I have wished for so long."

Madame Millet replied, "I am ready. Do as you will."

That answer decided the painter's future, and proved the turning-point in his career. From that time he devoted himself to the peasant subjects, which he felt to be his true vocation, and with this intention moved to Barbizon in the following summer. These brave and simple words, and the quiet heroism which inspired them, make us realise how large is the debt that posterity owes to Millet's wife.

During the twenty-five years that elapsed between the move to Barbizon and the death of Millet, we catch occasional glimpses of his wife in her home life. We see her busily engaged in her domestic duties, cooking and mending clothes, nursing her babes and tending her children alike in health and sickness with the most affectionate care, but always ready to leave her own work to sit to her husband as a model for his peasant women. Millet often made use of her in this respect, and painted her portrait more than once. The well-known head and bust reproduced in Sensier's *Life* is a good likeness, and gives a pleasant impression of her appearance in the early days of her married life. Another excellent portrait of Madame Millet is to be seen in the charming drawing of 'A Young Woman sewing,' in the collection of Mr. J. Forbes. This bears the date 1853, and an inscription on the back,

from the pen of his friend Campredon, informs us that the head is a portrait of the painter's wife. Here Madame Millet is represented in the white cap, or *marmotte*, of the Normandy peasant, sitting in her chair, mending her husband's coat, which is laid upon her lap. The head is bent over her sewing, and the light falls on her white linen collar and on the thread which she is in the act of drawing through her fingers. Nothing could be more true to life or more delicately rendered than this simple little study, which has at once so rare a charm and so pathetic an interest. When Millet made this drawing his wife was only five-and-twenty, but like other women of her class, she aged prematurely, and visitors to Barbizon speak of her as looking already old at thirty. In company she was generally silent, and when her husband's artist friends dropped in to see him of an evening, she would go on with her sewing and seldom look up from her work. But upon closer acquaintance her timidity disappeared, and she talked freely of her husband and children, of Millet's pictures, and of his plans for future work. Millet himself always treated her with

1895.

the tenderest regard, laying his hand affectionately upon her shoulder when he spoke, and addressing her habitually as *Ma vieille*.

Many and frequent are the allusions to her in his letters to Sensier. The absorbing cares of her large family and her strict attention to household duties did not prevent her from having time and thought to spare for others. She is full of concern for Madame Sensier when she loses one of her daughters, and is constantly sending her tender little messages of sympathy. She nursed Rousseau during his last painful illness, and was present with her husband at his bedside when he passed away. In later years her own health suffered from the severe strain to which it had been exposed in the early days of her married life. After the birth of her

youngest child, in November, 1863, she was often ailing, and by the doctor's advice, Millet took her to Vichy two summers running. When she was ill and could no longer hide her sufferings, Millet's own spirits always sank to the lowest ebb. "My wife is ill, my heart is all black! my wife suffers horribly with her head," is the repeated cry of his saddest and most despairing letters. During the war of 1870, the painter left Barbizon with his wife and family to take refuge in Normandy, and after spending some time in a friend's house at Cherbourg, they all took up their quarters in the little inn at Gréville, close to the old church, which he painted in one of his last pictures. Together Millet and his wife visited the familiar scenes of their



MADAME MILLET.
FROM A DRAWING BY J. E. MILLET, IN THE COLLECTION OF J. S. FORBES, ESQ.

youth, and the master made endless drawings of the old home that was now so sadly changed, and thought with regretful yearning of the dear faces which he would never see again.

But whatever trials and sorrows he had to bear, his home life was always happy and peaceful. In this respect it afforded a marked contrast to that of his friend Rousseau, whose unhappy life was a cause of perpetual distress, and, in Sensier's words, made his home "a perfect hell." Millet, on the contrary, writes his friend Piedagnel, was sustained in all his troubles by his love for his family and his art, and, if he triumphed in the end, it is to them that he owes his victory.

Strangers from the New World, who came to Barbizon, attracted by the growing fame of the peasant painter, were struck by the patriarchal character of the household, and felt themselves in Abraham's tent when they sat down to the hospitable board, where they were always welcome guests. There was the good wife and mother, always busily occupied in preparing the meal and supplying the needs of her visitors,

always thoughtful of others, yet careful to hide the slender resources at her disposal. There were children of all sizes and ages, tall and handsome maidens, and curly-headed little ones who rode on their father's knee, "au pas, au trot, et au galop," or pressed round him with eager eyes to hear him tell the weird stories and legends of his Norman home. There was the eldest son, Jean François, now himself both a painter and a poet, who had been unfortunately crippled by an accident in his childhood, but had a refined, thoughtful face, and a strong likeness to his father, whom he loved with such passionate affection. And there was Millet himself, with his fine countenance, thick black hair and beard, dignified air, making his guests welcome with an old-fashioned courtesy that in itself recalled the patriarchs of old. He was never so bright and happy as on those evenings when he gathered his family and friends together round his own hearth, or else on summer nights took them all to watch the sunset from his favourite haunts under the grand old trees of the forest. His love for children was unbounded; he was never tired of watching their little ways. He would open the door of the atelier where he was working that he might hear the sound of their merry voices at play. This side of his nature has found expression in many of his finest pictures and drawings. Again and again he has shown us the young mother with the babe in her arms, "beautiful," in his own words, "simply because of the look which she bends upon her child." Sometimes he has painted her rocking the cradle where the sleeping infant lies, with her foot, while she plies her needle; sometimes feeding the hungry children, seated in a row on the floor, with spoonfuls of broth from the big bowl that she holds in her hands, like so many young birds with open beaks. And we feel as we look at these drawings how much of his best and most thoughtful work, as well as how large a share of the happiness of his life, he owed to the wife who made his home a safe and blessed place.

That home, alas! was destined to be early broken up. Just when better days seemed about to dawn on the family at Barbizon, when the children were growing up, when work was coming in on every side, and pictures were beginning to sell for big prices, Millet died, and his widow was left to mourn his loss through many a long and lonely year. Fortunately the sale of the pictures and drawings which the artist had left in his studio produced a considerable sum of money, and his wife and children were able to live on in the old home at Barbizon in fairly comfortable circumstances.

During the next few years Madame Millet witnessed her husband's rapidly-growing fame and read of the enormous prices that were given for the very pictures which he had often been unable to sell for the most trifling sums. She heard with strangely-mingled emotions of the extraordinary sensation excited by the sale of the 'Angelus' in 1889, and she lived to see that world-renowned picture come back to France, and after all its wanderings find a rest in the painter's native land. And she saw too with her own eyes, and conversed with, many of those lovers of art who came, impelled by their enthusiastic admiration of Millet's works, to visit his home at Barbizon.

From the time of the painter's death in 1875, until the old house was finally pulled down in 1888, a constant stream of visitors from all parts of the world found their way to the hamlet on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, and, knocking at the door of that humble Barbizon cottage, begged for leave to see the house where Millet had lived, and the studio where his great pictures had been painted. Some-

times resolute intruders forced their way in, without permission and without introductions of any kind; and one lady actually invaded Barbizon at the head of a large party of tourists, and knocked and rang at the door without intermission until the maid-servant appeared, when she informed that terrified damsel that she was an American, and that one of the party had once been brought forward as a candidate for the high post of President of the United States! But Madame Millet was invariably kind and courteous to all reasonable persons, and as long as she lived under the old roof, few visitors were ever turned away from the door of her husband's studio. Strangers who had held any personal intercourse with Millet, or showed a real appreciation of his art, met with a kindly welcome and were always offered the key of the little churchyard at Chailly if they wished to make a pilgrimage to the painter's grave. Those who were fortunate enough to see Madame Millet did not soon forget the simple charm of her presence and the open friendliness of her manner. She would talk freely of old days, of her husband's long struggle for recognition, of the days when they shared their last crust together and knew not where to look for money to pay the rent. And she would speak of his love of art and delight in nature, of their walks in the forest and of the garden seat from which he watched the sun set, and of the glad days when success became assured, when he began to find himself "*un peu célèbre*," and to reap the first fruits of his well-earned reward. But sometimes, as she recalled the past and spoke of the husband whom she had loved so well, these precious memories seemed to come back with overwhelming force, and unable any longer to control her emotion, she would burst into a flood of tears.

At length the sad day came when Madame Millet was forced to leave the humble roof which, for the last forty years, had been her home. In November, 1888, the lease which her husband had obtained from his friend Sensier, who had bought the house about the year 1860, came to an end, and she vainly endeavoured to obtain its renewal from the present owner, M. Duhamel, who had married the daughter and heir of Sensier. Great compassion was felt for Madame Millet, and some of the painter's American admirers combined to purchase the house with the intention of presenting it to the widow. But they could not come to terms with M. and Madame Duhamel, and Madame Millet and her children were forced to leave the home to which they were so deeply attached, and move to another and better house on the opposite side of the street. The rooms in which Millet had lived and died were ruthlessly pulled down, and the old garden walls shared the same fate. Only the dining-room and studio, which had been built at a later period, were left standing, and the whole appearance of the place was transformed. The studio was restored and painted, and turned into a museum adorned with such of Millet's pictures and drawings as remained in the possession of the Sensier family. But this spot, hallowed by so many precious memories, and jealously guarded from alteration by the painter's widow and children, is now entirely changed. The artist's easel, his busts and casts, are gone; so too is the big arm-chair in which Corot and Rousseau, Diaz and Barye, Decamps and Daumier, and many more of the foremost masters of the day, had all sat in turn. The mottoes and sketches with which they had decorated the walls, the record of their respective heights, which was formerly inscribed in a corner behind the looking-glass, have all been effaced. The flowers and fruit-trees which Millet planted

and watered with his own hands are gone, and the whole place wears a new and altered air.

M a d a m e Millet naturally felt these changes keenly. But she met them in the same brave and patient spirit as the trials of her young days, and lived on contented and cheerful, surrounded by her large and loving family, and happy in the cherished memories of the past. The years went by and other changes came.

One by one her daughters married and her sons left her to live in Paris. The death of her youngest child, Marianne, was a fresh sorrow, and she never recovered from the shock.

During the last four years, she suffered severely from attacks of heart disease, and was eventually compelled to leave Bar-

bizon and seek the warmer climate of Paris. It was at Suresnes, in the house of her son-in-law M. Edouard Landesque, that she was seized with the fatal illness which ended her life on the last day of January.

On Saturday, the third of February, she was buried in the churchyard of Chailly, in the shadow of the old church-tower which Millet painted in the 'Angelus,' by the

side of her husband, whose work she had helped so nobly during his lifetime, and whose glory is her best reward.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.



MILLET'S HOUSE AT GRUCHY, NEAR CHERBOURG.

"SANTA SOPHIA."*



THE ENTRANCE GATE TO SANTA SOPHIA.

LET us enter the church, or better, mosque. To do this we must cross the rough and ill-kept outer narthex, or portico, already mentioned, which forms an admirable contrast to the superb inner narthex, still rich with mosaics and luxuriating in the rarest marbles, which line the walls and surround nine magnificent bronze doors. These doors are austere

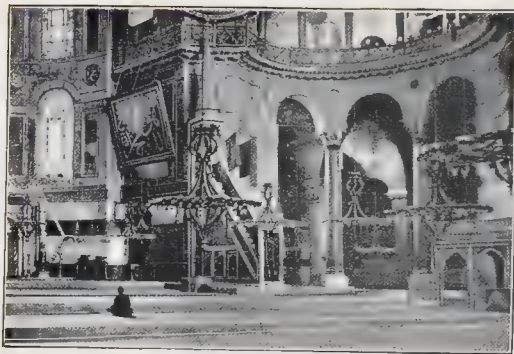
enough in decoration to merit ranking among the finest specimens of the best period of Hellenic art. Over the central one you can see, through the Turkish gold-coloured coating of paint, medallions of Constantine and Irene.

* Continued from page 36.

Presently you stand within the church itself. The exceeding breadth of space between the rows of pillars on either side amazes, and the eye wanders in delighted admiration up and down the broad pavements to the noble galleries, which support the dome. I am no architect, and do not



ALADASTER WATER JAR FROM PERGAMOS.



THE FRIDAY PULPIT OF SANTA SOPHIA.

propose to give technical details, and I care not how many feet broad or how long this grand temple may be. All I wish to record is its air of magnitude, and the subdued magnificence of its scheme of decoration, so harmonious in colouring, so perfect in taste.

The walls are lined with every conceivable variety of marble and granite, which, together with the one hundred and fifty-seven columns, one more beautiful than the other, were spoils torn from almost every renowned temple of the religions of the Old World. The dome and the wide-spreading vaults rest upon pillars stolen from Isis and Osiris, from the temple of the Sun and Moon at Heliopolis, from the fane of Diana at Ephesus, from that of Apollo at Delphi, and of Pallas at Athens. These marvellous columns, so rich in associations, reflected on their polished surfaces the torches of many a strange rite of Paganism, ages before they glistened with the twinkle of the myriad little tapers used in the ceremonies of Byzantine Catholicism. Two enormous alabaster jars (see illustration) brought from Pergamos stand on either side of the nave. Some say Murad III. placed them there, but more knowing people see in them evidences of Byzantine origin, and consider them to have been the holy-water basins. At any hour of the day you may see a Turk or two squatting in front of them, performing his ablutions. With the exception of these two jars, the very steep minoba or Friday pulpit (see above), with its extinguisher-shaped canopy and delicately chiseled balustrade, the two tall wax candles on each side of the mirab which indicates the direction of Mecca, the prayer carpet used by Mahomet, hung up in a glass case, and the curious red marble slabs, said to have formed part of the crib of Bethlehem—the Mosque of Agia Sofia is empty. I ought, perhaps, to include in this scanty inventory the sort of cupboard of carved wood, painted white and gold, in which the Sultan used to attend divine worship before the present Commander of the Faithful thought fit to shut himself up from public view at Yildiz Kiosk. The mirab, a honeycomb-pattern recess, is not, by the way, in the centre of the apse, so that the mats and carpets which point to it are arranged on lines oblique to the axis of the church, and produce a wierdly discordant effect.

The best place to station yourself in order to fully realise the superlative majesty of this triumph of Byzantine architecture, is immediately under the dome. Four six-winged cherubim seem to support on their mighty pens the "vasty" vault. Their plumes anticipate in their colouring Burne-

Jones by over a thousand years, for they are painted in his favourite hues of deep blue, metallic green, and tawny red. Turkish abhorrence of the graphic art has masked their angelic countenances with golden vizors; an affront the tremendous spirits seem to resent, for their pinions have a ruffled air of angry motion—the result, possibly, of the light falling on the myriad mosaic cubes of coloured glass with which they are formed. The whole roof at one time was covered with mosaic representations of saints and angels, now hidden under a thick coat of golden wash.

Four monstrous shields add, by their supreme ugliness and proximity to the cherubim, insult to the injury they have received at Moslem hands. On their frightful pea-green painted surfaces, Turkish hieroglyphics wriggle like living horrors in a magnified drop of Thames water, and record the names of the four champions of the Prophet.

One night last year in Ramazan—that oddest festival, Lent and Carnival in one, when the faithful fast for thirty days by day and feast by night; when the mosques are illuminated at sunset and Stamboul, usually after dusk as dreary as Pompeii, is alive with festive Muhammadans; when veiled women, with lanterns carried by slaves before them, are to be seen in all directions returning from Iftar in their friends'



ARCHES IN SANTA SOPHIA.

harems; when Turks of all sorts and conditions sit sipping coffee before gaily lighted little cafés, and small Turkish boys and girls roar with innocent laughter, and clap their hands with childish delight, in the little wooden theatre erected near the Mosque of Sultan Bayazid, at the impish absurdities of Karaghioz, the Turkish clown—when, I say, all these things and many others are simultaneously in progress in Stamboul, I found myself with a party of friends within the gynæconitis, or women's gallery, of Santa Sophia. We each paid a turbaned mollah four shillings for the privilege of attending the evening service, a privilege now readily granted to anybody who chooses to pay for it, but formerly, and not so very long ago either, impossible to obtain. These galleries are quite equal in beauty to the rest of the church. Porphyry, jasper, and verd-antique line the walls, and mosaic the vaults. The columns are of varying sizes and proportions, but all equally handsome, and being less lofty can be more easily studied, so that the beauty of their Venetian point-lace-like capitals are seen to the greatest advantage. The unnumbered space of these vast galleries could, I should think, accommodate fully ten thousand persons, although only those close to the parapet could follow the sacred rites in progress below. On one of these balustrades I read this inscription: "Here is the seat of the Patrician Lady Theodora," and I was assured it was the identical place where that terrible woman, who vaulted one day from the saddle of the circus horse into the throne of Justinian, used to hear Mass. I involuntarily thought of the divine Sara and Sardou and the Porte St. Martin, where I first saw Theodora re-incarnate herself in the greatest actress of our time. Looking down from Theodora's high-perched seat you obtain a matchless view of the whole building, stretched out beneath like a map. The famous porphyry columns are well in sight, and the high altar must have been seen to its greatest advantage. Theodora Augusta could, therefore, participate in the pageants and rites of the Oriental church without much craning of her neck. Very different was Santa Sophia in her time. On this night in Ramazan, 1894, some six thousand Turks stood in regular lines, and performed with rhythmic regularity the gymnastics peculiar to Muhammadan worship. As if the same impulse impelled them all, they rose and fell as one man, whilst the shrill chant of the choir re-echoed through the enormous pile in twanging, nasal, Oriental elaboration of cadenza, never quite in tune and yet never ridiculous. Sincerity never is so, however unusual its method of expression. The Ramazan service in Santa Sophia is distinctly imposing, but the enormous wheels of light which hang from the ceiling are too close to the heads of the congregation to produce a proper effect, and drown it in a sort of golden fog.

Empress Theodora saw another sight to this, when the high altar of purest gold, and standing on a sheet of burnished gold, upheld a tabernacle made of diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds. One hundred thrones of solid silver, inlaid with

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gold and sparkling with gems, accommodated the patriarch and the superior clergy. The altar screen was of ivory, and the veil which was drawn across it at the moment of consecration had five hundred thousand pearls, some large as peas and beans, woven into its silk and golden brocade. The emperor's chair was also of pure gold; those of the consuls and patricians, of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. One thousand gold and silver lamps hung before the innumerable icons, images, and relics distributed throughout the church. The treasures of the whole world seemed concentrated within this hall-like temple, whose sober-tinted marbles offered the most perfect background conceivable to the surrounding riches—gathered together by an emperor who boasted he had "out-done Solomon." And the service was in its way worthy of the temple. Ten bishops assisted the Patriarch, and eight hundred priests, wearing gorgeous and flowing Eastern vestments, stiff with gold and silver and encrusted with gems, moved with



EXTERIOR OF SANTA SOPHIA AT CONSTANTINOPLE

stately precision about the bema during Mass. There were a hundred eunuchs—for this divine pantomime, if so I dare call it, employed even these in its elaborate ceremonial; two hundred singing boys; one hundred deaconesses who, in addition to cleaning the altars, occasionally danced and scattered flowers before the ark which contained the Host, when it was carried abroad in solemn procession; three hundred musicians, in crimson silk edged with fur, played upon all manner of quaint Asiatic instruments, on cymbals and harps, dulcimers, mandolines, tambourines, and zithers. For nearly a thousand years these ceremonies proceeded without suffering much abatement of splendour; they seemed destined to last until the trump of doom.

On the fatal morning of May 25th, 1453, however, all was changed as by enchantment. The Turks had rushed like a torrent through the breach in the wall near the gate of St. Romanus, spurred on by fanatic dervishes and by the voice of their victorious Caliph, Mahomet II., over the body of the gallant Constantine, the last Emperor of Byzantium, into the city. An enormous throng of refugees filled Santa Sophia to excess, crying out to God and His saints to save them. Monks, priests, nuns, patricians, men, women and children

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of all classes crowded the sanctuary, the nave, and the galleries, praying for a miracle; but no promised archangel with a flaming sword resisted Mahomet, as he rode his white and blood-stained charger up to the very altar of the church, brandishing aloft the sword with which, on his passage through the Hippodrome, he had struck off the heads of the Delphic serpents, whose mutilated bodies remain to this day to tell the tale. Then occurred a scene beyond description, but well worthy of a poet or a painter's effort. The screaming congregation was pursued from shrine to shrine. Women struggled in the soldiers' arms and screamed for mercy. Cymbals crashed, drums beat, shrieks, groans, oaths, howls, re-echoed throughout the building. Towering over the hideous but most dramatic and most picturesque confusion, Mahomet, from his charger, shouted his commands to spare the lives of the vanquished. A worse fate than death was reserved for them. They were loaded with chains and sold into pitiless slavery. Then the pillage of the church began. Down went the icons and the lamps. The altars were overthrown, relics were outraged and gems pocketed. The golden thrones and the finest jewellery were sent to the imperial tent, and in an incredibly short time the church was as desolate as we see it; only the as yet unbedaubed saints and angels in mosaic-covered domes and vaults watched with Byzantine stolidity the strange scenes enacted so far below them. Later in the day, the muezzin ascended the tower, and for the first time his cry was heard in Constantinople calling the faithful to prayers in Agia Sophia. "Allah is God, and Mahomet is His Prophet," prayed the tired Turkish soldiers, thankful for victory and rest.

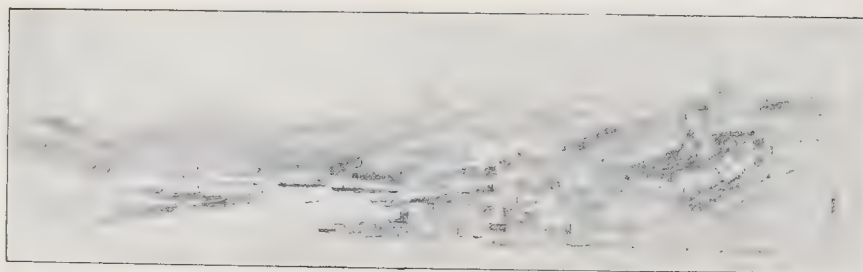
The last time I was in Santa Sophia I beheld two things which to my mind were full of significance. It was late one June afternoon, and the mosque was full of light but nearly empty. A Persian woman, veiled and cloaked in deep blue linen, stood leaning against one of the big alabaster iars, a sad,

lonely figure. Imagine my surprise to notice a party of fourteen Catholic nuns under the escort of a mollah being shown, with much apparent courtesy, the lions of the Mosque: the bloody hand impressed by Mahomet on the wall, the sweating column, the crib of Bethlehem and Mahomet's very own carpet which he used at Mecca, and which is hung up in a glass case like an object of vertu at South Kensington. For aught I know, these excellent ladies may have been the first nuns who have been within Santa Sophia since the memorable 25th of May, 1453. They certainly formed a most picturesque group and a pleasantly suggestive one of diminished Islamic bigotry and prejudice. Just as they passed beneath the dome, I, who stood half-way up the nave, looked up and saw a strange sight. The sun fell obliquely across the apse and revealed the stern figure in mosaic of Christ, apparently struggling to release itself from the thick veil of golden varnish in which the Turks have muffled it. For a moment it seemed to smile that peculiar Byzantine smile, at once stern and tender. It disappeared as suddenly as it had gleamed forth, and the good sisters, who were far more preoccupied with the Holy Crib than with mosaic above them, missed seeing the benediction they possibly received none the less.

There is among the thousand and one legends connected with Santa Sophia, one believed by Turks and Christians alike. A priest was saying Mass on the morning when the Conqueror rode his charger into the church. The savage soldiers drove him from the altar, and would have killed him, but the walls opened, and the priest, bearing the consecrated elements in his hands, disappeared and the marbles closed with miraculous precision behind him, never to be reopened until the day when the cross shall replace the crescent on Agia Sofia.

I wonder whether I who write and you who read will be living when that day comes. Inshallah!

RICHARD DAVEY.



A SKETCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE. DRAWN BY JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A.

ART AND THE JUDGES.

THE campaign which Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl—a cosmopolitan publisher, whose works are equally well known in Munich, Paris, London and New York—has been waging against picture piracy in its various forms in the English courts for some time past, is one in which artists and publishers generally are equally interested; and not less so the public themselves, who must suffer in the long run from anything which tends to lessen the encouragement given to the production of original works of Art. That this is the result of any relaxation in the protection given to Copyright is directly attested by the preamble to the Art Copyright Act of 1862, which put an end to a long contest between the supporters and opponents of the right of property in artistic publications, by asserting that it was to the interest of the State itself that encouragement should be given to artists by giving them an absolute monopoly over reproductions of their works, “or the designs thereof . . . by any means,” during the limited period provided by the Act.

How limited this period is—until seven years only after the death of the artist—is not generally recognised, or we should hear less of the advantages accorded to artists, and there would be more stringency in securing the monopoly of publication which is the sole return for the capital expended by their publishers in the issue of reproductions to the public.

Is it, perhaps, because painters have not the power and influence of writers, that they have had accorded to them so much less extended a period of enjoyment for their works than the forty-two years minimum which is given by the Literary Copyright Act? Or is it because Art has not yet appealed to the sympathies of our legislators, or of their masters, the masses, as it has in most Continental countries, that English protection for artistic works is shorter than that accorded in any other country of the International Copyright Union? Or is it, lastly, the fault of our artists themselves, and not less so of their publishers, in being too careless of their rights, or too indolent in maintaining them, that so restricted a view has been taken of the value of artistic property, and so little sympathy extended to its protection?

Whatever may be the correct answer to these questions, it would appear to have been left to a foreign publisher to bring into prominence the inequalities of our Copyright Law as applied on the one hand to artists, and on the other to literary men; and to expose a condition of judicial ignorance of the first principles applying to artistic property, which renders it impossible to hope for mere justice to any of those concerned in Copyrights in works of Art, until artists and publishers bestir themselves unitedly to secure a more equitable view of their rights, and of the public interests which they involve.

THE ART JOURNAL has already expressed, in previous numbers, its full sympathy with Mr. Hanfstaengl in the battle waged by him—not in his own interests alone—against the exploiters of artistic works of European reputation in various new forms; and although this courageous publisher has not been uniformly successful in his attempts to support artistic property against its would-be appropriators, it will be useful to

count up the gains and losses so far as the campaign has proceeded, so that it may be seen in what direction further efforts require to be made, to put the ownership of works of Art on a footing of equality at least with that of literary works.

First—the gains. Most important, perhaps, amongst these is the *abolition of the necessity of Registration in the case of foreign works*; a principle successfully asserted by Mr. Hanfstaengl, in the face of opposing dicta in the Courts of Queen's Bench, and finally established by the authority of the Court of Appeal, in a quite recent case. What this means to the foreign publisher may perhaps be gauged by the consideration that it applies, not merely to artistic works, but also to literary, musical, and all other works to which Copyright is extended under the International Acts; and that consequently the oppressive requirement of deposit of copies, which has long been recognised as a hardship in the case of Editions de Luxe of literary works, is also relaxed in the case of such publications. What it means to the English publisher is, that the recognition of such a privilege in the foreign author and his representatives under the provisions of the International Acts, renders it impossible to retain much longer a requirement which years ago was reported against as unnecessary and oppressive by the Copyright Commission of 1878, and which was denounced by one of the strongest judges who has occupied the English bench in the following terms:—

“In almost all cases the man who copies a work without the authority of the owner, must know that he is pirating the work of somebody; as a rule, the *registration is for the intentional wrong-doer.*”

The hardship of punishing a publisher who reproduces a work, the copyright in which he is bound to know *must* be vested in *some one else*, is a purely fanciful one; and it is not difficult to see that the victory of Mr. Hanfstaengl in asserting this principle in the case of foreign works must react in favour of Home Copyrights, where there is, of course, all the more reason for piratical printers and publishers to know what is antique, and therefore non-copyright, and what is recent, in connection with Art publications.

Another principle which was successfully asserted in the same case—and which must have an important bearing on all future cases of infringement—is this, that *competition is no test* as to what is an infringement, and that imitations of a Copyright work may be equally punishable as piracies, though produced in a form which could not interfere with the sale of the reproductions issued by the original publisher, and which the publisher or his assigns might have no contemplation of adopting on his own account. Mr. Hanfstaengl, from the large range of his publications, has been specially exposed to indirect piracies of this kind, and he has been called on to vindicate the rights of artists and their publishers against the makers of magic-lantern slides, tradesmen's calendars, illustrated catalogues, advertising circulars, musical albums, and other trade products, which have been rendered cheaply “artistic” in accordance with the prevailing fashion, by the appropriation of works of a popular character, without pay-

ment or compensation of any kind to the proprietors. Substantial damages were thus accorded where a well-known work of Art had been adapted for the purposes of an illustrated circular for Holloway's pills; and the justice of this was recognised in the Court of Appeal and in the House of Lords, where sketches in illustrated papers were decided *on other grounds* to be no infringements. It would indeed be a new and alarming development of Socialistic doctrines to hold that there is no infringement of a man's property, if a different use is made of it to any which he may have contemplated; or, in other words, to excuse robbery on the ground that a use has been made of the thing stolen—"for the public benefit," says the disinterested thief—which the lawful owner himself would never have made.

A similar meed of justice was years ago accorded to artists when Rosa Bonheur's famous 'Horse Fair' was in question, and a seller of cheap photographs of it urged that he could be doing no injury to the original work or to an engraving which had been issued of it; and it was held that the object of the Act was to secure to the artist every value which might be attached commercially "to his property," or as the Chief Justice said, "to encourage the arts by securing to the artist a monopoly in the sale of an object of attraction." It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the re-assertion of such a principle at the present time, when new uses for works of Art are being found every day, when a Millais, a Poynter, or even a Leighton may find his work utilised for the advertisement of the latest soap or the most popular show; when artistic bill-posters have attained the dignity of independent exhibitions in the metropolis and the provinces; when thousands of pounds are spent in the production of a single show-card for gratuitous distribution; and when Art is applied to everything domestic, from wall-papers to window-blinds; and artists and publishers would indeed be ignorant of their own best interests if they failed to emphasise in every way the *right of property* which they have thus been recognised to possess in their works.

A third decision, which must have even more far-reaching consequences, is that of the Court of Appeal in the recent case against the American Tobacco Company, that the *International Copyright Act is to be read so as to give effect to the Berne Convention*, which was the result of repeated conferences between the Powers; and that this important treaty, which has become the Charter of artists and authors in every civilised state, is not to be overridden or contradicted by mere differences between its language and the local Acts which have been passed in each country for the purpose of giving it effect. This enlightened view had already been taken by Mr. Justice Charles when holding that reciprocity was the basis of this international arrangement, and that, consequently, effect should be given to it, even if apparently it gave to a foreigner privileges and exemptions which were denied to the native-born author; for the manifest reason that the same full measure of protection would be afforded to the Englishman in the foreign country. It is a matter of congratulation that the same liberal mode of interpretation was adopted by the Court of Appeal when dealing again with alleged inconsistencies between the Treaty and the Act, for the dicta of some other courts had led to the very grave danger, that the protection to foreign authors intended to be given by the Act might have been so whittled away by the quibbles raised on behalf of those concerned only in a temporary forensic victory, that the reciprocity, which is the basis of the Treaty, might have

failed to be accorded, and protection might on this ground have been refused to *English artists and authors and their representatives* when they came, in their turn, to demand protection in any of the foreign courts.

Lastly, it has been conclusively established that the rights to be accorded to the publisher under the Berne Convention are *those of the country where the work was "first published," not where it was "first made"*; so that, on the one hand, commissions of inquiry as to foreign law will be avoided which threatened to stop all effective protection of international copyrights, while on the other, it will be possible to secure the maximum of protection with the minimum of difficulty and inconvenience, by making a proper selection of the place of publication amongst the dozen countries now included in the Copyright Union.

Results such as these would have justified all the efforts and sacrifices which this public-spirited publisher has made to place the position of himself and others equally concerned on a sure and safe footing; but there have been some losses, and it is as well to mention these in order that steps may be taken to remedy them, and improve at the same time a state of things which has led to such adverse results.

The first of these reverses is that in what is known as the *Daily Graphic* case, where illustrations of "living pictures" at the Empire Theatre have been allowed to go scot free on the ground that they were of so "rough and sketchy" a nature that they could not be deemed "copies or imitations" either of the original works or of "the design thereof" within the Statute. It may be good law, but it scarcely savours of good sense, to say that when stage representations are advertised as "realising" the works of "living masters," and when illustrations are inserted in a paper designed to convey to the public a fair idea of these representations, there is no reproduction of the "design" of the original artist. But so the House of Lords has decided in its wisdom, taking care, however, to limit the decision to the facts of the particular case, *so that no principle could possibly be derived therefrom which might be applied to subsequent cases*. And having regard to this wise display of caution it might have been sufficient to leave the matter there without regarding the decision as endangering any principle, if some of the judges had not given reasons for their judgments which raised more serious questions. The trade and artistic evidence for the plaintiff was overwhelming that the illustrations in question were reproductions of "the design" of the original works, and that they were calculated to interfere commercially with the value of the Copyright by preventing the grant of licences for similar illustrative purposes; yet the judges took on themselves to ignore altogether this expert evidence, and even to resent it, saying that it was for them, and not for artists or others, to say if there was a reproduction of the "design," or of anything which constituted the painter's artistic and meritorious work. And having thus thrown over the only tribunal which could have intelligently expressed an opinion on such a matter, what did the judges do themselves? They proceeded to mix up "design" with "subject," and because the subjects were such ordinary everyday ones as 'Courtship,' 'Charity,' and the like, they consulted the plaintiff, relying on differences in matters of detail which, it was admitted, would have made no difference if the subjects had not been of this general character. The veriest tyro in artistic work would have told their Lordships that the simplicity of a subject makes no difference in the artistic character of its "design," on the contrary it rather

increases the difficulty of treating it in a new and original manner; and as to originality of "design," there could be no question in such a case, where the works were held out by the defendants themselves as those of "living masters" of European reputation. There is room here for a protest on behalf of artists, to whose judgment in such a matter the question of design would certainly have been referred in any other country; but whose deliberate opinions were overridden by a purely legal interpretation equally opposed to the artistic merits and the admitted facts.

The second point is one which is still partly *sub judice*, and it can therefore only be dealt with very partially at present. It refers to the "*Living Pictures*" themselves, which have been held, so far as the *Living Figures* are concerned, to be no infringement of any right of the artist: the question of how far the painted backgrounds and accessories may constitute such an infringement being reserved. The intermediate question of how far a combination of *Living Figures* with painted backgrounds, so arranged as to constitute a harmonious whole, may be an infringement, also remains to be decided in the approaching trial of the "Empire" case; and it will be interesting to see whether the courts will be prepared to allow an appropriation of the fruits of another man's labours in such a case, more than in that of a literary author, where the fullest protection has been accorded to that which

is the product of his brain, whatever may be the form in which it may be proposed to be utilised for the profit of a third person who had nothing to do with the creation of the original work.

So far, therefore, the gains and the losses in the warfare waged against piracy by this doughty champion of publishers may be summed up as follows:—

Gains.	Losses.
1. Extinction of the necessity of Registration in the case of Foreign works.	Invasion of the exclusive monopoly given to the author of a work by the Art Copyright Act, by—
2. Assertion of the principle that "competition is no test" in cases of infringement.	(1) The recognition of "rough and sketchy" character of illustrations in a paper as a ground for exemption;
3. Establishment of Berne Convention as the guide in International matters.	(2) The exclusion of "Living Figure" representations <i>per se</i> from the category of "reproductions" of an artistic work; other questions being reserved.
4. Declaration that rights of publishers depend on the place of publication and not of "making" of the protected work.	

What is wanted is an Artists' Union to secure to the wielders of the brush and their representatives the full measure of protection which the Authors' Society has from its incorporation been able to guarantee to literary men. Will the Royal Academy produce its Besant; or shall we have to look to outside sources for *our* Admirable Crichton to take up the cause of Art and its workers?

THE COLLECTION OF MERTON RUSSELL COTES, ESQ., J.P.

THE MAYOR OF BOURNEMOUTH.

THE wealth and culture existing in England are nowhere better illustrated than in the many superb collections of works of Art in the possession of private owners. In no country, save perhaps France, are there such striking examples of the taste of considerable numbers of the wealthy classes as in England. America probably contains individual collections on which more money has been spent, but except in and around one or two of the larger eastern cities, there is no parallel to the collections of pictures and other artistic objects so prevalent throughout Great Britain.

It may be frankly admitted that these collections differ very greatly in artistic value, even although the money cost has not been widely different. All collectors, in the exercise of their pursuit, gradually develop what may be termed a speciality. One amateur, taking the word in its proper sense, will gradually come to collect nothing but the works of the English pre-Raphaelites, and in exhibiting his treasures will hand the visitor a magnifying-glass, beseeching him to examine the wonderful finish the artist has given to the smallest detail of his labour. Another will treat you to an elaborate discourse on the iniquity of imitation in Art; will tell you that Mr. Ruskin is the one man in England who has most misunderstood and mis-guided the artistic public who read English. He will direct you into the centre of his salon to survey his Whistlers, leading you to understand

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that it is only from such a respectful distance that the true masterpiece can be discerned and appreciated.

Again, the connoisseur will put forth all his energies in the acquisition of old masters, and will inform you, with the gravity becoming such a statement, that no true Art has existed in the nineteenth century, and that even the eighteenth is more than doubtful in its true artistic expression. On the other



THE BANKS OF THE SEINE. BY RAFAELLI.

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hand, cynically notifying to you that all genuine old masters have long since found permanent home in public galleries, another will let you know that he, at least, cannot be deceived, for he never buys a picture except from the artist direct.

Many other characteristics of collectors who have become specialists might be recorded. There are the Barbizon patrons, who, from lofty heights of poetic feeling, calmly look down on every other kind of Art. The early English buyer, who believes in patriotism in Art; the artistically fastidious, who aver that in Holland alone dwells the foremost artistic inspiration of the day; and the Impressionist intruder, who allows no distinction to a picture unless it is new and strange, and full of resentment against tradition.

Above all these, and probably beyond them all in wideness of sympathy and openness of mind, is the patron of the Fine Arts who, trusting his own artistic instinct, buys what he believes to be good, whether it be new or old, and whether the producer be renowned or unappreciated. After all, it is certain there is not a great number of picture collectors who can afford to have such pictures as an Alma Tadema and a Raffaelli in their collection at the same time. Alma Tadema, successful beyond the dreams of avarice, carries forward the more traditional aspects of Art in a way unapproached by any artist of our own day. His name, although foreign in

young artist of to-day may sneer at the conventions, as he calls them, through which this artist expresses himself; he



SKETCH BY ALBERT MOORE.



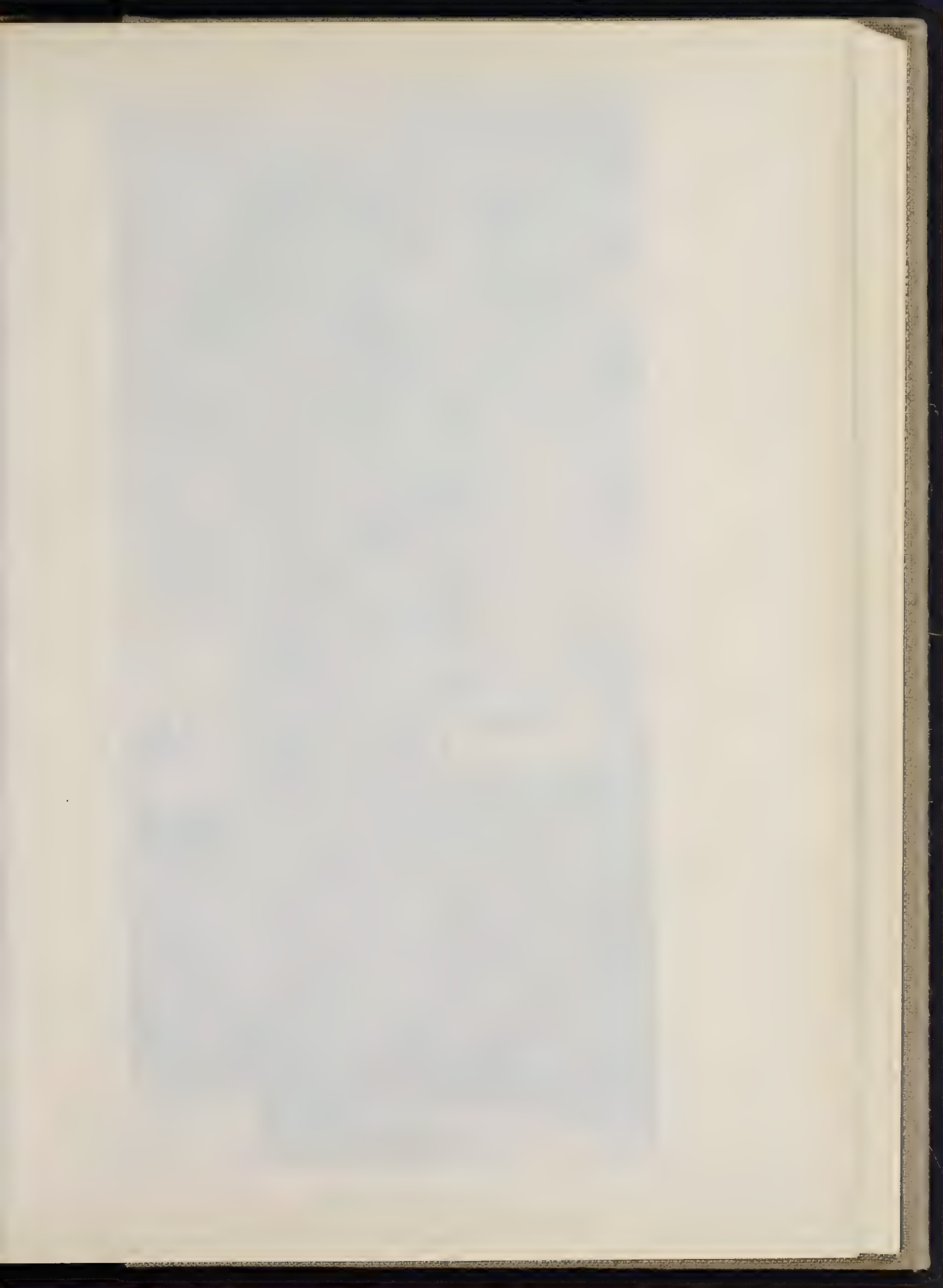
A DUTCH HOUSEWIFE. BY THÉRÈSE SCHWARTZ.

form, is a household word in every part of the English-speaking world. The advanced and, perhaps, unscrupulous

does not know, and takes no heed to learn, of the severe training through which Mr. Alma Tadema has achieved his fame. The long years of exercise in drawing and composition, training often of the most exhausting character; the hopes and fears of early days, and the sustained effort to uphold the great reputation he had so nobly earned, only those who know Mr. Tadema and his methods of work can adequately realise. His best works will ultimately all find resting places in public galleries, for no painting of the end of the nineteenth century can so safely be placed before the Art-student of to-day who looks forward to be the artist of to-morrow.

'Venus and Mars' is one of the less elaborate canvases of Mr. Alma Tadema. Known by a classic name, it might be guessed at first, from the title only, to be an ambitious attempt to rival the gods and goddesses of the old masters; but, as may be seen from the delicate etching of Mr. C. O. Murray, the subject is simplicity itself. A little girl, plump in form and rosy in colour, plays at the seaside with her martial doll. It is a sweet idyll of simplicity, only very distantly hinting at the far-off future, when the child, developed into a blushing maiden, may give her hand and heart to a warlike wooer. The colour of the picture is of brilliant daylight, with scarce a shadow throughout, so that the task of the etcher has been one of extraordinary difficulty; he has, however, made his interpretation to the satisfaction of the artist, and in the case of such a master as Mr. Alma Tadema, this is equivalent to the highest praise.

In many ways alike, yet entirely different in subject from Mr. Alma Tadema's 'Venus and Mars,' is M. Raffaelli's 'Banks of the Seine.' The French artist is a master of the *plein-air* style, and is looked upon by many as an impres-







sionist of the most extreme order. Yet the similarity of painting result, between this work of Mr. Alma Tadema and that of M. Raffaelli, is evident in the working out of both pictures in full daylight and almost without shadows. The 'Banks of the Seine,' with its suggestion of ducks, of boatmen, drying clothes, and distant vessels, is, indeed, different from the child's figure in 'Venus and Mars,' although the connoisseur will be delighted to discover the elements of similarity in painting between these two at first apparent extremes.

These two pictures and the other illustrations to this article will serve to introduce the large collection of pictures brought together during the past thirty years by the energy of Mr. Merton Russell Cotes, already well known as Mayor of the most beautiful of English seacoast towns, Bournemouth.

Mr. Russell Cotes has spent much of his time in travel-exploration, and is a Fellow of the Geographical Society, but when at home he has devoted considerable time to the bringing together of probably the most notable collection of modern works of Art in the extreme south of England. Many of his purchases have been engraved and published as large plates, and have met with more than ordinary popularity, while some of his smaller pictures have been chosen for their quality of colour, which are very difficult to render adequately in black and white. Besides the Alma Tadema and Raffaelli already described, the other illustrations here given are all examples in different spheres of painting, which serve to suggest the great variety in Mr. Cotes's collection. In succeeding numbers of this journal specimens of even more important subjects will appear. For the time we shall content ourselves in describing our present illustrations.

'Driving a Bargain,' by Ferraris, represents what is an everyday occurrence in an Eastern city, but which, from its unfamiliarity, is always interesting to inhabitants of the West. Cairo, where this scene is laid, is richly endowed with merchants, who bring their wares from all parts of Asia and the north of Africa, and there the Eastern magnate readily goes to complete his purchases for his far-off home. In

this picture we have a personage, probably a Pacha, attended by his servant, bargaining with an Arab about the price of a necklet. Seated cross-legged on his counter, the dealer indicates by signs, probably because of a difficulty of language not uncommon in Cairo, the value which he places upon his wares. The uncertainty of the purchaser and the insistence of the seller are types of human nature to be seen in every shop and market throughout the world,

The 'Dutch Housewife,' by Mdlle. Thérèse Schwartz, does not attempt to be a story picture, like 'Driving a Bargain,'



DRIVING A BARGAIN. BY FERRARIS.

and for this reason alone it is even more acceptable as an artistic accomplishment. Mdlle. Schwartz is one of the most masculine figure painters of Holland of the present day. As a pastellist, her work is characterized by strength of colour and extreme firmness of handiwork. As a painter in oil her vigour is a little less pronounced, but the vehicle gives her an opportunity of demonstrating the luscious strength of a

palette which greatly differs from the dryness of the pastel. Although Mdlle. Schwartz is not a disciple of Josef Israëls, who may be termed the direct lineal descendant in Art of Rembrandt, she undoubtedly owes a great deal to her knowledge of that same wonderful old master, and to Franz Hals, the other great portrait painter of Holland. In the 'Dutch Housewife,' Mdlle. Schwartz paints this buxom matron not so much as a likeness, but simply as a subject on which to exercise her talent for strong painting. All the same, she does not neglect to typify her countrywomen by representing her as a good-looking, intelligent, stay-at-home matron.

Coming nearer home, we have a sketch by the late Albert Moore, a picture very small in size, but marked by the simplicity of subject dear to this artist. The sketch is a study for a large picture called 'Follow the Leader,' in Lord Armstrong's collection in Northumberland. A chalk study on brown paper of the same figure, belonging to Mr. Aitchison, A.R.A., is reproduced in the excellent biography of Mr. Albert Moore, by Mr. A. L. Baldry.

The illustration below is a reproduction of a sea-sketch by Mr. Edwin Ellis, one of our younger artists who would perhaps be better appreciated if he were not so prolific. In these days of continued artistic production in many countries, it is at all times a puzzle to know what becomes of the pictures that are painted. It is commonly believed that artists paint over last year's pictures in producing new ones, but lengthy knowledge of the ways of artists fails to corroborate this idea; although, no doubt, an artist will occasionally use an old canvas. Where, therefore, the pictures produced, for example, during the last fifty years, have all gone to, is a question extremely difficult to decide. The shoals of fifth-rate and sixth-rate pictures sold at little more than the cost of the frames, in third-rate auction-rooms, scarcely suffices for an explanation. It is therefore of great importance to the younger artist nearly approaching the position of a master not to handicap himself by painting too much, when he ought rather to reserve his strength for that which will satisfy his artistic conscience to the last degree.



A FLOWERY STRAND. BY EDWIN ELLIS.

PRIMITIVE ART IN GREECE.

WE are glad to be able to welcome another instalment of Perrot & Chipiez' encyclopædic "HISTORY OF ART" (Chapman & Hall), though at first we are startled to see two large volumes devoted to "PRIMITIVE ART IN GREECE." We, however, soon see the importance the authors give to this almost pre-historic Art, and our wonder is changed into admiration of the labours they have taken, and for the conscientious work done in elucidating this early history.

Every scholar instinctively turns to the Iliad for an account of early Greek civilisation, even although he knows that it is based on traditions, for Homer lived long after the destruction of Troy; we must therefore be cautious in accepting all his descriptions of buildings, notwithstanding that the explorations and diggings have proved the truth of much, for the style of buildings he depicts with their metal ornamentations is that which is found at Mycenæ, Tiryns, and Hissarlik. It was enthusiasm for Homer which induced Schliemann to undertake his researches. Greece has few remains of the stone age as compared with more northern countries, but in this, what may be called the bronze age, its remains are abundant.

In order that the reader may have a graphic representation of the Palace of Mycenæ, as well as of the various tombs, M. Chipiez has given restorations of them in which nothing is represented but what has been found on the spot.

We can therefore picture to ourselves what was seen in all their magnificence by the men of that day. There seem to have been no temples, the priests' sacrifices being made on the tomb itself or in the chamber in front. There is an interesting chapter on the origin of Doric architecture, and a restoration of a wooden entablature shows its resemblance to the later stone ones, in which are features that were necessary in wooden construction, but retained as mere ornament in the stone.

Besides the descriptions of buildings we have descriptions of various works of Art found in the tombs, such as the golden masks. It seems as if the better the material the higher the Art; the idols of terra-cotta being simply hideous, while some of the sculptures on the stelæ are very fine. We turn with much pleasure to representations of some most beautiful bronze daggers, on which are drawn representations of the chase; the drawing of the lions and deer being very good.

Signet rings were in great request, and numbers of intaglios are depicted. Some of the minor ornaments are very pretty. The artists of that day knew how to solder gold to gold; that is how the face of the rings here are fastened. The round balls are supposed to be part of a necklace; one is of gold with rock crystal ornaments, the other is also of gold and covered with dots.

PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURES AS HISTRIONIC STUDIES.*

PART II.—THE ENGLISH STAGE AS IT MIGHT AND SHOULD BECOME.

"A GREAT dramatic poet, if he is at the same time productive, and is actuated by a strong noble purpose, which pervades all his works, may succeed in making the soul of his pieces become the soul of the people. I think that this is something well worth the trouble of trying to do,"—GOETHE.



WE will now gratify ourselves by supposing that no London Theatre is without a competent rank and file; that no touring company of any note needs an excellent stage manager; that the poetical drama, emulating its early triumphs over the Elizabethan bear-pits, is beginning successfully to invade the vulgar

music-halls; and, finally, that our "scientific" play-makers, "instead of poisoning our English Thalia with a diet of adaptations and translations of the work of foreigners," are busily engaged in re-casting to the modern taste the works of Marlow, of Ben Jonson, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Massinger, and Farquhar, and Congreve, and Wycherley, who "are cleaner than the dramatists of modern France" and Norway, "and in comparison of wit are as true salt to gravel."† Well, what more do we want? We want that system of technical and artistic training which is best calculated not merely to teach the novice to suppress his individual *moi*, his fireside, chimney-corner self, but to put him in sympathetic touch with the work of the painter, of the poet, of the sculptor. An appreciative study of the arts in question would be quite invaluable to all intending Keans and Siddonses; because it would stimulate their imaginations, it would give them something serious to engage their thoughts, and at the same time run strongly counter to the well-fed vanity, the idolatrous worship of self, which now dwells unheeded, and may be not unnaturally—in our idle and ignorant World of the Wings—the parent of that vainglorious self-consciousness that simpers and struts and blusters on almost every English stage. And the study of which we are speaking, likewise would develop in the novice a sense of pose and gesture, that would tend to make him more graceful, and more picturesquely natural in his acting. The majority of our English players, both old and young, have yet to learn that naturalness in their most genial art is not to be attained by any means so easy as mumbling and mispronouncing their words; puffing clouds of cigarette smoke into a lady's face; lolling in ungainly attitudes against every piece of furniture; or standing always with the legs spread out wide, and the hands buried deep in the trousers' pockets. This is no way to behave. Natural it is, no doubt; but it is the easy naturalness not of consummate art, but of consummate ill-breeding. We dare venture to assert that only a long series of Kodak photographs could do full justice to the stiff ungain-

liness, and the staggering want of manners, to be seen each night in almost every British playhouse. Even many of the most serious actors, who rarely make themselves (voluntarily) a ludicrous motley to the view, and whose assumed names have long been household words, would cut ridiculous figures in such a series of snap-shot photographs.

Yet must it be accepted as an axiom that the serious actor, to be all satisfying, to be worthy of the title "artist," should be able to enact, that is to impersonate, heroic parts, if not heroically like Talma, like Salvini, at all events with easy grace, dignity, and distinction. And now remark, for the fact is both interesting and significant, that the greatest artistes among the players dead and gone were those who perfected the gifts with which nature had endowed them: partly by disciplining their limbs by daily exercises with the fencer's foils, and partly by going for inspiration and instruction to the best works of the greatest sculptors, painters, writers, and poets. Talma, Iffland, and Krüger come at once to mind, and Garrick had many useful hints from Sir Joshua Reynolds; and with regard to the women players, we may make mention of "our incomparable Siddons" (as Scott calls her in "Anne of Geierstein"), for she was an amateur sculptress of merit, and a firm believer in the usefulness of the plastic arts as histrionic studies. "The first suggestion she received," says Walpole, "of the best mode of expressing intensity of feeling, was from seeing the Egyptian statues at Lansdowne House, with the arms close by the side and the hands fast clenched." Then there was Malibran, the great actress and prima donna, whose very clever caricatures were as good and kindly critics to the singers with whom she played. Nor must we forget the use which painting and modelling have been to Sarah Bernhardt, the most accomplished actress-artist of the present day. Again, George Ticknor tells how, on the 11th of April, 1817, he witnessed Talma's playing as Orestes, in Guymond de la Touche's *Iphigénie en Tauride*. "Talma," says he, "in his dress, in every movement, every look, was a Greek. To have arrived at such perfection he must have studied antiquity as no other modern actor has done; and the proofs of this were very obvious. His dress was perfect; his gestures and attitudes reminded one of ancient statues; and when, in imagination pursued by the Furies, he becomes frenzied, changes colour, trembles and falls, pale and powerless, before the implacable avengers, it is impossible to doubt that he has studied and felt the scene in Euripides, and the praises of Longinus. His study of the ancient statues struck me in the passage where, in his second insanity, he cries out in agony—

*Vois-tu d'affreux serpents, de son front s'élançant,
Et de leurs longs replis te ceindre et te presser?*

when he started back into the posture of the Laocoön with great effect."

Two facts, probably, will be brought forward in order to cast ridicule on the thorough artistic training we propose. Fact one: That Mr. Henry Irving, the prophet and king of

* Concluded from page 28.
1895.

† Professor Henry Morley.

our dramatic world, lately alluded with pride to his complete ignorance of the painter's art, it being, in his august judgment, an elementary branch of the most rudimentary education. The remark is smart. But have any of Mr. Irving's warmest admirers noticed the least grace of gesture and of carriage in his mannered multiplications of himself? None indeed can seriously say of him what Goethe said of Iffland; namely, "He is a true artist, for he separates his parts so happily that not any two of them have a single trait in common. This separation is the basis of all the rest; this distinct outline gives a distinguishing character to each figure; the actor obliterates the part of yesterday by the part of to-day, and separates himself at his will from his own individuality." The other fact is this: That of our English actors of bygone times, the majority achieved success in defiance of physical defects, and of other serious disadvantages, such as an irritating provincial accent and a bombastic way of speaking. But ought the faults of the past to excuse those of the present? Let us rather bear in mind that Garrick's childish habit of accenting the wrong word never failed to astonish Dr. Johnson; that Macready's laughable walk used to annoy his critics; that a Dublin lad asked John Philip Kemble not to moan with plums in his mouth; and that Edmund Kean's slovenly custom of scamping all the quiet scenes (because his fiery genius was too much like an untamed prairie mustang to cope with them successfully) did not pass uncensured. And let us remember, too, that by far the best of our living Shakespearian actors—Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson—is a painter by education; and, again, that our most manly and most graceful light comedian is Mr. Bernard Gould (Bernard Partridge), whose witty, exquisite drawings never show even the slightest trace of that gross humour which is becoming so common in the illustrated periodic literature of to-day.

We have kept our ace trump-card in reserve. We now bring in Goethe as our champion. After having acknowledged the great importance of physical exercises to the actor, Goethe says: "To speak truly, he should also go to school both to a sculptor and to a painter. Thus, in order to represent a Greek hero, it is imperatively necessary that he should study the antique sculptures which have come down to us, so as to impress on his mind the natural grace of their movements, when sitting, and standing, and going. But the merely bodily is not enough. He must also, by assiduous study of the best ancient and modern authors, give to his mind a great cultivation. This will do something more than assist him to understand his part; it will even cast over his whole being, over his whole bearing, a nobler grace." Let no one flatter himself by supposing that this belief of Goethe's was a mere theory of the brain, a mere cobweb of the study. The great man proved convincingly, during the twenty-six laborious years which he devoted, as stage-manager at Weimar, to the revivifying of his country's drama, that a thoroughly artistic education really is of priceless value to the actor. His company was not by any means a company of geniuses. Yet its performances, according to Genast, excelled those of every troupe which boasted of several distinguished "stars." And it was Goethe who slowly educated this unique play-going public—a public which, some years after the great poet's death, as George Eliot tells us, dropped back in sluggishness and wore an expression like that of "herbivorous quadrupeds." Thus we learn that at Weimar, as at Sadler's Wells, the drama momentarily did the people a great service, lightening their

sordid lives, and emancipating their minds. But to continue. Even the managers and the *cognoscenti* of St. Petersburg, though separated from Weimar by more than eight hundred miles of spring-breaking, horse-unshoeing roads, actually followed with real interest the various great doings of Goethe's company of artistic actors, and tried their best to tempt Herr Vohs, and his tall, clever, beautiful, dark-eyed wife, from the Weimar theatre.

Whenever we consider how quickly the rude actor-artizans of Weimar were transformed into modest and accomplished actor-artists, we cannot help believing that an imitation of Goethe's thorough training, which worked that necessary and difficult transformation, would do more for our young English novices in acting than the school of dramatic art, about which so much has been said in recent years. At all events, whereas a dramatic academy would need, so we are told, a capital of £50,000, the Goethean method of educating players might be well initiated without our incurring the least pecuniary expense. Here, then, are the chief characteristics of Goethe's training:—

(1.) Self-possession being all important, each raw recruit was cast at first for parts which suited his personality, and Goethe demanded nothing but that he should represent himself, his own every-day self, without displaying the least self-consciousness. If he now appeared of too fiery a nature, Goethe coached him in phlegmatic characters; if too calm and tedious then in hot-tempered characters, so that he might learn to throw aside himself and to assume foreign individualities.

(2.) As soon as he joined the company he was handed over to the dancing and fencing masters; was introduced into the best society, encouraged to read the best books, and taught to lose himself profitably in Goethe's large portfolio of valuable engravings and prints. Every afternoon, says the little deformed poet Vulpius (Goethe's brother-in-law), several of the company passed three or four hours with their friend and master, whose talk was always a fruitful education. Every Sunday, too, according to the same authority, an actress and two actors dined with Goethe in state, when the plays of the week were fully discussed; and every evening the great man watched the whole performance attentively, sitting in his arm-chair in the centre of the pit, and the faults that he noticed were corrected at rehearsal the next day. The result of all this was, that the Weimar players acquired "a great external as well as internal culture," and learned honestly to love their fascinating art.

(3.) Schiller, so Goethe informed Eckermann, went to work with precisely the same spirit. He was on friendly terms with all the players; was present with Goethe at all rehearsals; and after every successful representation of one of his tragedies, it was his custom to spend a merry, delightful day with his interpreters, among whom there were many, says Genast, who used to hold long, interesting disputes and conversations in Schiller's fleet iambics. "All rejoiced together at that which had succeeded, and discussed how anything might be done better next time. But even when Schiller joined the company, he found both actors and audience cultivated to a high degree, and it is not to be denied that this conducted to the rapid and wonderful success of his later plays."

(4.) The Weimar repertory was a strong connecting-link between Pagandom and Christendom—between Sophocles, Euripides, Plautus and Terence, and Calderon, Shakespeare,





CLARISSA.

By SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, BART., R.A.
By permission of Thomas McLean, Esq.

J. E. Millais

Molière, Racine, Voltaire, Sheridan, Schröder, Schiller, Iffland, Lessing, Werner, Gossi, Goethe, Kotzebue and Kleist. From tragedy to farce, and from whistling comic operas to the masterpieces of Mozart and Salieri, every species was welcome; "but a piece," says Goethe, "was obliged to have something in it to find favour. It was necessary that it should be great and clever, cheerful and graceful, or, at all events, wholesome and containing some pith. All that was morbid, weak, lachrymose and sentimental, as well as all that was frightful, horrible, and offensive to decorum, was utterly excluded. I should have feared, by such expedients, to spoil both my actors and audience. By means of good plays I raised the players; for the study of excellence, and the perpetual practice of excellence, must necessarily make something of a man whom nature has not left ungifted."

The foregoing paragraph will have shown you that a not unworthy history of the world's drama was seen by the townsfolk of Weimar, and it is to be borne in mind, moreover, that the cream of the plays produced delighted the townfolk of Erfurt, of Lauchstedt, of Leipzig, and of Halle.

(5.) There were no recognised *leading* actors in the Weimar troupe. Goethe allowed none to lay claim to a particular line of parts, for he desired that all should rate their art at a higher level than their beloved selves. If any conceited new member objected to study a minor *role*, or to appear in the little, voiceless, interesting crowd, Goethe threatened to don the buskin himself, and so won an easy victory, it being well known that he never swerved from his word.

(6.) There were two kinds of rehearsals—acting and reading. For the latter ones the players assembled in a large room in Goethe's house, round a table, upon which were lying four copies of the new play. Of these the assistant stage-manager, Genast, took one, Goethe another, while the other two passed from hand to hand, Goethe giving the signal to begin by tapping the table with a key. The advantages of such readings—and there were usually fifteen for each piece—were, firstly, that the actors, assisted by Goethe's patient,

comprehensive teaching, built up their parts together and obtained a clear insight into the whole inner spirit of the playwright's work; and, secondly, that fifteen wearying stage rehearsals were usefully avoided. In England at the present time, worse luck, rehearsing means loitering about the dirty, dismal, ill-ventilated wings for at least six hours a day and during at least two months, till at last all true artistic feeling evaporates like steam through a kettle's spout. In such circumstances, under such needlessly trying conditions, how is it possible for any actor really to love his work? And, say, has any creditable art work been done *unlovingly*?

(7.) To make each play speak to the deaf in a continuous series of charming pictures, was Goethe's high aim during the stage rehearsals, whereof there were usually five or six, and he not only maintained, but proved, that two persons, when trained artistically and when well rehearsed, are enough to form many a picture pleasing to the eye, however critical.

To conclude, were there only a dozen competent stage-managers to mould into shape the excellent raw material in our English provincial touring companies, there would be soon no want of honestly good players of both sexes. Salaries would then rise a little here, and fall a great deal there, and managers, having less expensive troupes, would be able to reduce the prices of seats, so that theatre-going would become once more not only an educational amusement, but also an inexpensive pastime. The money now spent every year in railway fares and on baggage rates, would establish several excellent companies in towns which boast of a population as large as that of Elizabethan London, where no fewer than eighteen theatres flourished; our dramatic literature, the noblest in the world, would easily furnish splendid repertoires, to be increased, naturally, by strong new plays; and our aggressively self-sufficient actors, once freed from the harassing fatigues of railway travelling, and finding it necessary always to please *one* public, trained to some appreciation of the best dramatic writing, *might* actually condescend to be educated artistically. At all events, let us give them the benefit of the doubt!

W. SHAW-SPARROW.

'CLARISSA.'

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR J. EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., R.A.

AMONGST the many parts which Sir John Millais has played in the world of Art—pre-Raphaelite, draughtsman on wood, historical and modern genre, landscape, child-life, and portrait painter—he has occasionally occupied himself with some very interesting essays in the styles of other and older masters, such as the well-known 'Souvenir of Velasquez,' and the picture 'Clarissa,' of which this plate is a reproduction; and its title might quite well have been the similar one, 'A Souvenir of Gainsborough.' In connection with this charming subject, evidently the result of a close study of

Gainsborough's later and richer manner, the word "imitation" would hardly be the correct term to use, for we have a masterly and original use of the means which he employed—the graduation and play of subtly interwoven hues, the certainty of touch, the exquisite refinement of modelling, the delicate transparency of the shadows, the background of swiftly-struck, loosely-touched foliage and softly blending tints of sky—attaining a subtle grace and harmony which if they do not seem quite Gainsborough's, need at least have given him no cause to think them unworthy of him.

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS OF WORKS BY THE OLD MASTERS.

THE Venetian School, having by arrangement been excluded last year from the Exhibitions of Works by the Old Italian Masters, is this year sole occupant of the court of the New Gallery. Amongst all the schools of painting in Italy, the Venetian has always been the greatest favourite; at least since the time of Charles I., in whose days the style of Vandyck and Rubens was prevalent.

Up to the sixteenth century, Venetian Art in the city and in the provinces kept in different paths; and one can only learn to understand them correctly by studying them separately. In the beginning of the fifteenth century we see the art of the Muranese in the ascendant, and at the end of the same century the marvellous productions of a Giorgione held sway. A greater contrast can hardly be conceived; in the first are forms which appear like carved wooden figures covered with paint, while in the second, light and chiaroscuro play round figures which may be considered to rank among the most charming creations of the human imagination. All those who are familiar with these opposite extremes must follow with the greatest interest the transformation in taste and ideal which occurred within the short space of a few decades.

Antonio da Murano, the head of the earlier school, is represented in the National Gallery by two pictures, the only ones which are known to exist in England. By his brother Bartolommeo, who was still living when Giorgione had attained the zenith of his fame, we find in the New Gallery a large signed altar-piece with the date 1488 (No. 44), from the collection of Mr. Charles Butler. During the two last decades of the fifteenth, and the two first of the following century, the preponderating influence of the Bellini style in Venice is plainly manifest. Even the exhibition in the New Gallery furnishes a proof of this, if any such proof is necessary. The question now confronts us how this remarkable change came about, and we find here contributions towards the solution of this interesting problem. Take, for example, the painting by Giovanni Bellini of the Madonna (No. 67), perhaps the earliest of his known pictures, and here the

composition, as well as the type of the Virgin, are borrowed from the model of Bartolommeo Vivarini. But the significant spiritual expression which we admire in Bellini's Madonna makes us almost forget the connection between the two.

No less than eighteen pictures are ascribed to Giovanni Bellini, of which only three can lay claim to originate from the hand of the great master. Bellini must have employed in his studio numerous assistants, of whom only a few became afterwards known as independent artists. There is no doubt that he sold commission pictures, furnished with his name as signature, without having himself executed, at the most, more than the cartoon, and up to the present no one appears to have taken umbrage. This is quite natural, but so soon as we interest ourselves in the individuality of the creator of a work of Art, so far only does a painting satisfy us, as we are justified in seeking in it the expression of the artist's own ideal.

Of Bellini's pupils none showed so much originality in creation as Vincenzo Catena, whose richly-coloured representations have often been given out as the works of Giorgione. Everybody knows his beautiful pictures in the National Gallery, the kneeling warrior before the Madonna, and the St. Jerome

absorbed in the study of the Scriptures, both ascribed to the school of Bellini, the first formerly attributed to Giorgione. There is a surprisingly large number of pictures by Catena in the exhibition, but the most important of these, the great 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' in a finely executed landscape (No. 251 in the North Gallery), lent by the Earl Brownlow, goes likewise under the name of Giovanni Bellini. Several other Bellinesque painters, such as Cima, Basaiti, and Bissolo, are easily recognisable in genuine and interesting pictures, even though the attribution in each particular case needs certain proof.

It is to be regretted that so few works of Gentile Bellini, the brother of Giovanni, and teacher of Carpaccio, are to be met with outside of Italy. Their number, even in Italy, is small, but his great ceremonial and historical pictures



THE HOLY FAMILY AND ST. JOHN. BY MANTEGNA.
FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. L. MOND.

in the galleries of Venice and Milan are alone sufficient to prove to the world their importance in the development of Venetian painting. These pictures make it comprehensible that Gentile Bellini should have been sent to Constantinople in response to the request of the Sultan Mehmet to the Venetian Government for a capable artist, in the year 1479. The word "Eques," coupled with his signature, on the pictures he executed after his return, is a memorial of the patent of knighthood bestowed on him as part of the reward for his borrowed services. We notice it on the large painting of the Virgin, No. 47, from the collection of Mr. L. Mond; a picture which is alone in its kind for beauty of colour and quite oriental style of decoration.

Of the Art cultivation in the Venetian provinces during the fifteenth century, the materials at hand in the exhibition are unfortunately insufficient to present a general idea.

Only single great masters, such as Mantegna, Montagna, and Crivelli, are here worthy of notice; above all the first named, the greatest painter of *terra ferma* during the entire second half of the fifteenth century. The National Gallery possesses no less than three prominent works by him, and the same number is shown in the exhibition. Amongst these, the earliest, the 'Judith and her Servant in front of the Tent of Holofernes' (No. 125), lent by the Earl of Pembroke, is quite masterly in its execution of details.

More important is the half-length figure painting of 'The Adoration of the Magi' (No. 22), lent by Lady Ashburton; here one is struck by the nobility of the head of the Madonna,

and by the great sharpness of the drawing in the Infant Christ, whose limbs in their foreshortening testify to an astonishing certainty of delineation.

The figures of the three kings, which fill the right-hand side of the picture-plane, are, in their realistic execution, placed in strong contrast to those more ideal conceptions. The picture is painted in tempera on fine canvas, and dates about the year 1480. Mantegna and Gentile appear to have been the first to have substituted canvas for the wood panels. The third picture by Mantegna, which we illustrate, likewise painted on canvas, represents the Holy Family and the youthful St. John (No. 46, from the collection of Mr. L. Mond). In both the last-mentioned pictures Saint Joseph stands on the extreme left. Compare the two rather similar types with each other, and it will not remain doubtful for an instant but that the important conclusion must

belong to Mantegna's riper period. One arrives at the same result by comparing the types of the Infant Christ. It may be stated that amongst the many similar representations which we possess by Mantegna, none approach but distantly the depth of feeling, or the classical finish in the outlines of form and drapery, of this majestically rendered figure of the Infant Christ. We may therefore, on good grounds, place the execution of this picture at the latest and ripest period of the master, that is

to say, about the year 1500. Mantegna died in the year 1506, aged seventy-five. The unusual position in which the Virgin is placed with regard to the Infant Christ reminds us

A A



PORTRAIT BY TITIAN. FROM THE COLLECTION OF LORD DARNLEY, COBHAM HALL.

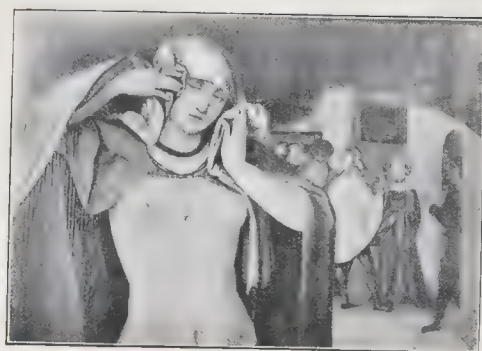


ANDREA ODONI. BY LORENZO LOTTO. FROM THE ROYAL COLLECTION, HAMPTON COURT.

of the Protestant movement which, even at that early date, had already set foot in Mantua. In that relation this representation stands pretty well alone in Italian Art.

Of Montagna's works, the chief master of the school of Vicenza, the New Gallery contains two youthful paintings, and a third is exhibited in Burlington House. The last, an important altar-piece with the risen Christ and Mary Magdalene in the centre, and St. Jerome and St. John the Baptist at the sides, shows the master at the height of his art. The peculiar attitude of the figure of Christ appears as though taken from an old German engraving. This boldly designed painting, belonging to the collection of the Earl of Ashburnham (No. 167), does not appear up to the present time to have received any mention in Art histories. It may here be remarked that both the pictures in the National Gallery, ascribed to Montagna, have no grounds for this attribution.

The only picture discoverable in England, amongst the few which the modern critic believes he has good grounds for



GINEVRA ALMIERI. (GERMAN SCHOOL.)

acquiescing in being attributed to the great name of Giorgione, is the shepherd with the flute in the Hampton Court Gallery (No. 112 in the New Gallery). In spite of its bad state of preservation, this half-length figure still possesses the magic charm which appeals to the eye of all who have interested themselves in the work of this great master. Vasari assures us that Titian in his youth took Giorgione as his pattern. The so-called portrait of Ariosto, which Lord Darnley has exhibited in Burlington House (No. 109), may be valued as a brilliant example of his youthful style, although the head has suffered much by subsequent repainting. The design and colouring display great similarity with the Giorgione portrait in the Berlin Gallery. The signature in the left-hand corner, "TITIANVS" (see illustration), appears to indicate that he wished to equal Giorgione. That the appellation Ariosto is altogether arbitrary no one will seriously doubt. It holds the same position in this regard as the similarly designated picture in the National Gallery (No. 636), which has only lately been corrected. I believe there is much more reason for recognising in the portrait from Cobham Hall a picture praised by Vasari. It is the very first picture by Titian which the biographer mentions:—"At first, when he began to follow the manner of Giorgione, being not more than eighteen years old, he painted the portrait of a friend of his, a gentleman of the house of Barbarigo, which was considered very fine, the

complexion being naturally and characteristically reproduced. So well did he distinguish the hairs one from another that they could be counted, as also could the stitches on a silvery doublet which formed part of the same picture. In short it was considered so fine, and such was the care displayed in its execution, that, if Titian had not signed it with his name, it would have been taken for a work of Giorgione."

Two other portraits by Titian are to be noticed in the New Gallery. The portrait of the 'Doge Antonio Grimani' (No. 124), lent by Madam C. de Rosenberg, was painted in the year 1522, when Titian was thirty-five years of age. It is thus almost contemporary with the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' in the National Gallery. In proximity with such pictures, which mark the summit of all Venetian painting, the numerous other works of the same period must lose much of the interest which they may otherwise claim. We cannot, however, pass by the two portraits by Lotto, namely, the 'Picture of a Lady as Lucretia,' lent by Captain Holford (No. 218), and the painting of 'Andrea Odoni,' from Hampton Court, illustrated on the previous page; both these pictures are amongst the best works of this unsurpassable master in the representation of sentiment. Lotto has signed the portrait of the noble Venetian with his name and date, 1527. Five years later, a passionate lover of Art visited Odoni's palace, and the remarks which he made on the works of Art which adorned it are still preserved to us, and include the following words:—"El ritratto de esso M. Andrea, a oglio, mezza figura, che contempla li frammenti marmorei antichi, fu de mano de Lorenzo Lotto." We also learn here that the painting of the Madonna, by Titian (No. 635), in the National Gallery, also originates from the same place. When such pictures can be discussed in conjunction with their contemporary literature, they naturally afford us a deeper insight into the state of the culture of the period than we could otherwise hope to obtain.

Amongst the subjects treated by the Old Masters, nothing is more seldom met with than the representation of scenes from every-day life, or from romantic adventures. To this class belongs the little picture in Burlington House (No. 172, here illustrated), representing scenes from a romance which, to this very day, dwells in the folk-lore of the people of Florence, and is dramatized and played in their theatres. It should, at the same time, be noted that the painter of the picture is a German, probably from the Swabian school of Holbein's period. Ginevra Almiéri, the heroine of the romance, stands to the left in the picture, in the act of folding drapery round her head. She was, as the story goes, apparently dead, and was buried alive. During the night, having wrapped the grave-clothes round her head for a pad, she heaved up the grave-stone and left her tomb; she knocks at her husband's door, but he refuses to believe in her identity. She then goes to her former lover, Antonio Rondinelli, who joyfully receives her. He prepares a meal for her, clothes her sumptuously, and thus takes her back to her husband's house. This episode is represented in the background of the picture. One sees there the husband first staring out of the window, then appearing at the door to resolutely refuse admission to his spouse returning from the grave, whereupon Antonio decides to take her to his home. The picture was, no doubt, painted in Italy. The wooden panel is Italian poplar, and the principal figure has such a pronounced Italian expression that one may assume that the drawing of some great Italian master has been utilised for the outline.

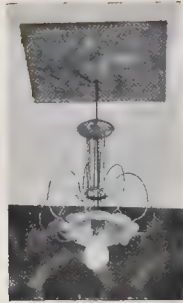
JEAN PAUL RICHTER.



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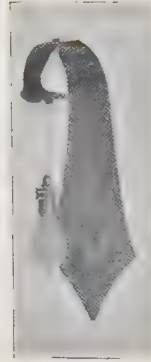
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SUGGESTIONS FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT FITTINGS.

TO design for electric light fitting is one of the things that seems so easy, and is yet so difficult; the good fitting has, as the good Philistine would say, so little to show for itself. Numbers of small matters of detail make up the design of the whole. For instance, how, if at all, is the porcelain rose to be covered? If it is to be covered, how shall the covering be fitted to the ceiling? Is a reflector to be used—if so, to what extent should it be perforated in order not to take away too much of the reflected light from the ceiling? Is there to be one, or a combination of lights? Are the lamps to be concealed to modify their glare, or are they to exhibit their graceful shapes in naked splendour? How far is the size and colour of the lamp screws to be taken into consideration? What should be the nature and colour of the flexible, and how far will it be strong enough to carry anything more than the mere weight of the lamps with their reflectors? Will an independent fixing from the ceiling or joists be needed, and, if so, how designed? Finally, there are all the great considerations of the metals to be used; their colour, shape, application, and arrangement, towards an effective design in a particular surrounding.

I purpose in this article to offer, from practical experience, a designer's answer to some of these questions, and to give a few illustrations of pieces of work executed from time to time, mainly at the Essex House workshops, of different treatments in electric lighting.

To begin with, the thing to aim at is simplicity of design. How, you may ask yourself, would a Greek have treated an electric light? and forthwith you imagine some absolutely chaste and simple handling in choice metal, so arranged as to

give most value to the sculpture or the building to be lit. Our designers for electric light have, for the most part, not yet made the discovery that electric light *falls*, and hence is best designed as hanging; they still hold to the tradition that it will set light to the wire unless it be stuck up on its head, so the ordinary electrolier (how satisfactory it would be if we could find them a happier word for *electrolier*!) is, for the most part, a gas stick with a piece of iron or other ornament clambering up it.

The pendentive, without doubt, is, as shown in its simplest form in figures 2 and 4, the simplest and most beautiful adaptation of the light, and the electric lamp lends itself really well to such an arrangement. Indeed, one feels that this exquisite pear-shaped lobe is final in design; like a violin, or a ship, its shape appears to conform so perfectly to the union of the two wires, that nothing further in the shaping of glass can be done. This, then, is the designer's first limitation. He should, in almost all cases, let it hang, and hang in repose. For my part, I prefer rest in a design, and feel disturbed when three naked bronze children come rushing over the table with forty-eight candle-power hands full. It may suggest electricity, but it does not suggest repose, and it has to be done very well, if it is to be done at all.

There are, however, other limitations the designer has to observe. He has to economise his light. A bracket on the wall is often more saving of light than the pendentive. Let him, therefore, devise a bracket, introducing the light as hanging. Because it is a wall bracket there is still no reason why it should stick up, as a heraldic leg might if inverted stick up with its boot in the air for decora-



6

tive, not kicking purposes, let us say. In Fig. 5 I show a suggestion, in hammered copper, of how such a wall-bracket may be treated. It is extremely simple, the bright surface of the copper serving as a reflector, and at the same time as a support.

Only in the case of a low table-lamp does the erect treatment of the light appear to me to be in place, and as in every such instance a shade that necessarily hides the light is essential, the difficulty need hardly be considered.

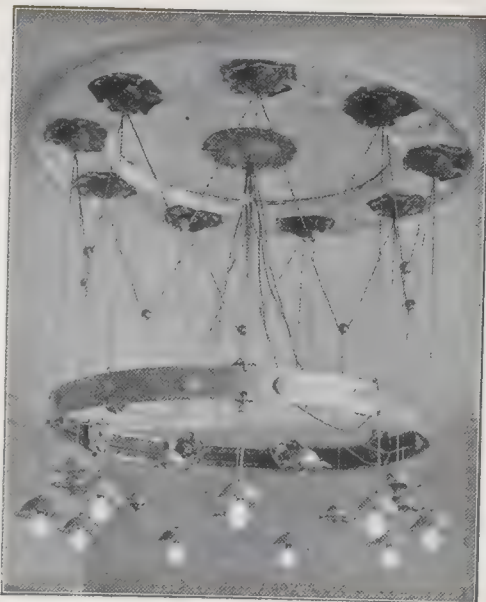
In further treating the lamp, we are met with the difficulty of the intensity of the light, its danger to the eyesight. We want to keep as much light as we can, screen it, and at the same time retain the beautiful shape of the lamp. The usual way in which this is done, of putting another lamp-

glass round the electric lamp, does not appear to me to answer the purpose so well as the application of coloured silk or gauze. I have successfully applied some slight clinging curtains of *crêpe de chine*, or tiny bags of soft straw-coloured silk, tied with a thread whose ends bear coral beads or gems, and so arranged that the point of the light peeps out from below. This looks excellent; and any housewife could do it much better than a man, let alone an electrician.

The treatment of the lamp leads one to the consideration of the reflector—is it necessary? and so forth. It must be borne in mind that the reflector means a loss of reflected light from the ceiling.

In cases, however, where there are a number of lights, this is not very important. Fig. 6 shows a white frescoed room of long shape, the dining-room of the Magpie and Stump in Chelsea, which is lit with a series of pewter roses and reflectors one after another, the original intention having been to move them up and down to the table with pulleys, but it was found unnecessary.

In a small dark space, as, for instance, Fig. 3, which lights a



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portion of a hall at the darker end, a reflector is very telling, and in this case an additional interest is added by a slight treatment of bent and soldered wire, of the maximum strength and minimum lightness, and designed to give additional character to the reflector in its relation to the lamp. This pendant has had an interesting personal experience that illustrates the intelligence of an average workshop. It had originally a series of little shields of *rouge cerise* enamel on the circular wire projections. As some detail of soldering had to be done, it was sent to a trade metal fitter for this purpose. On its return, I noticed that the enamels had changed colour, and wondering how it could happen that Mr. Soyer's colour should fly, I examined

them closely, and smelt them, when, lo! they had, as by fairy enchantment, all turned to sealing-wax. It appeared that the metal firm had had an accident with the enamel, and in the innocence of its heart had thus honestly striven to make things good. Another way of retaining the reflector and at the same time of not losing the reflected light of the ceiling, is to perforate the reflector—of course, this is in the nature of a compromise.

With regard to the lamp-holder, here again one cannot go far afield; it is well to avoid the ordinary bright lacquered brass holders, except for special purposes, and the little grey ones shown in all the accompanying illustrations marry very well with all metals. The holder leads to the wire—the *flexible*, as the electrician, with barbarous disregard for the dignity of language, prefers to call it. As the light is so clear, it is pleasing to use coloured silk as a casing for the wire. In Fig. 7 will be seen a rather elaborate arrangement of a nine-pendant rose, for the drawing-room of the Magpie and Stump. Here, almost the whole effect of the design is got in the manipulation of the cords, and—a little detail in light designing that is so often forgotten—their arrangement is such as to cast pleasing and broken shadows on the ceiling. The nine-pendant circular rose in question spins a sort of grand spider-web upon the white plaster. Another arrangement of wiring is to be seen in Fig. 1, in which three little five-power lights are put together with their reflectors treated to the form of the three-cornered convolvulus.

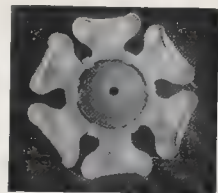
Next we come to the porcelain ceiling-box. It seems like surrendering the position to say that the only thing to be done



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with the rose is to hide it. Yet I have found it best in most cases to do that. Though it is quite unobtrusive I prefer to see a simple ceiling rose of hammered metal than even the most unobtrusive dot of earthenware, unless it be in the wiring of an old ceiling, where modern decoration is inappropriate. In some cases where thin metal is used I have found it answer to grip the metal in the thread of the earthenware screw. Where a number of lights are introduced, as again in Fig. 7, it is essential that the little rose should be incorporated in the design. In this case it will be seen that all the wires flow from it through a pewter rose, and then into other roses into a big pewter band, that keeps them apart, is fitted with vulcanite insulators at each junction of the wires, and has an independent fixing to a large ceiling rose of fibrous plaster. This carries the other nine pewter roses, and is backed with an iron band, through which the whole is screwed to the joists.

A few words in conclusion about the metal to be employed, and the colour. These are matters of great importance.

Certain metals marry best with certain colours. The illustrations show a various handling of copper and pewter, the copper, as a rule, being used in conjunction with red and grey, the pewter with blue or green; and they also show, but do not do justice to the enamels, which are of brilliant green and crimson and blue, fixed upon cups of copper, and treated much in the manner of gems and inlay. Fig. 10 shows one of the roses upon the big circular pendant; the little cup of blue enamel is let into the centre of the pewter petals, and held in by the lapping over of the metal. Figs. 8 and 9 show two other treatments of enamel, in this case green; the one with the four peacocks, with the green enamel centre, and the green lacquer eyes upon their tails, being specially noticeable, though it does not much tell in reproduction. Indeed, an endless field for design opened out in the application of enamel to the electric light fitting, but that is a big question in itself, and concerns the enameller, perhaps, more than the designer for electric light.

C. R. ASHBE.

SCULPTOR-GOLDSMITH'S ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

AFTER leaving the admirable collection illustrating the art of the sculptor-goldsmith now being shown at the Winter Royal Academy, as you pass along Piccadilly and Regent Street you cannot help looking more closely at the windows of the principal gold and silversmiths. Possibly you discover here and there a few specimens which do not make you blush for the state of the craft to-day; but these are insufficient in number to leaven the whole lump. Of course Mr. Gilbert's mayoral chain, Mr. C. R. Ashbee's jewellery shown at the Arts and Crafts, and some other instances may be recalled also to show that artistic interest is awakening to this important branch of commerce; but the average shop window of these crafts, beyond inoffensive replicas of Queen Anne or Georgian designs, seems as yet uninfluenced by the wave of good taste that has touched almost every other industry of late years.

In jewellery, fashion is really a far stronger influence than Art. Indeed, one has but to recall those exquisite figures in the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy, of winged Nikes (G. 35) or the ships (G. 20), to see that the prize of a collector, and the delight of an artist, has little more chance of reappearing as part of modern costume than a nose-ring itself. Yet it is hardly fair to blame fashion—the feminine autocrat—for all the shortcomings in the working of the precious metals. One may safely conjecture that by far the largest amount of jewellery is designed and executed by men, sold by men, and to a considerable extent bought by them. Indeed, in the other branch of the subject—silver-plate—the most important pieces, race cups and trophies, no less than much domestic ware, are selected with no feminine interference. It is easy to say that woman's taste prefers the hideous imitation of unsuitable objects—a silver coal-scuttle for sugar, and a horse-shoe or "1895" for a brooch; but the watch chains, scarf pins, and cigarette-cases of man are, as a rule, hardly more dignified in their design.

The famous "Holbein George," a pendant made for Henry VIII., with its gorgeous enamel and gold decoration, is perhaps the most attractive object shown, but it would be delightful and easy to linger long over descriptions of many other charming pendants and trifles in jeweller's work. In

a current number of a lady's journal a correspondent praises the advance in the matter of designs for diamond setting, and describes, with conscious pride, a tiara imitating natural flowers and their leaves, instead of the conventional arrangements of stones in set patterns, which earlier taste preferred. Is not this the taste of the milliner invading a far more important domain? They knew better in England even as early as the fourteenth century; witness a brooch of gold enamelled set with sapphires (G. 10). Nor is there anything archaic in its design, which might be, and perhaps is already, imitated and sold freely. Very different but no less admirable are the pendants in Case A. Compared with the severity of the earlier brooch, they run riot in fantastic extravagance; but looking again you note the law which orders their details to beauty. In them the jewels are emphasised and set to express their intrinsic loveliness to the best advantage. Pearls and corals are pendulous, scarce showing the metal which enchains them; diamonds, rubies, and sapphires are rigidly yet lightly framed, so that their brilliancy is no wise hindered, while the rest of metal employed is not in slabs or coarse mouldings, but wrought into exquisite forms, not imitative of natural objects but as truly wrought metal as are a pair of iron gates, or the grille of an ancient shrine. Neither gems nor gold insist on their money value—they are content to accept that as granted; not like a newly ennobled plebeian bent on flaunting their title to respect everywhere.

This is no doubt their sin. The art of the craftsman, if as skilfully displayed in rock crystals or brass wire, had given a result almost as fine. In a plain gipsy ring set with stones,—as artistically related to their surroundings as protuberant currants in a penny bun—there is nothing left to investigate but the solid worth of the raw material, hence all your attention being devoted to the stones themselves, shams would not escape. In these relics of the past, one really forgets to examine the metal or the jewels—beautiful and exquisite in form and colour; you are content to recognise their fitness to grace a princess, and care not what they cost in money, since their truest values—thought and skilled design—are obvious enough.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.



R: GEORGE CLAUSEN'S election to be an Associate of the Royal Academy confirms the good opinion of our central Art body, which happily has recently taken a fresh growth. At this rate, the Academy will soon regain its former prestige. Mr. Clausen's artistic career was given in some detail in this Journal in 1890 (page 289), and he is now in his prime, and painting better than ever he has done. Last autumn he took a journey to the eastern borders of Hungary, where, however, he did little work, the only one being, up to the present, the 'Transylvanian Peasant Girl' which we illustrate. Mr. Clausen's election proves that talent, and not the giving of dinners, or going to the same, is all that is now necessary to obtain admittance to the Academy. No one who was ever elected has done so little to promote his interests in that way—not that Mr. Clausen is unsociable, his many friends testify the opposite—but residence in the country, far from London, has stood in the way.—The Chelsea Art Club gave a special dinner to Mr. Clausen soon after the election.

No visitors to Boston but remember its new library, near the famous Trinity Church of Philip Brooks, which is the most important of ecclesiastical buildings Richardson erected in the United States. The building itself, the exterior of which is evidently inspired by the Bibliothèque de Ste. Geneviève, Paris, however, will be of less interest than its interior decorations if Messrs. Puvis de Chavannes, St. Gaudens, Abbey, Sargent, and Whistler carry out the schemes entrusted to them. Mr. Abbey's contributions, shown at the Nineteenth Century Gallery, will occupy about half the space at his disposal. His first intention, to make them illustrative of Shakespeare's plays, was set aside for a subject which, oddly enough, escaped the great poet—the "Morte d'Arthur" of Mallory. Sir Galahad has been chosen as the hero whose life is depicted. The series commences with (1) Sir Galahad as a baby brought by the nuns to the presence of the Holy Grail (6 by 8); (2) The Knighting of Galahad by Lancelot (11 by 8); (3) Sir Galahad brought to the Court of King Arthur by Joseph of Arimathea (24 by 8); The Benediction of the Knights who go forth on the sacred quest (24 by 8); and Sir Galahad at the sleep-bound Castle Grail (33 by 8). Although primarily decorative, they are not unduly archaic, but have the air of flesh and blood which Mr. Abbey knows so well how to depict.

It would seem as if lacquer, either used on plain surfaces or in combination with gesso, were destined to play a more important part than hitherto in the interior decoration of the house. At Mr. Val Prinsep's new house, the whole of the woodwork of the vestibules is treated with plain transparent lacquer. Upon a coat of silver leaf this golden varnish with unequal varieties of tones gives a rich broken colour peculiarly satisfactory. Gesso from its excellently permanent qualities

may be trusted to withstand much wear, and although its low relief supplies admirable surface for the most brilliant metallic colour which the palette of the decorator has at his command, yet, with even ordinary taste, this gorgeous colouring can be kept in due relation to the whole apartment in a way impossible when non-metallic colours are employed. Nor is the tinsel-like glitter undesirable. If, as would seem probable, the introduction of gesso means the employment of many young students and designers, who sorely need the help of commerce in days when pictures are 'a drug in the market,' it is almost a duty for those who set the fashion in such matters to devote some attention to securing the "artist" as well as the house decorator for the "spring-cleaning" season which is near at hand. For panels of doors, over-mantels, not to speak of furniture panels, screens, and the like, fantastic and graceful subjects of figures and foliage in low reliefs in dainty shades of gold, silvers, greens, blues, and crimsons, are easily carried out at no enormous cost.

M. Amand Jean has in hand some designs for tapestry commissioned by the French Government for hanging in the sculpture galleries of the Luxembourg. This scheme suggests a chance for some English patron of the art to provide fine pictured hangings for the Westminster Luxembourg. Even if the projects went no farther than full-sized cartoons, how they would improve the appearance of the sculpture rooms at the Academy, where nowadays, even when we are lucky enough to find really fine marbles and bronzes on the floors, the bare cold red walls do their best to make the figures unlovely owing to want of relations with their surroundings. The problem of a piece of sculpture is not ended with the artist's final touch; its background and lighting are hardly less important factors in the complete effect of the work.

The very unsatisfactory state of the International Copyright Law with America will be more unsatisfactory even than it is at present, should the new Bill recently submitted to Congress be passed. By this, an attempt will be made to insist on local production being necessary to secure copyright. In other words a plate must be etched, or engraved, as well as printed in America, to obtain protection. One feels inclined to wish that something so outrageously unfair was made legal; then, perhaps, sufficient outcry might be raised to bring the whole question of artistic copyright to the front, so that the law might be recodified upon a basis of justice both nationally and internationally.

'A Song of Autumn' is the title which Mr. John Fullwood, R.B.A., has chosen for the large etching he publishes from his studio, Bank Buildings, Hastings. The artist has striven to realise the beautiful sentiment that nature is ever musical, and never more so than on a tranquil autumn evening. By the banks of an ideal river, overhung with trees in full foliage, a group of maidens—happily very small—appear on a leafy avenue weaving the garland of their autumn song; the sky and distant trees, Corot-like in quality, complete a picture

which is at once the most ambitious and excellent this rising artist has produced. Only forty proofs are printed.

Messrs. Dott & Sons, of Edinburgh, one of the few publishers remaining in Scotland, issue a successful companion to 'Burns in Edinburgh' in the 'Meeting of Burns and Scott,' by C. Martin Hardy. The incident is summarized as follows:—When a boy of fifteen, Walter Scott had one—and it was the only one—meeting with Robert Burns. A print of a soldier, dead in the snow, his widow and dog beside him, attracted the serious attention of the peasant poet. No one present but the boy knew the lines from Langhorne underneath the print, and Burns, on being told their author by Scott, rewarded him with a look and a kind word the future novelist often recalled.

Mr. A. T. Story gives a delightful bit of biography in his life of "JAMES HOLMES" (Bentley), a man of "genial *bonhomie* which caused his society to be courted on every hand and made him everywhere a welcome and honoured guest." Holmes can be depicted as the artist and as the courtier. To this latter Mr. Story has devoted most care, telling of his various social connections, especially those with Beau Brummel and Byron. As to his artistic efforts, we are reminded that one of Holmes' pictures, 'The Doubtful Shilling,' had a remarkable success. It was more, however, as a miniaturist and water-colour portrait-painter that Holmes' fame was made. As to the beauty of his portraits, Mr. Story brings forward the evidence of Mrs. Essex Cholmondeley and the Duchess of Leeds as set forth in their two charming letters.

The second biography in the volume, "JOHN VARLEY," also by Mr. Story, is of one "who failed utterly in respect to everything relating to worldly affairs and yet left behind a name both for goodness of heart and for the startling results of genius." Tranquil scenes of mingled hill and vale, quiet waters reposing in subdued sunlight were John Varley's themes. He was one of the founders of the Society of Painters in Water Colours and

was himself a charming colourist. He was acquainted with the principal artists of the day, chiefly Blake and Linnell. Had he kept to his artistic work, his life would probably have been more prosperous, but he was a man of scientific attainments, and, unfortunately, a firm believer in astrology.



A TRANSYLVANIAN PEASANT GIRL. BY GEORGE CLAUSEN, A.R.A.
By permission of Messrs. Bours'at, Valadon & Co.

With regard to the volume, "NUMISMATA LONDINENSIA: Medals struck by the Corporation of London 1831 to 1893," by Charles Welch, F.S.A.—handsomely produced, both as to printing and binding—one cannot but ask *cui bono*? If the patronage of the City can produce no better medals than most of those represented in this volume, and if they alone are a record of the City's work, the result is not brilliant. The dedication for the public use of Epping Forest is something to be proud of; but little interest can be felt for the reception of the Sultan or even of the Shah. The events themselves are carefully recorded by Mr Welch, and his article on the opening of London Bridge is of real historic value.

The great scheme for a new water supply to Birmingham, affords Mr. R. Eustace Tickell a promising subject for an artistic record of the two valleys, in distant Radnorshire, to be submerged by the necessary reservoirs. Under the title of "THE VALE OF NANTGWILT" (Virtue), Mr. Tickell brings together twelve large etchings after his own drawings, a description of the water scheme, with maps, by the eminent authority, Mr. J. Mansergh, an historical account of the land—seventy square miles in extent—drained by the reservoirs, and chiefly a perfectly delightful and fresh essay on Shelley by Mr. W. M. Rossetti. The poet passed some notable months in Nantgwilt with Harriet Westbrook, his first wife; and the telling of the incidents of the house hunting, and the doubtful friendship with "Portia" Hitchener, lose nothing in Mr. Rossetti's sympathetic hands. He concludes his essay with these words: "Harriet Shelley died by her own deed in the Serpentine in 1816; Shelley in the Mediterranean waves in 1822; and now a watery doom effaces the scenes of their

short-lived love, Nantgwilt and Cwm Elan. A world of waters, a world of death."

Mr. Gosse is ever happy in the books he chooses to edit. "NOLLEKENS AND HIS TIMES," by John Thomas Smith (Bentley), is probably the most truthful biography ever written, and the candour of the author, who was disappointed at not receiving a substantial legacy from the sculptor, is delightful. Nollekens was a clever man with parsimonious ways and a somewhat jealous wife. He was short and stout, and had broad legs; his wife was "tall, and thin and straight." He was a Catholic and she a Protestant. All the same, they understood each other well, but the story of their lives when frankly told is very droll. For the better understanding of the subject, Mr. Gosse prefaces the biography by an essay of his own on Georgian sculpture. This is sullied, unfortunately, by some unnecessary gibes at certain sculptors' religious ideas.

"HALF-TIMBERED HOUSES AND CARVED OAK FURNITURE" (Quaritch) is the title of a useful and beautiful book by W. Bliss Sanders. As an architect, Mr. Sanders understands the difficulties of construction, and also of the furnishing of a house. Few works of this kind exist in English, and this, which is specially addressed to British architects and handicraftsmen, will be found of real service for the ground it covers, and it merits special attention from County Councils and technical schools as being exactly adapted to the requirements of the workmen.

A second edition of Mr. Algernon Graves' admirable "DICTIONARY OF ARTISTS" (Bell) has appeared, bringing the lists up to the present time. This work is of great utility to the connoisseur.

Among a host of minor art books recently published, the only humorous contribution is "HISTOIRE DU GRAS M. LEMAIGRE ET DU MAIGRE M. LEGRAS" (*L'Art*, Paris), wherein the adventures of the lean and fat friends are entertainingly illustrated.—"HANDBOOK TO THE BOWES MUSEUM," Liverpool, is an account of Mr. J. L. BOWES' large Japanese collection, open every day free, and well worthy of repeated visits.—"LE SIRE DE RYEBEKE" (*L'Art*) is a Flemish legend beautifully told in French, but with remarkably feeble illustrations.—The second issue of "THE BOOK PLATE ANNUAL" (A. & C. Black) is even better than the first.—"LES ANCIENS INSTRUMENTS DE MUSIQUE" (*L'Art*) is a brochure of great interest to musicians, and it contains several excellent essays.—"THE PILGRIMAGE OF TRUTH" (Swan, Sonnenschein) embraces ten large photogravures from water-colour drawings of but mediocre quality by F. V. Schölander.—"THE ONLY COODLES" (Simpkin) is not a promising title, but a book in English with coloured illustrations by a Japanese (T. Hasegawa), printed in Tokio, redeems the rather commonplace American story, for the illustrations can be cut out and used for decorations.—"THE ALPINE CLUB CATALOGUE OF MOUNTAIN PAINTINGS" was preceded by a preface, very suggestive in character, by Mr. D. W. Freshfield. The Loan Exhibition was a great success, and contained many fine pictures.—"THE END OF ELFIN TOWN," by Jane Barlow (Macmillan), has some quaint illustrations by Laurence Housman.

A collection of mezzotints, historically arranged, and numbering nearly six hundred, will remain open until the end of February in the Austrian Museum for Pictures and Art Industry, Vienna. The catalogue, at sixty kreutzers, contains six reproductions of famous mezzotints very perfectly rendered.

We have received from Messrs. Winsor & Newton a sample of a new white, which they name "Albanine," for the use of artists in black and white. We have submitted it to a practical trial, and find it most successful for obtaining high lights in drawings for photographic reproduction, giving a white so positive and brilliant that one can be far more sparing with its use, while far more successful in results, than with the ordinary Chinese white.

OBITUARY.

We record with regret the death, on the 10th of January, of Mr. Joseph Cundall, a well-known writer on Art topics. He was born at Norwich in 1818, and came to London and entered a publishing house at an early age. He was the pioneer of well-illustrated and superior books for children, and himself wrote and published, under the name of "Stephen Percy," "Tales of the Kings of England," and "Robin Hood and his Merry Foresters," which were illustrated by Sir John Gilbert, then a rising young artist. As a publisher he employed, for the illustration of children's story-books, the best artistic talent of the day, including R. Redgrave, R.A., C. W. Cope, R.A., T. Webster, R.A., J. C. Horsley, R.A., the Marchioness of Waterford, John Linnell, John Absolon, and many others. His two monthly serials, "The Charm" and "The Playmate," were probably the first magazines produced for the young. The success of these ventures was great and well deserved. Later he turned his attention to the publication of works upon Art subjects, availing himself of the developments of photography for fac-simile reproductions of paintings for illustration. He edited the series of "Illustrated Biographies of Great Artists," published by Sampson Low in thirty-nine volumes, and was associated with many other publications. He was connected with the great Exhibition of 1851, and edited the Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition of 1862 for Her Majesty's Commissioners. He was subsequently appointed Superintendent of Publications at South Kensington Museum, a post which he held for many years until compelled to resign owing to ill-health. His bright and sanguine nature, in spite of his distressing ailment—asthma—greatly endeared him to his friends. He has several sons, all holding important positions in the service of Art.

Mr. Paul Mantz, a well-known French Art critic, died in Paris at the end of January. He was a frequent contributor to Art periodicals in France.

Mrs. Mary Thornycroft, sculptor, widow of the late Thomas Thornycroft, died on the 1st of February. For many years Mrs. Thornycroft worked for the Queen at Windsor, modelling the young princes and princesses, but of late years she has lived in private. She leaves two sons—Mr. John Thornycroft, the torpedo-boat maker; and Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., the sculptor—and four daughters, one of whom is Miss Helen Thornycroft, a well-known flower painter.

SIR NOËL PATON: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

I.—HIS POSITION AND INFLUENCE.

EVERY now and again there comes to light one of those rarely-gifted beings who, incapable of giving forth all the wealth of thought and devotion with which their souls are burdened through one avenue of expression, or not satisfied with such single outlet, surprise the world by the manifold ways in which they seek to utter forth that which is within them. Of this class is Sir Joseph Noël Paton, R.S.A., LL.D., the breadth and many-sidedness of whose genius is such that one is at first somewhat overwhelmed in the contemplation of the difficulties to be encountered in giving an account of it. For we find in him not merely the artist, but a man of the most varied culture and thought; a profound religious teacher, who seems ever to be more concerned with the enforcing of his view than with the painting of a picture—though heart enough goes to the making of that; and, lastly, a poet who fills and suffuses his canvas with the rarest pictorial poetry. Then, as it were to emphasise this many-sidedness and to give still another point of resemblance to the great master painters of Italy—to the Raphaels, the Michel Angelos, and the Da Vincis, in whom we find painter and architect; painter, poet, architect, and sculptor; and painter, engineer, scientist, and philosopher; we have to add also sculptor.

Moreover, it is in this breadth of power and wealth of accomplishment that we find the

chief difficulty in dealing with the subject of our monograph; for a man, genius though he may be, cannot be equally great in every department. His very strength and supremacy in one direction may prove to be the cause of weakness in another. In the painter the magnitude of his thought, and the earnestness of his effort to give effect thereto, may be such as to render him indifferent to certain details in working out his conceptions, as we know has been the case with many artists, and notably so in the case of William Blake.

But in the following pages it will be my aim to present the man and his art, rather with the broad touch of the contemporary historian than with the more analytical pencil of the

critic. In the latter capacity a writer is too apt to limit his point of view, making temporary or transient appearances the standards of comparison, instead of the immutable canons of true Art, which must ever make due allowance for the individual. For there is no standard of Art, pure and simple, to judge from; we are ever confronted with Art *plus* the individual. And to judge without taking the two entities into consideration, is to give wide leeway to error.

Thus, in dealing with the Art of our subject, it will be necessary first of all to give due place and prominence to a striking individuality—to one whose ardour of thought and depth of conviction constitute the better part of



King Robert the Bruce.

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 123.)

himself, and who, whatever the mode of expression he may have adopted, would have considered it minor and subservient to the matter to be set forth. In other words, we must, in the first place, look upon Sir Noël Paton as a man with a—I won't say, according to the cant phrase, a mission—but with a serious thought to utter.

And here it is that we are on strong ground with the Queen's Limner for Scotland; for, however we may differ on other points in respect to his work, there can be no question as to the grandeur of the conceptions and the profound importance of the thoughts which he has made it his constant effort to express. Probably, had he chosen, or had he fallen into, the more meretricious walks of Art—of which we have unfortunately

too much at the present time—he might have made more money, or achieved a wider acclaim. But he deliberately set his mind upon cultivating the higher branches of Art, and from the first unflinchingly abode by his choice. From the first he has devoted his splendid gifts and all the ardour of his nature to illustrating the deepest problems and enforcing the highest lessons of life. Above all, his art is distinctly and essentially Christian; he has brought a devout imagination, and a mind early imbued with the best teachings of religion, to bear upon the profoundest subjects of human concern; and like the great ones of the past—men such as Fra Angelico, Bartolommeo, and Albert Dürer—has devoted the ripest fruits of his genius to the elucidation and illumination of Christian themes; and perhaps, in his way, he has proved as great and effective a teacher in this line as any of those who, with more sonorous and insistent oratory, have drummed the indifferent ear of the time.

Something of the nature of a key to his attitude towards Art, and likewise to the formation of his style, is found in one of his earlier sonnets, which will bear transcription here.

'No, Buonarroti, thou shalt not subdue
My mind with thy Thor-hammer! All that play
Of ponderous science with Titanic thew
And spastic tendon—marvellous, 'tis true—
Says nothing to my soul. Thy 'terrible way'
Has led enow of worshippers astray:
I will not walk therein! Nor yet shalt thou,
Majestic Raphael—though before thee bow
The nations, with their tribute of renown—
Lead my heart captive. Great thou art, I own—
Great, but a pagan still. But here, breathe low,
The place is hallowed—here, Angelico!
Heart, mind, and soul, with reverent love confess
The Christian Painter, sent to purify and bless.'

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THE SLAVE HUNT. FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 112.)

It has been insinuated that Sir Noël chose the line of religious art solely with a view to commercial results. But, apart from the consideration that to impute so low a motive is to do an injustice to a man who in every other respect is seen to be of the highest character, the fact that the artist's

earliest works—his humble boyish efforts—were in much the same line as his very latest achievements, ought to be proof enough to all reasonable minds that the direction of his art was not the result of any afterthought, but the simple and spontaneous outcome of his genius. The attempt, too, has been made to divide his art development into periods, beginning with the romantic, and thence progressing through the religious to the historical and superstitious. But

this is mere fanciful generalisation. Although Sir Noël may be said to have begun his serious Art-career by the treatment of romantic subjects, having completed a water-colour drawing of the 'Combat between Bothwell and Balfour' in his sixteenth year, following that up within a year or two by an oil painting of 'Annot Lyle playing'; yet these had been preceded by youthful compositions in illustration of the Bible, and they were shortly afterwards followed by religious works that won him his first fame. The first of these was 'Ruth gleaning,' painted in 1843-4, and exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy in 1844. 'Ruth gleaning' was succeeded, in 1845, by 'A Holy Family,' and that by 'Rachel weeping for her Children, and others in which religion supplied the inspiring motive.

Then, to give his hand a change, he executed (in 1845-6) a highly finished cartoon of 'The Seizure of Roger Mortimer,' and followed that up by his first fairy picture, the small 'Quarrel of Oberon and Titania.' This, together with his 'Puck and Fairy,' was exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh, in 1846. The canvas of the 'Quarrel' is crowded with "quaint conceit and delicate play of fancy"; while both it and the 'Puck and Fairy' are so rich in conception, and so full of what we may call the moon-lit atmosphere of Faërie that the artist at once took the first rank in this line of Art, and has never since been superseded in it.

Nevertheless, all this dallying in fairy realms was but as the play-time of his art. Even while he was engaged upon these and other like delightful creations, he was preparing for more serious work; and one of the first begettings of this deeper spirit was the colossal painting of 'Christ bearing the Cross'—the 'Via Dolorosa' of our full-page illustration here—



VIA DOLOROSA (CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS). FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR NOEL PATON, R.S.A., LL.D.
BY PERMISSION OF MR. HAYDON HARE, SCARBOROUGH, THE OWNER OF THE COPYRIGHT, AND PUBLISHER OF THE LARGE PLATE. (SEE PAGES 98 AND 108.)



THE ENCHANTED BOAT. SPENCER'S FAERIE QUEEN, CANTO VI., STANZA VI. FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 105.)

containing many life-size figures drawn with great strength and beauty: really a marvellous production if we consider the age of the artist and the slender equipment—apart from his brimming brain—with which he had set forth on his career.

The date of this picture was 1847. Thus we see that, during the first ten years of his career, the chief note struck in the gamut of his art had been one of religious sentiment, lightened and relieved from time to time by quickened chords from the realm of romance, or still lighter airs from "the climes where fairies tread." Thus far, notwithstanding the crowding of his canvas, all his themes had been simple, and his narrative more or less direct. And this it is possible to hold, notwithstanding the allegorical 'Spirit of Religion,' to be hereafter noticed.

But soon a change was to make its appearance—not a new spirit, but a development, or further awakening of the spirit that had been present from the beginning. This change was first made distinctly evident to the world in 'The Pursuit of Pleasure,' a highly imaginative picture, radiant with genius, and replete in every line with allegorical meanings. In it we can see the same leaning towards the expression of religious truth that had been present from the first, but blended and interfused therewith we distinguish a play of fancy, and that love of beauty which is ever seen to be a chief controlling delight of the artist.

It is this exuberance of thought, this earnest desire to make the world feel what he feels, and at the same time this intense feeling for beauty, that conditions Sir Noël Paton's art. In other words, while his art is essentially didactic, or becomes so in his matured manner, it is a necessity of his nature that his sermon shall be clothed in the most beautiful language at

his command. He cannot even make his devil ugly. Some one finds fault with him because his Prince of the Powers of Darkness is not repulsive. To which Sir Noël replies: "Obviously the Spirit of Evil must not be 'unattractive,' otherwise he would have no power as a tempter." This shows real insight; and in his view he is in accord with Milton.

"—Ic, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost
All his original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscured."

This illustrates our full-page reproduction of 'The Adversary,' opposite, a picture in the collection of Mr. G. L. Craik, a life-long friend of the artist. In colour this picture, painted in 1876, is perhaps the strongest done by Sir Noël Paton.

The allegorical method becomes more and more the dominant note of his art, though it does not, like Pharaoh's lean kine, swallow up all the fat and well-favoured of its kind, albeit at one time it seemed to threaten to do so. Indeed, in 1856 we see him gaining additional laurels by the exhibition at the Royal Academy in London of a work in a totally different manner. This was the picture called 'Home.' It represented the meeting of a Guardsman, just home from the Crimea, with his wife and mother. The soldier's face is full of the privation and the sorrow and the hopeless longing that we know our brave soldiers suffered at that time.

Two years later the artist repeated his triumph in a still greater picture, which he calls 'In Memoriam.' It celebrated an incident in the Indian Mutiny, as 'Home' had done one of the Crimean War. It contains a considerable number of figures, the chief whereof are two Highlanders who burst into



THE ADVERSARY. "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."—*Mark IX. 44.*
FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR NOËL PATON, IN THE POSSESSION OF GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK, ESQ. (SEE PAGE 10.)

an Indian dungeon in which a number of European women and children are huddled together, in momentary expectation of a terrible fate.

In these two pictures, and in one or two others painted about this time, Sir Noël, it has been pointed out, seems to approximate more nearly to the aims and methods of the Pre-Raphaelites than in any other of his works. They are among the few of his subjects that have to do with contemporary life; and they are painted on non-absorbent white panel, like many of the early Pre-Raphaelite subjects, notably Millais' 'Sir Isumbras at the Ford.' The method is one that calls for very decisive and unhesitating treatment; but when successful the effect is to give great brilliance and translucency of colour.

We may here ask how much Sir Noël came under the influence of the Pre-Raphaelites, and to what extent his style was affected by that notable brotherhood? It is impossible, considering his close intimacy with Millais, for him not to have been deeply impressed by their works, or to have avoided emulating their achievements to some extent, although, owing to his residence in Scotland, he was never in direct communi-

himself but little practical concern with the latter; nevertheless, being a man with eyes and understanding, he could not be insensible to the character of the work produced by this small band of innovators—work which, despite its many deficiencies, still forms the high-water mark of the latter half of the century in its own line.

Still, there is one respect in which the Scottish artist is almost as wide as the poles asunder from the Pre-Raphaelites. Their doctrine—"Select nothing, reject nothing," is totally at variance with Sir Noël's conviction that *selection* and *rejection* lies at the very root of all worthy design in Art, and formed an insuperable bar to their complete sympathy.

Moreover, the Scottish painter was too deficient in technique, and too conscious of his deficiency, to venture upon experiments—one might almost say, upon untried ground—such as the Pre-Raphaelites had launched themselves upon. But that did not prevent him from learning from them; and in the pictures above referred to, as well as in 'The Bluidie Tryste,' executed in 1857-8, we have evident signs of this influence. The 'Tryste' in particular is a picture of ultra Pre-Raphaelite minuteness. The landscape portion was painted at Glen



"Each to his Great Father bends, Old men and babes and loving friends, And youth and maidens gay."

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY SIR NOËL PATON, ILLUSTRATING "THE ANCIENT MARINER." (SEE PAGE 112.)

BY PERMISSION OF THE ART UNION OF LONDON.

cation with them. Still, his aims were in no small degree the same as theirs, that is, in the moral sense; albeit he never marked out for himself any reformatory course, or, indeed, adopted any theory of Art. Though well versed in Art history and Art theories, he would seem to have given

Monadhmore, Arran; the figures at Dunfermline. We seem to mark some of their method, too, in 'Luther at Erfurt,' a very complete and highly-finished painting, dating from 1861, which gained the Heywood gold medal for the best historical work at Manchester in 1862. As it has been objected to



THE GREAT SHEPHERD. FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR NOEL PATON.
BY PERMISSION OF MR. HAYDON HARE, SCARBOROUGH, THE OWNER OF THE COPYRIGHT, AND PUBLISHER OF THE LARGE PLATE.
(SEE PAGE 113.)

this picture that it presents little of the traditional portrait of Luther, it may be well to say that the head (which, of course, represents Luther as a young man in the midst of his spiritual struggle) was modelled on a contemporary engraved portrait of the future Reformer in his monastic habit, lent to the artist by his friend David Laing, the learned librarian of the Signet Library, Edinburgh. How finely modelled the face is those who saw it in the last Guildhall Exhibition will well remember. But notwithstanding any temporary influence of the Pre-Raphaelites, the final impression left upon Sir Noël's art was slight, and *moral* rather than technical. The aim of his art was different to theirs; and this, together with the limits imposed upon him by his technique, conditioned his method in a way that caused it to be at variance with the intentions of most modern work. With the majority of contemporary painters, and notably those of the Scottish school, truth to nature, human and inanimate, in its actual and visible conditions, is the main quality that is striven after and valued; and we must say that many of their achievements in this line are marvels of truth in colour, atmosphere, tone, and chiaroscuro. But in our artist's more ideal compositions these are not the things chiefly aimed at; nor are they found to be indispensable.

Reference has already been made to Sir Noël's lack of complete mastery over technique—a

lack which must ever strike the connoisseur in most of his pictures; and it has been pointed out that it was in the main due to the absence of systematic training in his youth. But it has its root also to some extent in the widely different aims which condition his art. In those works—and they comprise some of his greatest—in which his endeavour is to set forth a spiritual truth, it would not have done to trammel himself altogether with mundane conditions. Like Blake, he feels that bare form is nothing, the thought everything; at heart he feels that the thought is the paramount thing, and that if the conception be fully set forth, the rest is of comparatively little moment. "Shall painting," asks Blake, "be confined to the sordid drudgery of *fac-simile* representation of merely mortal and perishing substance, and not be, as poetry and music are, elevated into its own sphere of invention and visionary conception? No, it shall not be. Painting, as well as poetry and music, exists and exults in immortal thoughts." * Can we

not imagine our artist asking a similar question? Can we not fancy him saying to himself: "Shall there be no distinction between the work of the painter whose aim is to give a literal and faithful transcript of that which he sees with the bodily eye, the 'fixed and ponderable flesh,' or the ever-varying aspect of nature under the conditions of solar heat and light, and his who endeavours to depict the visions that haunt his waking and dreaming hours, and towards the realisation of which the every-day conditions of nature afford at best but hints and suggestions?"

Still, when all is said, there yet remains this want of perfect technical mastery, and no one recognises the fact more fully than the artist himself. No one admires in this respect the works of Mr. Holman Hunt—his one living competitor in regard to religious art—more than himself. In them we see

a manner that is almost the reverse of his own. Mr. Hunt's method is one essentially realistic; and though he does not disdain the use of allegory and symbol, yet the men and women who people his canvases are exact transcripts from life. In Sir Noël we have not this striking contrast, but the figures that set forth his allegory are ideal and, as it were, native to the realm of allegory and fable. Take two examples. In Mr. Hunt's 'Scapegoat,' we have the presentation of a fact, and a very real and startling presentation; in Sir Noël's 'Man with the



TEUMA AND THE INDIAN BOY.
FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 107.)

'Muck-rake' we have the embodiment of an idea in the form of an allegory; and the idea is realised to our minds with a directness and vigour that forcibly recall the allegorist whose vision he sets on canvas.

One might have expected from his birth-land—a land of mists and fogs, brusque weather and lowering skies, a rocky land between untutored seas—one might have expected more of the Gothic spirit; but, in truth, in these days culture is so general and widespread that all the old-world and mediæval bounds are broken down, and the Greek feeling for form prevails even there—north of the Tweed—in all its abounding grace. Hence the artist gives one the idea of a Greek who had steeped himself in the pages of Edmund Spenser—had lived, indeed, with that poet's poet until well-nigh middle-age, and then had gone to college with the quaint and "dour" Bunyan. His quaintness, however, is only—or chiefly—in thought; there is little or nothing of it in his "line," which is always pure and classical.

* "William Blake: His Life, Character, and Genius," p. 154



QUEEN MARGARET AND MALCOLM CANMORE. FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR NOËL PATON.
IN THE COLLECTION OF THE HON. ALEXANDER HAY, OF ADELAIDE. (SEE PAGE 126.)

And lastly, let it be said of his draughtsmanship, that in this lies his main technical excellence. Examine, for example, the drawings, among others, for 'The Ancient Mariner' (page 102), and 'The Enchanted Boat' (page 100). Here he has few superiors—perhaps, if one takes into account also his extraordinary qualities for design—few equals. Rapidity of design is not a matter to be greatly insisted upon; and yet when we consider that his first sketch for a picture of 'Vanity Fair'—to be hereafter referred to—was executed in two days, we are justified in the doubt whether there be a second artist living who could have composed so perfect a piece of work in five times the space of time. When it comes to speaking of colour, one needs to speak with more hesitancy. As a

1895.

colourist Sir Noël is undoubtedly not at his best; here we find him doubting more, halting more. No one can question his feeling for colour—one might even say his passion for colour; but in this very circumstance probably, combined with his early deficiencies in regard to technical instruction, lies the secret of a certain lack of harmony in colouring, with which one is occasionally confronted in his paintings.

These defects, however, are apparent to the connoisseur more than to the general public. They have detracted nothing from his popularity; possibly even they may have tended to enhance it; for they have helped to lift him out from the ranks of the common run of Academy-marked artists, and to add somewhat to the general flavour of his originality.

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SIR NOËL PATON.—II. FINDING HIS WAY.

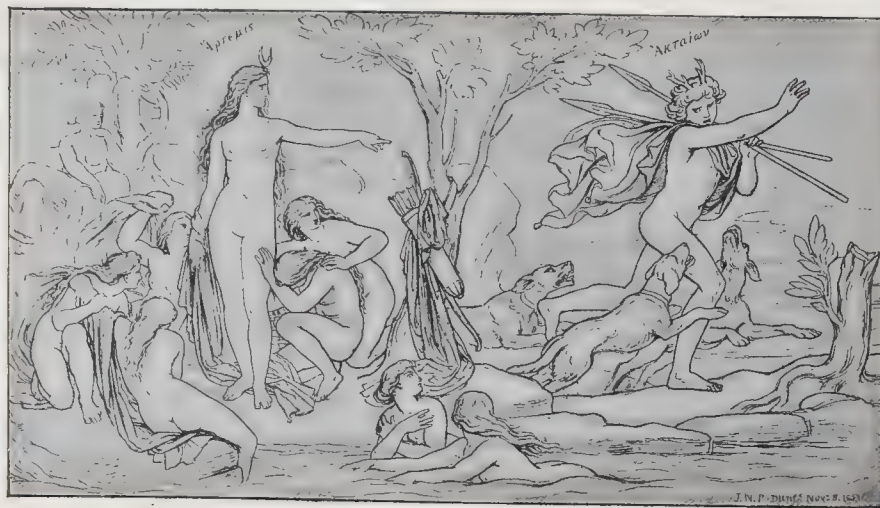
ONE of Sir Noël Paton's first successes was his 'Spirit of Religion,' with which, in 1845, somewhat ambitiously, as it then appeared, he entered into the Westminster Hall competition for cartoons to decorate the walls of the Houses of Parliament. But the result fully justified the attempt; for the youngest of the competitors carried off a prize of £200, the other successful competitors being Armitage and Tenniel, the latter his senior by a year, the former by four years. The size of the cartoon is over sixteen feet in height by nine feet in breadth. The subject is allegorical. The principal figure in the centre of the cartoon is a young man in a prominently striking attitude, representing one who, imbued with the spirit of true religion, has to sustain a conflict with the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, all of which he is here seen disdainful and trampling under foot. Wordly greatness, wealth and honour, and dominion are vividly represented by an old man with a crown on his head, and a sceptre and globe wreathed with laurel in his hand. This figure is prostrate on the ground, his sword broken—in short, vanquished. The Christian is next seen assailed by two beautiful forms representing Love and Wine, each plying her most seductive arts to beguile him from his course. Both of these figures are admirably conceived and drawn. Love is crowned with vine leaves, and Wine carries an unsteady over-brimming cup. Love has laid hold on the Christian, but he pushes her away with indignant repulse, whilst on the opposite side, Fame, rising before him, meets with a like reception; his voice being likewise unheeded. The young man's garment has become unloosed in the struggle, thereby showing to fullest advantage his well-proportioned manly frame. His face is very firm, expressive of fixed determination to resist to the death, mingled with a look of anxiety, as if uncertain

what the issue of the battle may be. But still another foe appears in the strife—Satan, the arch-enemy of mankind, rising giant-like behind, grasping a spear, which he aims at the Christian's heart.

The drawing of this angel has been greatly admired for its beauty of outline, and for the seemingly buoyant manner in which the figure is made to float in mid-air. Behind Michael is seen the angel Gabriel, looking down with intense interest upon the scene, while above, and on either side, forming a semicircle, are groups of cherubim and of seraphim, some in attitudes of rapt adoration, others looking down on the conflict below.

In the centre of the cartoon appears the Divine Redeemer, sustained in the air by his own almighty power, and in the act of blessing with outstretched hands his faithful servant, on whom his eyes beam the utmost benignity and love. The filling in of the background of the picture has also been skilfully managed. Near the figure representing the World is seen a skeleton, emblematic of sin and death, fallen grapes and vine leaves are scattered around, while a poisonous serpent crawls amongst them. Behind the figures of Love and Wine are numerous groups of votaries engaged in the service of Bacchus and of Venus, and on the other side a conquering soldier, bestriding his war-horse, is being deified by his hero-worshipping countrymen.

The picture as a whole is admirably drawn. The foreshortening of the prone figure in the foreground is executed in a most masterly manner, while of all the characters it may be said that each is treated in a way that could scarcely be surpassed—certainly not by a young man of twenty-four. Each and every part is a study, and one knows not which to admire the most, the separate parts, or the beauty and balance



THE DOOM OF ACTON. FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 124.)



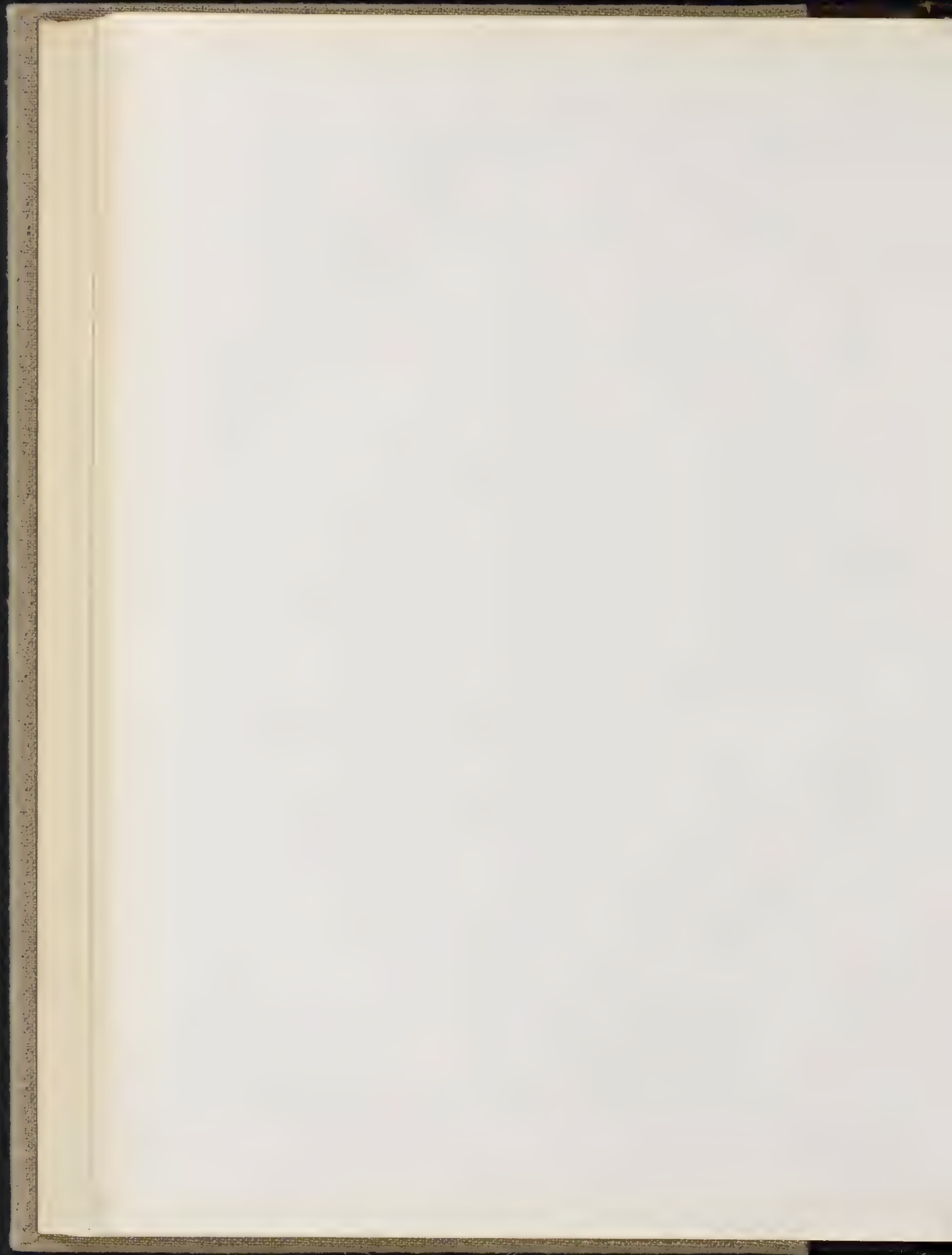




THE QUARREL OF OBERON AND TITANIA.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND, BY SIR J. NOEL PATON, R.S.A., LL.D.
By permission of the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland.

Noel Paton



of the whole. Perhaps as a piece of composition it is most surprising, and if one should venture upon a criticism it would be that the allegory was too full and a little laboured. Sir Noël learned a simpler method later, and by appealing more to the imagination made a deeper impression.

This admirable picture is now in the town house of the artist's native place—a gift to the Corporation by the artist.

It is a noteworthy fact that Mrs. S. C. Hall, after seeing 'The Spirit of Religion,' wrote to the painter congratulating him upon his success, and saying: "Next to Maclise's cartoon . . . yours had the greatest number of admirers. It is a noble and glorious work, and full, like Maclise's, of mind—mind of the highest order and imagination—most varied and powerful. I assure you that this great triumph you have achieved in the 'young morning of your days' is but an earnest of what, by God's great blessing, will follow." How good a prophet the talented lady proved is attested by Sir Noël's subsequent career. Haydon also—than whom few of his day were better qualified to judge—gave high praise to the cartoon, saying that, though it "could not compete with Maclise's for elaborate finish and mechanical dexterity, nor with Dyce's for quiet artistic ease," yet "it had more originality, more strength, more mind, than either of them."

In a similar competition two years later, Paton gained a prize in the second class of £300 with his oil paintings of 'The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania' and 'Christ bearing the Cross.' The first-named was exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy in the same year (1847), and in a very liberal spirit was purchased for their collection by the Academy. The same post brought the artist an offer of £100 more from the committee of the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland; but he did not hesitate between the two offers. Shortly afterwards the late King of the Belgians, through Sir Charles Eastlake, communicated his

desire to purchase it. It is now in the Scottish National Gallery. The companion picture, 'The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania,' exhibited three years later in the Royal Scottish Academy, is also now in the Scottish National Gallery, and is, perhaps, the most popular picture there. It was purchased for the national collection by the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, by whom it was reproduced in photo-

togravure for their subscribers a few years ago. The Committee of this Association, which is now being wound up, have very cordially permitted the reproduction we give in our separate plate.

This reproduction shows the chief portion of the subject which is full of the most exquisite detail. All who know their Shakespeare will remember the scene in Act II. of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which the artist has chosen for the subject of his picture, and the "Indian boy" who is the subject of the quarrel. "Why should Titania cross her Oberon?" asks the latter. "I do but beg a little changeling boy to be my henchman." To which Titania replies: "The fairy-land buys not the boy of me," and away she goes. Thus the quarrel. Then to be revenged upon his queen, Oberon resolves so to bewitch her that she shall



THE VISION OF EZEKIEL. FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 115.)

fall in love with the first creature she sees on waking. This happens to be the Athenian "mechanical" Bottom, who has been fitted by Puck with an ass's head. Never before, perhaps, was Shakespeare's rich humour and fancy so happily realised. On page 104 we give a reproduction from a first sketch for a cabinet picture, painted in 1871, of 'Titania and the Indian Boy.'

In both these pictures the artist exhibits his fancy at its quaintest and best. The canvases are crowded with a multiplicity of fairy-like creatures in all sorts of fantastic attitudes. Flowers and shells, birds and insects innumerable abound, all painted with the rarest spirit and fidelity, and all as it were instinct with life. It may be remarked here that in this latter

department Sir Noël's technique is almost at its best. In the exquisiteness of his flower painting especially, and, we may add, in the delicate rendering of the tone and surfaces of armour, carvings, and other objects of still life, he has few rivals. As regards colour, there the fairy pictures, perhaps,



LEUCOTHEA SAVES THE WRECKED ODYSSEUS.
FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 124.)

show Sir Noël at his best. It is delicate and refined in the extreme.

By an unfortunate arrangement the last named of these fairy pictures was previously exhibited at Mr. Graves's place in Pall Mall, whereby it was precluded from appearing at the Royal Academy.

The 'Christ bearing the Cross' (known also as the 'Via Dolorosa'), of which we give a full-page block at page 99, was exhibited in the Scottish Academy, the year following its appearance at Westminster. The scene commemorated is laid outside the gate of Jerusalem. The progress of Christ on his way to Golgotha is arrested, in order that Simon the Cyrenian may relieve him of the burden of the cross. Jesus naturally forms the central figure, behind him are those who were chiefly instrumental in bringing about his sacrifice, while in front are the devotees who will profit by the atonement. The expression on the countenance of the Saviour is very beautiful and fitting to the occasion, showing a depth of grief that is with difficulty suppressed, while through it, as his hand stretches over the infant that gazes into his face with ineffable trust, shines a love nothing less than divine in its mingled sweetness and pathos. A fine example of the Roman soldiers is the centurion who is instructing the flictor to assist Simon in his kindly office. Mary, the wife of Cleophas, has swooned, as the realisation of her fears becomes only too evident. She forms a striking contrast to the Ethiopian woman supporting her. To the left of the Saviour is St. John, who seems to be mildly expostulating with two Sadducees. More remote is a Pharisee—one of the number who plotted the condemnation of Jesus.

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In the treatment of the mother of Christ, the painter departs from tradition, representing her as a woman of middle age, and furrowing her face with the natural anguish of one so placed. Near to her is Mary Magdalene, whose figure, as well as that of the Madonna, is partially hidden by the beautiful form of one of the daughters of Jerusalem, who is reverently kneeling in the path the Saviour must tread, her face buried in her hands. The background presents a refreshing glimpse of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, dividing the hill of Moriah from that of Golgotha.

Much might be said of the picture by way of criticism; but when it is considered that it was the work of a young man of twenty-five, almost self-taught, we must confess that it is nothing less than surprising. The 'Via Dolorosa' is now in the gallery of the Coates Institute, Paisley, and it is published as a large plate by Mr. Haydon Hare, of Scarborough, who has permitted it to be given here.

To the works above mentioned succeeded a number of pictures of varied character and power. Among them were 'Thomas the Rhymer and the Queen of Faërie,' the 'Death of Paolo and Francesca da Rimini,' 'Nimrod the Mighty Hunter,' 'Dante meditating the Episode of Francesca da Rimini,' the 'Eve of St. Agnes,' and, in 1854, 'The Dead Lady.' This last ranks as one of the artist's most successful efforts. It is an exquisitely touching—one might say haunting—picture, which few who have seen it will ever be able to forget. The dead lady is supposed to be the good and noble Vittoria Colonna, and he who, overwhelmed with grief, buries his face in his hands by her side is her friend Michael Angelo. Never was death made more beautiful: the saint-like profile



A DANGEROUS PLAYMATE: NYMPH AND CUPID.
FROM THE DRAWING BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 124.)

of the lady is relieved against a glowing evening sky, seen through pillared arches of jasper and marble, while over the stilled breast trembles a brightly-shining star, as though the heart's life had just flitted thither to its eternal home.



THE EMPTY CRADLE. FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR NOËL PATON, IN THE POSSESSION OF R. NESHAM, ESQ., CLAPHAM PARK. (SEE PAGE 115.)

To this same period belongs the composition already referred to, the sketch for a picture of 'Vanity Fair.' It is a marvellous piece of work, comprising quite a multitude of figures; and had it ever been completed, it would probably have ranked among the noblest conceptions of modern Art. Unfortunately, owing to a number of circumstances, among which were Mr. Ruskin's dissuasion on the ground of its extreme complexity, and the fact that it must have been painted out of doors, and in a land of more constant sunlight than ours, Sir Noël reluctantly decided to relinquish his design. This is the more to be regretted, because all those who have had the privilege of seeing it feel that it shows a depth of thought and a richness of conception equalled by few of his published works and surpassed by none.

Well might Millais, on beholding such mastery of composition as is exhibited in this and other works, say, as he is reported to have done: "If Paton had my hands, and I his power of design, either of us could have done anything."

In the 'Vanity Fair,' the artist was indebted to some extent to Bunyan, but in the next large allegorical subject that followed from his prolific imagination, the conception was entirely his own. This was 'The Pursuit of Pleasure,' which seems to have been inspired by the lines from Job beginning, "Even as I have seen, they that plough iniquity and sow

wickedness reap the same. By the blast of God they perish, and by the breath of his nostrils they are consumed."

The idea the picture is intended to illustrate is—as the motive of all painted allegory should be—of the simplest kind, namely, that in what pursuit soever unregenerate humanity engages, its aim therein is self-indulgence, that is, pleasure, whether in the form of sensual gratification, power, glory, or what not. The principal figure, therefore, is the personification of pleasure, in the broader and more philosophical acceptance of the term. Her face is veiled in shadow, because that which it typifies, and which all "the children of disobedience" thirst after, is ever vague and indefinite. She is significantly crowned with poppies, and represented with the wings of the death's-head moth, and is attended by genii strewing flowers, and blowing bubbles—emblems of evanescence—in the paths of her worshippers. Every inch of the canvas suggests thought, and upon every re-examination fresh beauties are revealed.

This striking picture was exhibited, along with the 'Vanity Fair' sketch, in 1855, in the Royal Scottish Academy, where it elicited an almost unanimous chorus of praise as a work of very exceptional merit, and displaying high imaginative qualities. Critics, however—not always the most reliable judges—are sometimes found expressing very contrary opinions of



THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN THE CRIMEA. FROM THE DRAWING BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 124.)



FACT AND FANCY. FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 112.)

the same work; and this picture was not exempt from such fiery ordeal. But, estimated by results, it found special favour with the public. Previous to publication, the painting itself was sold for a large sum to Mr. (afterwards Sir) Graham Briggs, of Barbadoes.

The following year Sir Noël's chief picture was 'Hesperus,' two lovers seated at eventide on a mossy bank, exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1858; and in the same year he exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy two exquisitely finished studies of a rocky Highland stream in water colours, which would have gone far to insure his success in that department of Art, had he chosen to devote himself thereto. Following these came two or three fairy pictures, of the number being 'Oberon and Sleeping Titania,' and 'Oberon and the Sea-maid,' now in the collection of the Marquis of Lothian.

To this period (1859) belongs also a very striking work in the sister art of sculpture. In an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm it had been decided in Scotland to erect a national monument to Sir William Wallace. The site selected was the crest of a wooded hill—the Abbey Craig, near Stirling—which commands a magnificent view of the Valley of the Forth. In order that he might fulfil a pledge to become a competitor for the honour of executing the projected memorial, Sir Noël, who was deeply interested in the movement, retired from the committee, of which he was an early member. His model—a symbolical group of a lion with a broken chain overthrowing a crowned Typhon

(see page 120), which he proposed to carry out in galvanized iron on a huge scale—was selected by the acting committee. But circumstances which are now "ancient history"—one of them, a very unwarranted apprehension that the symbolism of the design would give offence to their southern neighbours—ultimately induced the committee to adopt a purely architectural design, and to appeal to Sir Noël for permission to rescind their previous decision. To this singular request Sir Noël, who would seem to have become sick of the whole matter, was only too thankful to accede, and the present conventional and utterly barbarous tower was substituted. Thus it came to pass that this powerful and very effective design was set aside, although the first choice of the committee has since been emphatically endorsed by some of the highest authorities on Art.

During the next few years Sir Noël was busy with a number of minor, though still important oil paintings, and other works, including designs on wood, and sketches of every description. Among the more noteworthy may be named 'The Entombment' and 'Gethsemane,' both gems in their way, exhibited simultaneously in the Royal Scottish Academy in 1860. They were tiny in size, and were bought by Mr. Sharp, of Endwood Court, after whose death they sold at Christie and Manson's for surprisingly large prices.

In 1862 he executed a series of six pictures illustrating the old Scottish ballad, "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," painted and engraved for the Association for the Promotion of the

Fine Arts in Scotland, which attained wide popularity; we reproduce one at page 121. Also another graceful design for a Scottish national monument to Prince Albert, of which we give an illustration at page 114. This design was warmly approved by Her Majesty, but was set aside by the committee for the equestrian statue by the late Sir John Steell, now in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

In the succeeding year he executed for the Art Union of London a series of illustrations to the "Ancient Mariner," of which we give a specimen at page 102, from designs originally made at Greenock in 1850. And at Windsor in 1864, he painted a small picture of the Queen in the death chamber of the Prince Consort.

To 1865 belong 'Fact and Fancy,' which appeared in the Royal Academy of that year, and 'The Death Barge of King Arthur.' The former was bought by Mr. James Cowan, M.P., and engraved (he presenting the copyright) for the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland. It is a work of very elaborate detail (see page 111), representing a little fair-haired boy who, having lost himself by the wooded margin of a Highland stream, has a vision of the elf-queen and her court. To the same year (1865) belongs the 'Slave Hunt' (page 98), one of a series of sepia designs illustrative of Slavery, issued by the Glasgow Art Union.

The 'Death Barge' is a drawing in sepia, executed for the Art Union of Glasgow—one of a set of three, Millais and Sant

having made the others—and issued by the Union in 1866. The conception is exceedingly well carried out, showing great variety of design and the artist's usual felicity of fancy.

This design, which we reproduce at page 115, anticipates in a very remarkable manner the large picture entitled 'The Passing of Arthur,' by Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., which appeared in the Royal Academy in 1889. This fine design illustrates the following passage from Malory's "Morte d'Arthur":—

"Now put me into the barge," said the King. And so he did softly, and there received him three queens with great mourning, and so these three queens set him down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, 'Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath taken over much cold.' And so they rowed from the land. . . . Evermore the queens and the ladies wept and shrieked, that it was a pity for to hear them.

It will have been seen from the above list of pictures—and they form hardly a tithe of his actual production during the period covered—that Sir Noël is not an idler. As a matter of fact he is an indefatigable worker; his art is his life, and all the changes and movements he has made seem to have been instigated chiefly by the needs of his artistic development. Most of the pictures above referred to up to 1858, were painted at Dunfermline. But after that date they were usually painted in Edinburgh, where he settled after his marriage in that year.

SIR NOËL PATON.—III. LATER WORKS.

WE now come to Sir Noël's later and more matured period, when he began to produce in rapid succession those profoundly thoughtful works which are, perhaps, the most striking characteristics of his genius, and with which his name in future times will be chiefly associated, as they are so associated in the public mind at present. The first of this class to be noted is the 'Mors Janua Vitæ' (Death the Gate of Life). It was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1866. The picture represents a Christian warrior, clad in mail, whose fight is nearly done and his guerdon—the guerdon of death—won. Its purport is well set forth in the following words which accompanied the picture: "So, wounded and weary from the conflict, he arose and followed the beckoning Shadow. His steps were feeble by reason of his sore hurts; but his heart quailed not, for he knew that ere now his Lord had trodden the same way. Thus passed he through the dark valley, where were many tombs, and the dead leaves were deep beneath his feet. . . . At last, strength failing him, he sank upon his knees. Then the Shadow made pause, and turning round, laid upon him a hand at whose touch his blood became as ice, and his heart within him stood still with terrors that might not be uttered. Then through the darkness there came as from afar, but ever nearer, the voice of singing, and the sound as of many harps. And the Shadow spoke, and its voice was as the voice of an Angel: 'Thou hast been faithful unto Death; the Lord will give thee a crown of Life.' Thus was the veil of the Darkness rent asunder, and lo! the Shadow was clothed upon with light and with a garment of rejoicing, and he knew that the promise was fulfilled, and that, in very deed, Mortality was swallowed up of Life."

No added words are necessary to show the simplicity and

beauty of this picture, which, it is needless to say, attracted uncommon attention at the Academy exhibition. It should be said that, though designed to convey the most cheering doctrines of the Christian faith, it is not altogether free from that tinge of sadness which seems to run through all Sir Noël's work that is not concerned with a jaunt to fairyland. Even in such pictures as 'Hesperus,' the touch of melancholy is too obvious to be overlooked.

The altogether delightful painting entitled, 'I wonder who lived in there?' appeared in the same Royal Academy Exhibition. The composition is not an ideal one, but the representation of a fact. The scene is the artist's studio, in which, on entering one day, he saw his young son, chin on hand, "glowering" into an old helmet, with eyes full of the tales of chivalry which he had read or heard related. "I wonder who lived in there?" was the boy's remark to his father. The incident could hardly fail to make a deep impression upon a mind like Sir Noël's, and the result was the picture in question, of which we give an engraving on page 113.

In the following year appeared 'The Fairy Raid,' depicting the queen of Faërie and her elfin chivalry in the act of carrying off a mortal changeling. The motley cavalcade is seen flashing from the darkness of a wood, and winding along a moonlit glade, beyond which stand the weird remains of a Druid temple. This picture has more of the quality of colour than probably any other of Sir Noël's productions. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy, and speedily became a popular favourite. From then till now we have had a succession of works of the first importance, their order broken from time to time by smaller, though still highly finished and carefully thought-out pictures, such as 'Caliban listening to the Music,'

(R.A., 1868), 'Auld Robin Gray,' representing the pathetic parting scene, which was presented to Lady Edith Campbell on her marriage with Lord Percy; and 'The Cruel Sister,' in the "Bonny Mill-dams of Binnorie."

In 1871 appeared 'Faith and Reason,' of which work we give a reproduction of one of the Studies for one of the heads (page 121); a little later came 'Christ and Mary at the Sepulchre,' and in 1874 'Satan watching the Sleep of Christ.' The face of the sleeping Christ is most beautiful; albeit, we feel that the artist, like many others before him, has struggled somewhat vainly in the endeavour to present us with a divine countenance that shall combine at once masculine strength and heroism with the supreme feminine tenderness and pity—a well-nigh hopeless task! The treatment of the picture is characterized by that poetic thoughtfulness which we find in all Sir Noël's works, and is finished with all his accustomed care.

To this picture followed in quick succession, 'The Man of Sorrows,' 'Christ the Great Shepherd,' 'The Man with the Muck Rake,' 'Thy Will be Done,' and 'Lux in Tenebris,' the latter in 1879. In the first-named the artist again returns to the subject of the Temptation, and every one who has seen it must confess it to be not merely one of Sir Noël's greatest achievements, but one of the greatest religious pictures of our time.

'Thy Will be Done' was painted as a companion picture to 'The Man of Sorrows,' and was dedicated to the memory of the Princess Alice. The scene is the Garden of Gethsemane; the time midnight. No star brightens the darkness, but a ray of light from the heavenly home descends towards Him, who is represented in the supreme moment of agony upon his knees.

Sir Noël tells us that in 'The Great Shepherd' his aim was to illustrate—as far as in him lay—the shepherd's love for the lamb, as expressed in the exquisitely tender words of Isaiah: "He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom;" and nobly, indeed, has he carried out his intention. As may be seen in our reproduction on page 103, the life-size figure of Christ occupies the centre of the canvas, and is a remarkable study. The expression of the features is that of unbounded compassion for the wandering lamb which has been recovered, and which is being carried safely in the Redeemer's arms. In one hand he grasps the pastoral crook, and while his head is encircled by a crown of thorns and surrounded by a brilliant halo, his hands and feet bear the print of the nails of Calvary. The lamb rests its head confidently



"I WONDER WHO LIVED IN THERE?" FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 112.)

upon the shepherd's shoulder, and looks towards the rocky waste, bathed in the golden light of the setting sun, from which it has been rescued only just before the fall of night. The whole is a beautiful allegory. The treatment of the Saviour is very noble; while the drawing and composition are alike excellent.

'The Great Shepherd' was dedicated by special command to the Queen, who also gave the artist a commission for a reduced replica, which has found a place in the Prayer Room at Osborne, in company with a replica of 'The Man of Sorrows,' and a third, noticed later, the subject of our frontispiece, entitled, 'Vigilate et Orate.'

As to the execution of 'Lux in Tenebris,' we feel in looking at it that it is eclipsed in the grandness of the idea. Though confessedly not the work of a colourist, in draughtsmanship it equals anything that the artist had previously done. The drawing is firm and true, the composition learned, and yet easy; and, what is more, the evidences of thought are profound and touching.

The same year that saw the production of 'Lux in Tenebris' witnessed also the appearance of several other important pictures, notably 'A Dream of Latmos,' now in the National Gallery of Victoria, and a life-size head of Christ, with the title 'O Jerusalem!' which was exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery, and is now the property of Mr. George Lillie Craik.

To 1881 belongs another work in what we may call Sir Noël's grand style, namely, his 'In Die Malo,' better known perhaps as 'Faith arming the Christian Warrior.' Within the darkened chamber of the House of Faith stands the Christian warrior armed for the conflict. On the right are the glare and smoke from the furnace of temptation—the "fiery darts from the wicked one." The figure of the hero is a study. Tall and of fine muscular build, his face betrays not the slightest trace

of fear. He is indeed anxious for the fray; but there is no sign of bravado or overweening self-confidence: his strength lies elsewhere, and the cause is not far to seek.

In 'In Die Malo' we have another of Sir Noël's sermons in colour, and a very beautiful and touching sermon it is. Even those who are not in entire sympathy with the painter's religious views can hardly hesitate to confess the beauty of the conception, or deny the high qualities of its execution.

Although begun in 1881, this picture was not finished until 1882; to which year belongs also the picture 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' exhibited at the R.S.A., and purchased by Mr. John Aird, M.P., which showed that the artist's hand had lost none of its cunning in the painting of fairy subjects, the one in question presenting 'Puck and the Fairy,' and taking for its text, "How now, spirit; whither wander you?"

In the following year was commenced 'The Choice'—life-size—but not finished till 1886. Although, according to his custom, Sir Noël in this work takes a scriptural text for the subject of this picture, yet he might have been inspired by the following noble lines of James Russell Lowell, so well does it carry out their spirit:—

"Once to every man and nation comes
the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth and Falsehood,
for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Mess-
siah, offering each the bloom or
blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand,
and the sheep upon the right,
And the CHOICE goes by for ever,
'twixt that darkness and that
light."

The story here
told, and told
in such a
forcible
way, is
the same
which

Homer crystallised in Circe, and which has since these far-off days been told both by poet and by painter in a thousand diverse ways, namely, the struggle which has been for ever going on betwixt the lower and the higher part of man's nature. The subject is extremely simple in its treatment. A knight completely armed in mail stands upon the verge of a precipice, grasping with his right hand the hand of an angel, while with his left he rejects the advances of a Circean temptress—a luridly beautiful, bold, and attractive woman, arranged in luxurious *deshabille*. In the shadow, close at hand, lies the grinning skull of a jester, one

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SIR NOEL PATON'S DESIGN FOR THE AIDRIE MEMORIAL, EDINBURGH. (SEE PAGE 112.)

of her victims. The figure of the young knight is painted with great force and animation, the sternly-set features, over which there broods a kind of startled horror, being most powerful in expression. The figure of the angel is purely idyllic, and forms a fine contrast to the Bacchante. This latter figure forms the most striking feature of the picture and is well worthy of close study, so much has the painter thrown into the hard, cold, and yet passionate face, and into the voluptuous form. It is a type of all that is most powerful or evil in human society. So much we must confess from the ethical point of view; speaking artistically, however, we must admit that the graceful flow of the drapery, the subtle richness of colour, and the exquisite pose of the head, make the temptress a thing of beauty. In painting her hair, with its roses of a dusky crimson, Sir Noël has exhibited great skill, and in the glancing of the light on the shining armour of the young man he has been eminently successful. We give, at page 116, reproductions of two Studies for this picture.

As already stated, however, 'The Choice' was not completed until 1886, and in the meantime several other important works had been begun and finished. One of these was the 'Vigilate et Orate' ('Watch and Pray') previously referred to as having been painted for Her Majesty the Queen, and now forming the centre of a triptych in the Prayer Room at Osborne. As

we give a reproduction of this beautiful work in our frontispiece, little need be said about it beyond

giving the reader a little help in understanding the figures, and even this is hardly necessary, so well do they speak for themselves.

The scene of 'Vigilate et Orate' is in the Garden of Gethsemane, and represents the terrible hour of Christ's trial before the betrayal. He has just returned, after his time of anguish, alone, to find the three disciples, whom he had left a short time before to watch and pray, asleep. Peter, the most valourous of all the Apostles, is seen just newly overcome, his head resting on his knees, and his sword apparently about to slip from his grasp. James sits more erect, his



1811





THE RISE OF THE DEAD

BY J. H. WATSON

1871

features revealing more fully, in his deep slumber, the care and anxiety which oppress his spirit. John is stretched upon the ground, his sympathetic countenance, full of tenderness and affection, lighted up with the reflection of the dawn, which is stealing its way through the trees and the slight mist which still half conceals them—the illumination beautifully suggesting the likeness which is already arising in the disciple, who is to be the preacher, to the Master, who is the author of the gospel of love. But while there are these points of resemblance between the two, there are also striking points of contrast, as, for instance, the trustfulness of John's expression and the suffering depicted in the face of the Saviour.

The latest of Sir Noël's works given to the world are the 'Vade, Satana,' 'Beate Mundo Corde,' and 'De Profundis.' All these are additions to the series of homilies in pigment which have made so deep an impression on the public mind. They are probably still too fresh in the general memory to need any detailed description. Of the 'Vade, Satana,' we give one of the original drapery studies at page 122. The 'Beate Mundo Corde' was first painted as a small oil sketch, entitled, 'How an Angel rowed Galahad over the Dern Mere.' The larger picture was commenced in 1889, and finished in the following year. It shows on an oblong canvas the stately figure of a youthful knight clad in full armour, and standing beside his steed in a boat, whose oars are held by an angelic figure in the prow. Here, as may be seen in the reproduction of the study

on page 124, we have an example of the most finished draughtsmanship; while the masterly painting of the armour and the rich trappings of the grey steed give evidence of the artist's extensive antiquarian knowledge.

The cabinet-size picture of which we give a reproduction on page 109, 'The Empty Cradle,' is alike beautiful in conception and treatment; and was the work of a few years later. One hardly knows which to admire the most, the calm beauty of the face of Christ, or the trustful hope of the mother's. The artist found his inspiration in the celebrated poem of Longfellow.

To this prolific period (1890-91) belongs also the striking, we might even say weird, picture which we reproduce on page 107. It is a powerful realization of Ezekiel's vision of dry bones: "So I prophesied as I was commanded; and as I prophesied there was a voice, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone." Something of the haunting mystery of the original is lost through the lack of colour; but still we can feel how successfully the artist's brooding imagination has been conveyed to his canvas.

In the 'De Profundis,' finished in 1892, some have found a falling off in the veteran painter's powers. Such may be the case; indeed, it would be wonderful if, at the age of seventy, there were the same delicacy of touch and sureness of eye as at forty or fifty; but as regards depth of thought and earnestness of intention there is assuredly no evidence of decay or diminution of power.



THE DEATH BARGE OF KING ARTHUR. FROM THE DRAWING IN SEPIA EXECUTED BY SIR NOËL PATON IN 1865. (SEE PAGE 112.)

SIR NOËL PATON.—IV. EARLY LIFE AND EXPERIENCES.

HAVING learned so much about Sir Noël Paton's art, it may be interesting to the reader to be now told something more about the man himself, and how he came to be what he is and to do what he has done. It has already been indicated that he was born at Dunfermline, the western capital of the ancient "Kingdom of Fife." This event took place on the 13th of December, 1821. There are few places better calculated to foster the growth of poetry and romance than this "city set upon a hill" on the north side of the Firth of Forth, where, from her wooded eminence, she looks at her fairer sister—"stately Edinburgh throned on crags"—across the silvery stretch of sea which has so lately been spanned by one of the most wonderful creations of modern engineering skill, the Forth Bridge. Its history is bound up with the history of Scotland in its brightest days of chivalry and of regal and ecclesiastical magnificence. Here first saw the light King David II., James I. and Charles I., the unfortunate "anointed king" of England; here, in the Abbey, are buried King Malcolm Canmore, his queen, the sainted Margaret, King Robert the Bruce, and many more of the kings and chieftains of Scotland; while round the parapet of the four sides of the great tower of the modern church, annexed to the grand Norman nave of the ancient edifice, may be read in letters visible miles away, "King—Robert—the—Bruce." The ruined abbey and palace are replete with romantic associations of the founders, the Benedictines from Canterbury, and of King Edward I., who spent the winter of 1303 here.

The artist's father, Mr. Joseph Neil Paton, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, was a man not only of great individuality, but also of striking originality of character. By profession a designer of patterns for the manufacturers of



STUDY OF HEAD FOR 'THE CHOICE.' BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 114.)



STUDY OF HEAD FOR 'THE CHOICE.' BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 114.)

damask for which Dunfermline is famous, his hand, in Shakespeare's apt phrase, had become dyed to the material it worked in; but he appears to have been cut out by nature for an artist. In his youth he had been a student of Art, having been a favourite pupil of Andrew Wilson, Master of the "Trustees'" Academy, where Sir David Wilkie, John Burnet, David Scott, and other distinguished Scottish artists received their early training. Fate, however, destined him for other work: but he never forgot his Art aspirations, nor did the Art spirit ever leave him. He possessed all the feelings and instincts of an artist, and these he maintained to the last. They gave the bent to his life; they made it necessary for him to surround himself with objects of beauty: casts from the antique, engravings after the Old Masters, and the like; while the historical bent of his mind led him from an early period to collect furniture from the deserted Scottish palaces, with old books, old pictures, armour, weapons, and other objects illustrative of Scottish antiquities; with all which rare stuff his house—the house in which young Paton's early days were chiefly passed—was crammed, as we may say, from garret to basement.

This house was situate in a quiet nook, embowered in trees, in one of the bends of a narrow glen, which, with its burn finding its babbling course amidst rocks and thickets, forms a feature of the west end of the town. Not far away, and visible from the door of Wothers'-Alley Cottage, as this delightful abode was named, stood the grey ruins of the abbey and the Royal Palace of Dunfermline. The place was built by Mr. Paton, and though it was small, it became, as has been observed, as well worth a visit as the more imposing Abbotsford, on account of the historical relics it contained. Few men of genius have been so advantageously situated in their youthful days. Alike in the surroundings of his home, as in the



OSKOLD AND THE ELLÉ MAIDS. FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 126.)

artistic wealth of its interior, the growing boy found material for the feeding of his receptive mind: to which circumstance he doubtless owes the manifold richness and variety of detail to be met with in his works.

On visiting Woovers' Alley, Mr. Ruskin bore quaint testimony to the peculiar charm of the place. Turning round under a clump of old limes, he exclaimed to Sir Noël: "Well, this is a perfect A. P.!" "But what is an A. P.?" he was asked in some bewilderment. "Why, an Airthly Paradise, to be sure," he laughingly replied. "Your father must come up to Denmark Hill, and I will come down here and write a book!" And, indeed, to judge by the affectionate fondness with which Sir Noël looks back upon his early home—and the feeling is echoed by all who knew the place—it seems almost to have deserved Mr. Ruskin's title.

But while these things had their influence upon the opening mind of the youth, there were other causes at work that had a still deeper significance upon, at least, one of the budding minds of the household than historical associations or scenes of natural beauty. This was the religious character of the father. Mr. Paton was, above all, a seeker after truth. He went through many phases of religious development. The son of a Unitarian, he early joined the Presbyterian Church, then turned Methodist, and afterwards Quaker, finally settling down into Swedenborgianism. Nor was this all; for, so earnest was

he, that he built a small chapel near his house, and for many years was there wont to expound the doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg to a little band of disciples.

Who can doubt the profound influence which the teachings and, in especial, the character of such a man would have upon his sons? Nor was the influence of the mother, in its own way, less potent for good. From that parent young Paton inherited a strain that allies him to much of the noblest and most heroic in Scottish history; Mrs. Paton having been immediately descended from the chief lines of the MacDiarmids of Glen Lyon, and the Robertsons of Struan. The latter house, according to the late Mr. W. F. Skene (one of the highest authorities on such matters), being the sole remaining representatives in the male line of the ancient Celtic Kings of Scotland. Through this connection Sir Noël also claims kinship with Carolina Oliphant, Baroness Nairne, the beautiful, gifted, and saintly authoress of "The Land o' the Leal," and other widely known Scottish songs—a fact of which he is excusably proud.

Mrs. Paton possessed in full degree the gracious manners and all the romantic enthusiasm of the Celt, while her mind was a store-house of fairy lore and Highland tradition. It need hardly be said that these were a constant source of delight to a youth whose early years were spent in a world of imagination. The impressions thus received were enhanced by the



PORTION OF "BARTHAM'S DIRGE," BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 122.)

boy's early reading, which consisted for the most part of the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Pope's "Homer," Blind Harry's "Wallace," Barbour's "Bruce," Macpherson's "Ossian," and Scott's "Border Minstrelsy."

Whatever of mysticism may be traced in Sir Noël's work is doubtless due in large measure to these early teachings; although, according to his own account, there was another mystic to whose influence, in respect of his art, Paton owes not a little. This was William Blake, to whom, as painter, poet, and religious teacher, he has striking and undoubted points of resemblance. His attention was early directed to Blake, his father having been a devout admirer both of his art and his poetry long before such admiration had become a "fashion." This sentiment was shared by the son, whose early love for the frenetic dreamer has remained undimmed into his old age. Amongst the many gems of his treasure-house in Edinburgh, there is a small drawing by Blake inscribed in the artist's hand—"O revolving serpent of the ocean of time and space." It is not many inches in size, but so rich in its deep prismatic colouring that it is like a piece of enchantment.

Seeing his father at work on his designs would naturally suggest imitation, and accordingly we find Noël as a mere boy greatly addicted to drawing on any odd scraps of paper that came within his reach. But the first "large works" which now stand on "memory's waste" were executed upon the kitchen hearthstone in Wothers' Alley with a burnt stick. He was accustomed to give the servants "sweeties" as bribes to induce them to whiten his novel drawing-board three or four times of an evening that he might use it again and again—no doubt producing works which were as original in form and composition as they were in the materials employed in their execution. These early indications of the boy's nascent powers received every assistance from the father; who encouraged his youthful efforts to body forth with the pencil, the scenes from history and romance of which his thoughts were full.

As bearing on this period the following from a memorandum by Sir Noël may be quoted. "The circumstances and surroundings of my boyhood made it all

Lut impossible that I should be anything but an artist, my father's tendencies and pursuits being all in that direction. Though, unfortunately, as I now feel, he always put the *thought* before the *thing*, and encouraged me in perpetual scribbling at *subjects*, instead of obliging me to copy *objects*—a habit that has stuck to me all through life, with more or less injurious results to my work—realistic enough as much of it has been. In fact, I never had any technical training; for although I obtained my studentship at the Royal Academy, I never studied there."

During these early years of endeavour, Robert T. Ross, R.S.A., then a young man just beginning his Art struggles, came to Wothers' Alley to paint one of the ceilings with subjects from Raphael and other old masters, and young Paton was all eyes watching the progress of the work, and picking up what knowledge he could in regard to the use of colours. Ross, too, had with him a study from one of the great pictures by Etty, belonging to the Royal Scottish Academy, which Paton in turn transferred to canvas—almost the only copy of a picture he ever made.



FACSIMILE OF A DRAWING BY SIR NOËL PATON.

About the same time he made in black and white a great number of rough life-size portraits of historical characters as a gift to the Rev. D. G. Goyder, a Swedenborgian parson and lecturer on phrenology, a friend of his father—a piece of task-work which, irksome as it was at the time, proved unquestionably of advantage to him as practice.

This Mr. Goyder was much of a character in his way, and published an autobiography, in which he informs us that he examined young Paton's head, and pronounced it especially strong in form, size, and ideality, and "with not an organ in the entire brain deficient in power," adding that the lad must



"NICKER THE SOUL-LESS." FROM A CARTOON FOR A PICTURE. BY SIR NOËL PATON.

"Where in the marishes boometh the biter,
Nicker the Soul-less sits with his ghittorn,
Sits inconsolable, friendless and foeless,
Wailing his destiny, Nicker the Soul-less."

From Brother Fabian's Manuscript.

inevitably become an artist—a fact already sufficiently recognised in his family.

When about the age of thirteen, young Paton began to try his hand at modelling. He made his first relief in clay, but being neglected, it cracked, and he was thus deterred for a long time from attempting any similar work. The artist by this time stood declared, and possibly it may have been this incident with the clay model that decided him in favour of painting as against

sculpture. All his leisure time was now devoted to sketching and trying his hand at illustrating the books he read, including the New Testament, "The Pilgrim's Progress," and Homer.



OUTLINE DRAWING FOR "BARTHRAM'S DIRGE." BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 122.)



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA DA RIMINI. BY SIR NOËL PATON.

notably the "Iliad" (see page 108). We note also that he was fond of depicting battle scenes in the fateful '45.

Meanwhile, Noël obtained such general scholastic education as was to be acquired at the schools of the town, and at odd times assisted his father in making designs for damask fabrics.

Thus he reached his seventeenth year, when Mr. William Sharp, (grandfather of the well-known poet of that name) then head of the principal sewed-muslin manufactory at Paisley, in immediate need of a designer, came to Dumfermline to consult the elder Paton in his difficulty. After some conversation, Sharp urgently suggested to the son that he should undertake to fill the vacant place. The parents were indisposed to let the youth go, apprehending interruption to his more strictly artistic pursuits; and

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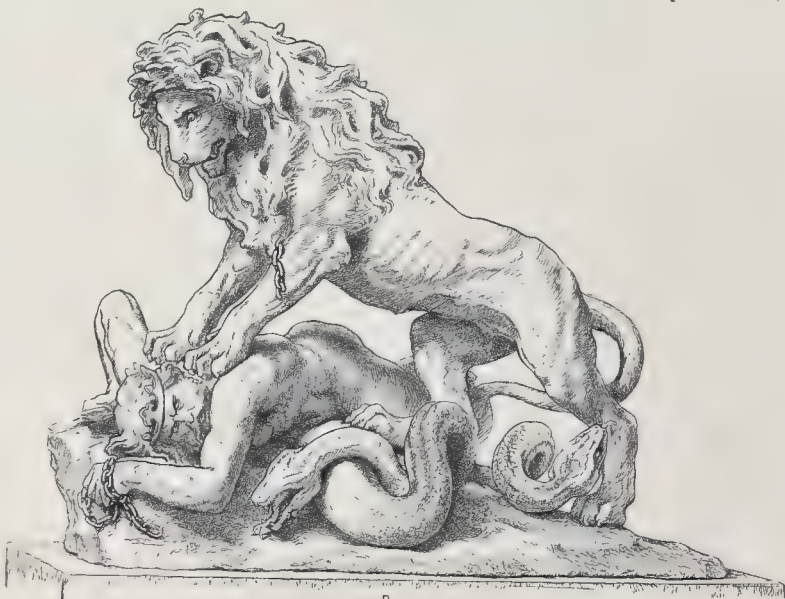
there was opposition. But the lad was anxious for experience in a wider field, and doubtless, also, like most young fellows, to "feel his feet" in the world; and so the proffered appointment was accepted; and, to his own astonishment, he shortly found himself installed at the head of the design department of the establishment—a position which he held for three years.

Some time prior to this he had completed his first considerable work, a water-colour drawing of the fight between Bothwell and Balfour, a subject taken from Scott's "Old Mortality"; although he had previously produced outline illustrations for an unpublished "Sketch of the Glorious Reformation" by his father. 'Bothwell and Balfour' was succeeded by the subject taken from the "Legend of Montrose," already referred to, 'Annot Lyle singing.' This was painted in oil, at Paisley, during the winter of 1839-40. In the latter year, Paton, who may be said by this time to have definitely launched himself upon his art career, made his first attempt at etching, having so reproduced two small designs to illustrate a story by his old friend, William Cross, author of "The Dainty Bit Plan," one of the most sparkling of Scottish humorous songs.

On the termination of his engagement at Paisley, young Paton proceeded to London, to take advantage of the greater facilities afforded for systematic study. He did not stay there long, however; and though he drew for and obtained the coveted studentship in the Royal Academy schools, he did not make use of the privilege. Indeed, as Sir Noël puts it himself, he never studied systematically anywhere. However, those Academy days were not without their pleasant side.

Speaking of them himself, Sir Noël says:—

"But one happy result of my probationary work at Trafalgar Square was the formation of a life-long friendship with Millais,



LION AND TYPHON. SIR NOËL PATON'S ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE WALLACE MEMORIAL. (SEE PAGE 111.)

then a full-blown student, though still quite a boy. Our friendship began thus. I had got a place on the floor of the Antique Room, the semicircle of raised seats behind being fully occupied, and was struggling with a drawing of the Fighting Gladiator on a large sheet of unstretched paper that dangled over each side of my drawing-board (a circumstance that seemed to amuse some of the other workers), when one day a beautiful little fellow, who had been jumping all over the place, came and stood beside me, not reaching much above the level of my head as I sat. After some general remarks, he told me his name was Johnnie Millais



STUDY OF HEAD FROM 'FAITH AND REASON.' (SEE PAGE 113.)

and I gave him mine. On his asking what sort of Art I was 'going in for,' I took from my pocket a small note-book containing numerous first ideas in outline for illustrations for Milton's *Comus* and Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*—necessarily treated somewhat *à nue*. He glanced at one or two of these jottings, and exclaiming in a depreciatory tone, 'Oh! is that the sort of thing you do!' turned quickly away. I caught him by the skirt of his little black sartout—it had three rows of buttons up the front, I remember—and saying, rather grimly, I suspect, 'You shan't go till you have looked at them,' put the note-book in his



THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW. FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR NOËL PATON. IN THE POSSESSION OF R. NESHAM, ESQ. (SEE PAGE 111.)



THE SLEEP OF EROS: PSYCHE'S MISTRUST. FROM THE GROUP BY SIR NOEL PATON. (SEE PAGE 121.)

hand. He turned over a few leaves carefully, and finding they were not 'the sort of thing' he had hastily assumed, he threw his arm round my shoulder, saying in a very different tone of voice, 'Oh, you are all right!'—and from that moment we were friends."

As above noted, the young "probationer's" ignorance of, or indifference to, the conventions of the school, in the matter of paper-stretching, etc., had a tendency to "make sport" for the more experienced *habitués* of the place. Noticing this when, for the first time, examining the drawing on which Paton was engaged, Mr. George Jones, R.A., who was the keeper, very courteously asked him where he had previously studied, and on being told that he had never studied anywhere else, said quickly, "Good! good!" and slightly shaking the overlapping paper, added, "I like to see this! I like to see this!" then, drawing himself up to his full height, he continued in a louder tone, so that the smiling students might hear, "If you go on as you are doing, we shall all hear of you!"—after which the "raw Scotsman" was treated with more consideration.

This sojourn in London took place in 1842-3, and during it were produced more drawings illustrative of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, Milton's *Comus*, Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* (the latter especially drawn in a broad, free manner), and Mr. S. C. Hall's

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"Book of British Ballads." Speaking of Sir Noël's designs in illustration of ballad poetry, we should not omit mention of 'Barthram's Dirge' (page 119), a careful pencil drawing, executed in the fifties, a portion of which (see page 118), including the principal figures, was painted in copal in one day, and sold to Sir John Pender.

It seemed at this time as though our artist was about to settle down into an illustrator, but, fortunately for him, ambition appears to have been a strong factor in his mental equipment; and this quality, guided by a powerful imagination, led to the triumph already referred to in the Westminster Hall Cartoon

Competition. From this time forth Sir Noël's position was assured, his choice had in a way been made, and he went forward steadily in the development of his mind and his art.



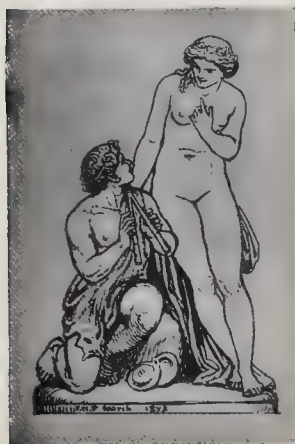
HIGHLY-FINISHED STUDY OF DRAPERY FOR 'VADE SATANA.' BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 115.)

SIR NOËL PATON.—V. SUCCESS AND HONOURS.

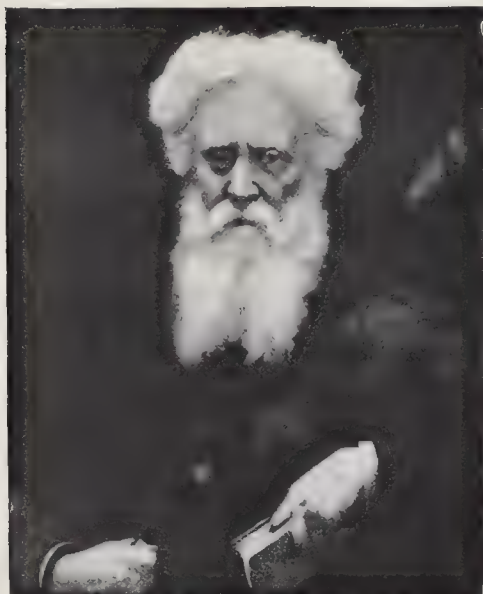
EXCEPT his election as an Associate of the Scottish Royal Academy in 1847, and a full member three years later, there is nothing to be added to Sir Noël's life-record until he settled down in Edinburgh in 1858. In this year he married a daughter of the late Alexander Ferrier, Esq., of Bloomhill, Dumbartonshire. Immediately after his marriage he was much occupied with plans and designs for a national memorial of the War of Independence under Wallace and Bruce. This design consisted of a tall Runie cross, with statues and reliefs. Of the chief of the statues—that of Bruce—we give a drawing on page 97. An influential committee was formed, and large subscriptions promised towards carrying out the scheme on an imposing site on the south side of Princes Street, Edinburgh; but ultimately it had to be abandoned.

Up to this time Sir Noël had lived chiefly at Edinburgh, or at Dumfermline, which he continued to make his home, except during the period of his residence at Paisley, and his brief sojourns in London.

His house is situated in George Square: a quaint, old-fashioned corner of Edinburgh, opening on the Meadows and near Bruntsfield Links. Both house and studios, which are reached by a long corridor extending the length of the garden, at the foot of which they have been built, are adorned with works of Art and articles of virtue, with



ARCADIA. DESIGN FOR SCULPTURE.
(SEE PAGE 124.)



SIR NOËL PATON, R.S.A., LL.D.
FROM THE PORTRAIT BY HIS SON, RANALD NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 127.)

world, and rarely quitting his home, except for a summer's sojourn in the Highlands or the Western Isles, where his life-long passion for the sea and for aquatic pursuits of all kinds finds its natural outlet.



NYMPH AND INFANT BACCHUS.
DESIGN FOR SCULPTURE BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 124.)

To one of these visits we owe the spirited sketch, on page 128, entitled, 'Children of the Mist worshipping the Rising Sun,' which is a faithful record of a midnight incident on top of Goat-fell, Arran, in August, 1865, showing the artist, his brother, and a friend. Sometimes Sir Noël's humour finds vent in a keenly

arms and armour, and with interesting antiquarian relics of the most varied description. As soon as the threshold is passed you feel as though you had been transported into mediæval times: hall, dining-room, and library, staircase, drawing-room and studios, are crowded with curious carvings, old-world paintings and *bric-à-brac*, rich tapestries, and old ecclesiastical vestments. The place, of which we give several views, is indeed a museum and art gallery combined—a veritable treasure-house of antiquities.

Here the artist lives his quiet life, thinking out and executing his various works, whether in Art or literature; taking a lively interest, but seldom any active part, in the things that excite the outside



SIR GALAHAD. BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 115.)

"O just and faithful knight of God,
Ride on! the prize is near!"—*Tennyson.*

satirical form, as in the 'Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea' (see page 110), taken from a pen-and-ink drawing made during the disastrous winter of 1855. The artist was much urged to publish the design at the time; but he refused to do so, fearing it might be regarded as levelled at Lord Raglan.

His first visit to the Continent took place in 1863, when, accompanied by his late brother, Waller H. Paton, R.S.A., whose death, we regret to record, has occurred as these pages are being printed, and Mr. (now Sir Donald) McKenzie Wallace, he had a hurried but keenly observant look at the Art treasures of France, Germany, and Italy. In this and the following year Sir Noël made studies at Windsor Castle of the Queen and seven of the Royal children for a memorial picture, which is still unfinished. Some of these studies were exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy in 1866, in the year when he was appointed Her Majesty's Limner, an ancient office in the Royal Household of Scotland. The only other office connected with the ancient régime is that of Historiographer Royal, now held by Professor Masson.

To 1865 belongs the production

of two works in sculpture which are among the best of the artist's production in this branch of Art. One was a sketch group in clay of two sea-nymphs, to which he gave the name of 'Spindrift,' an attempt to personify the breaking wave (on this page). The other group, in wax, was called 'Bathers: Le Premier Pas,' which has been greatly admired by those who have been privileged to see it. Notwithstanding Sir Noël's undoubted gifts in this line of Art, he has rarely turned his hand to modelling, save in connection with his pictures. For these however, especially the more ideal sort, where floating or flying figures were introduced, he has at all times been accustomed to use it largely.

In 1852 he had exhibited a 'Christ blessing the Little Children,' in relief; and in the following year, which was that of his mother's death, he modelled a small group entitled 'Psyche watching the Sleep of Eros' (see page 122). The same year he made a sketch model for a statue of Professor Wilson, Christopher North. Amongst our illustrations we give several spirited designs for sculpture. One of these 'The Doom of Actæon' (page 106), exhibits Sir Noël's power of composition at its best. The subject was a favourite one with him, and is treated very finely in a poem. His love of the classical myths, and the opportunity they afford him to revel in pure form, is shown again in the two designs (page 108) for sculpture, 'Leucothea saving the Wrecked Odysseus,' and the 'Nymph and Cupid.' 'Arcadia' and 'Nymph and Infant Bacchus' (page 123), are designs for sculpture very interesting in themselves. In 1880 was modelled a life-size head of Christ, in relief, which was reproduced in marble for a chapel erected by Sir Peter Coates as a memorial of his wife; and the following year another relief, 'The Parting of the Ways,' was reproduced in bronze for the Sir Peter Coates Free Library, Paisley.



SPINDRIFT: AN ATTEMPT TO PERSONIFY A BREAKING WAVE. DESIGN FOR A BRONZE BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE THIS PAGE.)



HEAD OF CHRIST.
FROM A CLAY STUDY FOR A PICTURE. BY SIR NOËL PATON.

It is this innate feeling for form that gives the classical grace to his figures, for which nearly all his works are distinguished; it is this instinctive feeling that caused Haydon—a man than whom few were better qualified to judge—in the artist's younger days, to say that in Art Sir Noël was "born a Greek." Why, like his talented sister, Mrs. D. O. Hill, he did not become a sculptor, is another question. There is a good deal in what he once said to the writer, when speaking of sculpture: "To live by sculpture in this country," he said, "one must devote one's self almost exclusively to funereal monuments and portrait busts; since for ideal sculpture there is practically little taste, and no demand."

While referring thus briefly to the artist's works in sculpture, it may be fitting to mention the design he made for a stained-glass window in Dumfermline Abbey Church (its chief feature being large figures of Malcolm Canmore, Queen Margaret, Wallace, and Bruce), which was commissioned and presented by his townsman, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of New York. This was done in 1882, and in the same year designs were made for a commemorative Volunteer Medal, struck at Glasgow.

Some of the artist's best-known book illustrations are as follows:—In 1863 appeared a new edition of Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," illustrated by himself and his brother Waller, the latter supplying the landscapes. In 1864 were issued, by the Art Union of London, his illustrations for the "Ancient Mariner" (see page 102), the first

sketches of which were made years previously. In these there is much richness of fancy, and a quaintness that allies the artist to the German School, here and there calling to mind the eminent Kaulbach.

Another work, with two illustrations from his pencil worthy of mention, is the quarto edition of his friend and physician, Dr. John Brown's "Rab and his Friends" (1878), in which the compositions of 'James and his Burden,' and 'Ailie Dead,' not unsuccessfully embody the simplicity and pathos of that immortal story of humble Scottish life. Of Sir Noël's contributions to literature it is necessary to note, as a biographical way-mark, that in 1861 he gave to the world a volume of verse under the title of "Poems by a Painter." This was followed, six years later, by a second volume called "Spindrift."

In 1866 the painter received the honour of knighthood at Windsor, together with Sir George Harvey, who had succeeded Sir John Watson Gordon as President of the Royal Scottish Academy. Since the death of the latter in 1864, a good deal has been said in the press and in society as to the reasons why Sir Noël has not been elected to the presidential chair of the Royal Scottish Academy. To his more intimate friends, however, one of these reasons—and a very urgent one—has always been well known, to wit, his personal disinclination for the office, honourable and desirable as he recognises it to be. But had this been otherwise he felt on



THE DREAM OF MICHEL ANGELO.
FROM AN EARLY PAINTING BY SIR NOËL PATON, IN THE COLLECTION OF R. NESHAM, ESQ.

that occasion that the claims of his life-long friend, George Harvey, were paramount, and did all in his power to promote his election. On Sir George's death in 1876, Sir Noël's name was again much discussed in connection with the vacancy; but a letter addressed at the time to *The Scotsman* sufficiently indicates his position.

To that newspaper he wrote on 29th July, 1876: "In your notice of the General Meeting of the Royal Scottish Academy held yesterday, I find my name coupled with my old and esteemed friend, Mr. Macnee, in connection with a candidature for the vacant presidential chair of the Academy. With a view to prevent needless complications I think it right to state, through your columns, that I have not, and indeed never had, any intention of allowing myself to be nominated as a candidate. It is unnecessary, I consider, to give here any explanations, as my more intimate friends, in and outside of the Academy, have too long known my sentiments on the subject to be surprised by this declaration; and I cannot suppose that the general public can take any interest in the considerations which have dictated my decision."

If the considerations indicated in this letter had weight at the foregoing dates, obviously they had still greater weight in 1891, when—on a vacancy again occurring through the death of Sir William Fettes Douglas—a requisition, signed by all the Academicians, resident and non-resident, that he should allow himself to be nominated for the office, was presented to him. In his reply to this requisition Sir Noël gave warm expression to his sense of the high honour thus done him by his brother Academicians, but felt more than ever

constrained to adhere to his former resolution. Whereupon the present accomplished occupant of the chair, his friend Sir George Reid, was unanimously elected.

In 1875 a very flattering distinction was conferred on Sir Noël by the University of Edinburgh, when it awarded him the honorary degree of LL.D.; an honour, it should be said, that reflects credit upon the University as well as on the recipient. Previously, in 1874, had appeared 'Oskold and the Ellé Maids,' a Fairy subject (see page 117), to which Sir Noël seems to have had recourse by way of relaxation from severer studies.

In 1881 Sir Noël presented the cartoon with which he had won his first triumph, 'The Spirit of Religion,' to his native town, in whose Corporation Hall it has found a permanent home; and in the following year the "auld grey toon o' Fife" returned the compliment by presenting its famous son with the freedom of the city.

In 1887 was executed a commission for the Hon. Alexander Hay, of Adelaide, South Australia, an old schoolfellow of Sir Noël's, the subject being 'Queen Margaret and Malcolm Canmore' (see page 105), over which he had long brooded and often wished to paint. Margaret was the sister of Edgar Atheling, the grandson of Edmund Ironside, the youth who was chosen to succeed Harold after the battle of Hastings, but he, with his mother and sisters, was obliged to take refuge in Scotland from William of Normandy, and



CORNER IN SIR NOËL PATON'S LIBRARY. (SEE PAGE 123.)



SIR NOËL PATON'S NORTH STUDIO. (SEE PAGE 123.)

in the end Margaret became the queen of Malcolm at "Dunfermelyng in ye Woods," and by her piety and wisdom succeeded in softening the character of the rude and fierce soldier, her husband. So pure and noble, indeed, was her life that she died in the odour of sanctity, and was canonized by Pope Innocent IV. in 1250, and for three hundred years afterwards lights were kept continually burning before her tomb at Dunfermline.

In the picture her right hand holds a copy of the Gospels, and from it she is translating to him its lessons of humility and godliness which he, king though he be, is glad to learn from her lips.

The queenly face and figure afford a refined contrast to the sturdy warrior who sits beside her. It may be interesting to the reader to know that Sir Noël was his own model for the King.

Although of later years much a recluse, Sir Noël at one time went freely into general society, and if now but little seen about the streets of Edinburgh, or, indeed, in those places where men most do congregate, he keeps alive his interest in the world and its doings by intercourse with a very wide circle of friends. Sir Noël's is so notable a figure that it would mark him out among a thousand as that of a man of distinguished parts and position. To a head that would have served, in his prime, as a model for a Jupiter Tonans, he unites a frame that is almost Herculean in breadth of shoulder and depth of chest. In his day, indeed, he must have been a man of great physical strength; and although in his seventy-fourth year, he is still hale and hearty. We give two portraits of him, one from the oil painting, page 123, by Mr. Ranald Noël Paton, his son, on whom the artistic gift has fallen, and the other, above, photographed specially for this Journal. He has not by any means given over work, for, as he says, "An artist's work is so much a part of his life that the one is seldom laid down till he lays down the other."

VI.—THE PAINTER AS POET.

THERE is not much space left to speak of Sir Noël Paton's poetry; but as it is so much a part of himself, we should not be doing complete justice to our subject without making a

further reference to his utterance in this direction. As already stated, he has published two volumes of poetry, in addition to a considerable number of stray pieces that have appeared in one or other of the magazines.

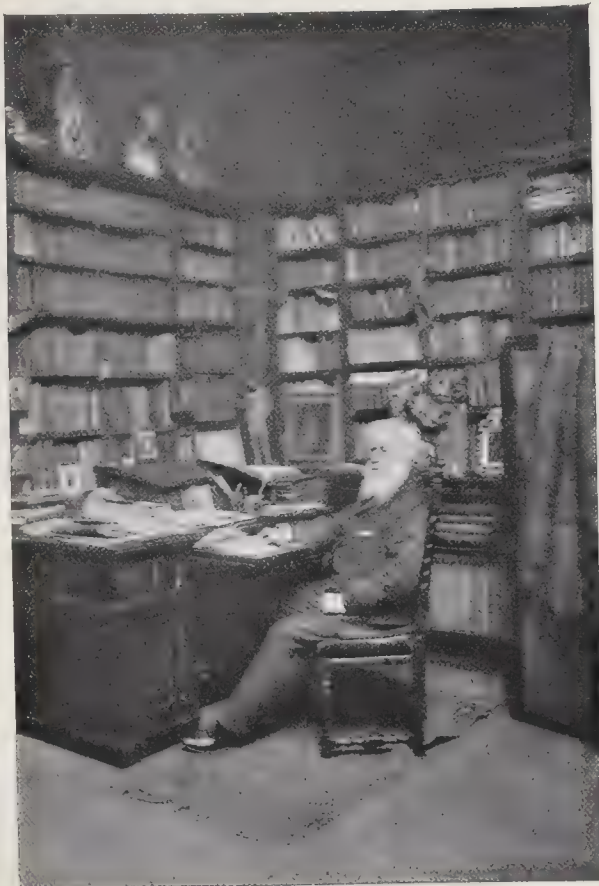
Taken as a whole, it may be said that Sir Noël Paton's poetry is in keeping with, and reveals the same spirit as his pictorial art; although in one of his poems appearing in the "Spindrift," is sounded a note at variance, as would appear, with anything else that he has done. It is entitled "Perdita," and, as the name implies, is on the fall of a woman. Although containing some striking passages, especially one referring to Homer's youth, yet, on the whole, it is so satirical, and even at times so sardonic, that one cannot read

it without something of a jar. The passage relating to Homer is as follows:—

"—through the gusty Cyclades
We tacked and veered, day after
day;
Fanned by the same Ægean breeze
That wont in Homer's locks to play,

"While, the great Epos yet unsung,
He trimmed the sail or plied the oar,
A keen-eyed mariner, bold and
young,
Roving from sunny shore to shore."

There is something exceedingly felicitous in this suggestion that Homer's youth may have been spent as a sailor, coasting among the golden isles of the purple seas of Greece, and thus picking up the legends and stories which he was afterwards to string together in his immortal verse. It was a real inspiration.



SIR NOËL PATON IN HIS STUDIO, 1895.



THE DRAWING-ROOM IN SIR NOËL PATON'S RESIDENCE. (SEE PAGE 123.)

The best things in both the volumes—if we set aside the sonnets—are those in which he deals with the beautiful myths of Greece. The following lines, from "Ulysses in Ogygia," is exceedingly fine, and may be taken as a fair specimen of the author's best manner:—

"Man is the puppet of the Gods: they mould
His destiny, and mete him good or ill;
Lords of his fate, from whom, alas! in vain
He seeks escape. But he to whom nor good
Brings insolence nor ill abasement, stands
Whole in himself—lord of his own firm heart.

ginal in conception and treatment. One must suppose that Sir Noël sees in the fable, or infuses into it, a spiritual meaning—the idea, namely, that the first perception by a great though uncultured nature of a divine something beyond the merely gross physical—of the oversoul, as Emerson puts it—is apt, for a time at least, to result in distraction and insanity. It is possible, however, that the poet had no such intention. None the less he has written a poem that cannot but take a strong hold on the imagination of all who are susceptible to the influence of real poetry.

ALFRED T. STORY.



CHILDREN OF THE MIST WORSHIPPING THE RISING SUN. FROM A SKETCH BY SIR NOËL PATON. (SEE PAGE 123.)

We are indebted to Mr. Haydon Hare, 15, St. Nicholas St., Scarborough, or permission to reproduce Sir Noël Paton's 'Vigilate et Orate,' 'Via Dolorosa,' and 'The Great Shepherd.' Large plates of these subjects, of which he is the owner of the copyrights, can be obtained from him.

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PENCIL SKETCHES BY VACSLAV BROZIK.

VACSLAV BROZIK.

THE career of Vacslav Brozik is one which no student of the history of Art in the latter half of the nineteenth century can afford to overlook; not only on account of the various masterpieces which this artist has produced, but because his life gives a striking exemplification of the truth, too often contested, that for success in Art, not genius or talent alone, but the most earnest application and the most conscientious industry are requisite and indispensable.

The story of Brozik's early struggles reads like a romance. He was born in 1851, in a small village called Tremosna, near Pilsen, in Bohemia, the son of poor parents. His father, at the time of Vacslav's birth, was employed as a locksmith at Klotz's ironworks, and out of his small wages had to maintain a family of five children, of which Vacslav was the youngest. Two years later the locksmith moved with his family to Kosir, near to Prague, where he had found employment in Baron Ringhoffer's carriage factory. It was at Kosir that Vacslav went first to school and, as he may himself be heard to say, a very unsatisfactory pupil he must have been. His early school-life was a life

of martyrdom, less on account of any harsh treatment which he received than because of the disgust with which confinement in the class-room filled him, and his ardent longing to be out in the fields at his favourite pastime of drawing from nature anything that presented itself to his eyes. His great delight was to be released from school and to earn a few kreutzers for his father by watching the orchards round Kosir. Whilst so employed he drew constantly, sketching from nature, or modelling in clay obtained from the Kosir brickfields. Already as a child his reputation as an artist was no inconsiderable one, and it is recorded that, whilst quite a boy, he received commissions from the well-known lithographer in Prague, Herr Kucera, and painted 'Bacchus' for the proprietor of a famous restaurant at Mlynarka. A rich citizen of Prague, Herr Vnoucek, whose son was one of Brozik's school-



THE AMBASSADORS OF LADISLAV AT THE COURT OF CHARLES VII. BY VACSLAV BROZIK.

mates, also patronised the youthful artist. It was at this period in his career that the precocious lad first tried his hand at painting in oils, and he has often been heard to regret that his first oil painting has been lost. It was the picture of some gipsies at Naples, and he considers that the contrast between the brown figures and the blue sky was one of the most effective pieces of colouring which he has ever obtained. Mr. Kucera's commissions enabled Brozik to maintain himself, but when, in consequence of the war in 1866, his patron was forced to retire from business, the young artist was obliged to turn elsewhere for a living, and for a while found employment at the Smirchow porcelain factory. Here again, however, confinement weighed upon him, and one day, not many weeks after his admission to the factory, Vacslav Brozik was reported missing. He had returned to his orchards and his artistic work in the open air. In the meanwhile, however, his patron, Herr Vnoucek, had spoken of the talented youth to Mr. Frederich Trenkwald, a Prague merchant, and had so warmly recommended him that Mr. Trenkwald in his turn recommended him to the attention of his brother Joseph, who, at that time, was director of the Prague Academy. Professor



VACSLAV BROZIK.

Trenkwald sent for the lad and examined his work, and then said that after some training he would very gladly admit him to the classes of the Academy. At the same time Professor Hauser was brought to take an interest in the youth and admitted him to his private school, where, under a skilled master named Vacek, Vacslav received his first lessons in drawing. Many of the lad's crayon and pencil drawings produced in Herr Hauser's establishment still exist, including portraits of various celebrities of modern Prague, and fully warrant the confidence, so amply justified since, which his patrons at that time placed in him.

At the age of seventeen Brozik was admitted to the Prague Academy and began his studies in the "elementary class" under the late Professor Rom. A year later he had already gained promotion to the class in studies from the antique under Professor Lhota. The course of instruction, however, seemed wearisome and unsympathetic to his nature. Instead of drawing from plaster casts he was anxious to paint, under the impulse of the keen sense of colour which he felt within him, and which since has manifested itself in so striking a manner. Accordingly, in 1870, encouraged by promises of patronage from a rich gentleman



A PROTESTANT FAMILY READING THE BIBLE. BY VACSLAV BROZIK



THE REVENGERS OF THE CAVALIERS OF PRAGUE, MAY 23RD, 1618. FROM THE PICTURE BY VASLAV BROOK.

named Svagrovsky, he left the Academy and faced the world. At the same time he continued his studies, and worked for some months in the studio of Emil Lauffer, the historical painter, in Prague, to such good purpose, that at the age of twenty he was able to send into the local Sophien-Insel Exhibition, his 'Eva Von Lobkovic visits her Father in Prison,' a picture which founded his reputation as a painter of historical subjects. This picture was bought by the Exhibition Committee for three hundred florins and was won in the Exhibition lottery by Señor Carrara, in whose house in Gibraltar it now hangs.

Assisted by M. Svagrovsky, Brozik went to live in Dresden, and seems to have suffered much misery. There were many days on which his dinner consisted only of a pickled cucumber with bread, and when to provide himself with even such humble fare, he was forced to slave for the picture-dealers in copying pictures in the Dresden gallery. The price for a fair copy of a Rembrandt was one thaler. In the meanwhile he found time to work at his second picture, 'The Wedding Procession of Zavis with Cunegonde, Widow of the King of Bohemia, Premysl Otakar II.' This picture was produced in a sombre room, all the studio that the young artist could afford, so low of ceiling that to paint the lower parts of the picture Brozik had to lie on the floor. He could afford neither models nor material, and it is related that Cunegonde's wonderful robe, the colouring of which was justly admired at the Prague Salon in 1872, was painted after the head of a wild duck. Simultaneously with this

work, another of Brozik's pictures, a scene from the life of 'Philippina Welsler,' was exhibited in Dresden.

The success of both these pictures was immediate, and whilst the large picture at the Prague Salon was purchased by the Siamese Consul, a rich Prague brewer invited Brozik to return to Prague, and to paint a series of pictures to his order. Brozik accepted this invitation, and it was under the auspices of Herr Kittl, brewer and patron of the arts, that his 'Solace in Melody,' his 'Flower-girl,' and his 'The First Kiss,' were painted. In such hours as were left to him he worked at a fourth great historical picture, 'The Farewell of Premysl Otakar II.'

His success had not turned Brozik's head. He was perhaps the least satisfied with his pictures. He felt that his artistic education had been neglected, that he was ignorant of many technicalities, and though there was every inducement for him to remain in Prague, he determined to go and perfect his technique at Piloty's School of Art in Munich.

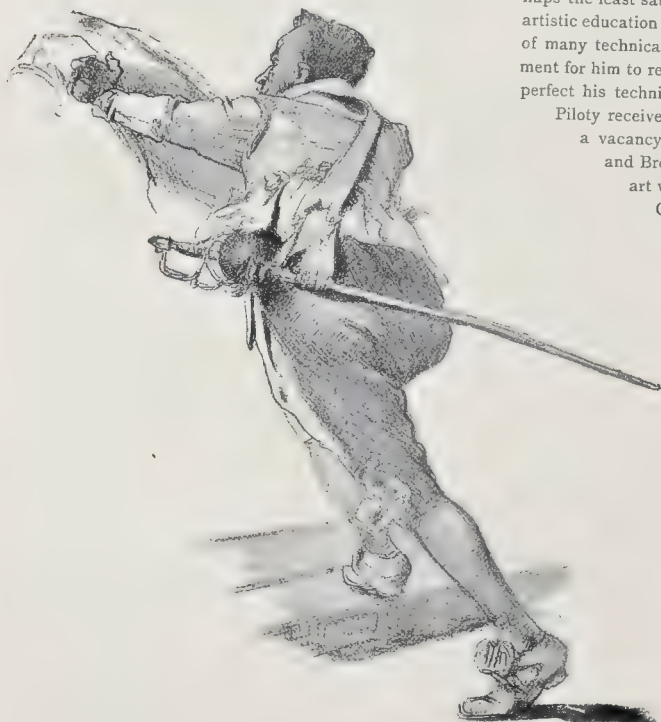
Piloty received him in a friendly manner, but for want of a vacancy, was unable to admit him to the school, and Brozik was forced to continue the pursuit of his art with such knowledge as he then possessed.

Coming under the influence of certain famous painters living at that time in Munich, and notably of Gabriel Max, the first picture which he painted during his stay in Munich, his 'Saint Iria,' is typical both of his wonderful qualities and his certain defects. For if the draughtsmanship in the 'Saint Iria' may justly be criticised as defective, the wonderful brilliancy of the colouring classes his picture amongst the best productions of the artist. He was working under great difficulties at this time. His desire to settle down in Paris could not be realised from a want of means, which was so serious that when, on the execution warrant of a Munich creditor Brozik's goods were seized by the sheriff's officer, the execution had to be abandoned, as the total value of the goods was much below the amount of the sheriff's costs.

It was greatly to his regret that,



FROM A SKETCH BY VACLAV BROZIK.



STUDY FOR 'THE REVENGE OF THE CAVALIERS OF PRAGUE.' BY VACLAV BROZIK.

forced by this want of money, in 1875 he left Munich to return once more to Prague, whither he had been invited by a nobleman who wished him to paint a number of pictures for his gallery. In the execution of this commission, Brozik produced a series of 'Ideal Women,' now in the possession of the nobleman in question; and also painted, besides, two historical pictures of little importance, and a number of portraits. It is interesting to note that at this early period in his career the artist seemed to hesitate between historical and portrait painting, and it would seem that at heart his preference was for the latter, when we remember that, having

hanging committee of the Paris Salon. The first of these pictures was a large painting, 'Waldemar II., King of Denmark, escorts the Bohemian Princess, Dagmara, daughter of King Otakar I., back to her Home.' In one corner, leaning against a pillar, is a young man, who may be recognised as Brozik himself, from the portrait of him by Cuno von Bodenhausen, the Munich artist. In this picture also the grouping, the movement, and the brilliant colouring are noticeable qualities, whilst at the same time it still betrays that want of proper training, in respect of the drawing, which was to be the blemish of Brozik's work until practice had supplemented, as



THE PRESENTATION OF LAURA AND PEIRARCH TO CHARLES IV. AT THE POPE'S PALACE AT AVIGNON. BY VACSLAV BROZIK.

achieved a very great success with his historical pictures, he has of late years totally abandoned this branch of Art for the painting of genre pictures and portraits. The autumn of the year 1875 was spent in the country at the house of another rich patron of Art, where Brozik painted three pictures, of which two were replicas of two of his earlier pictures, and the third was another picture of Philippina Welsler. The solitude and monotony of country life seem to have had an evil influence on the artist's powers, for the three pictures produced under the circumstances described are the least commendable of any of his works.

In the following year, thanks to the assistance of a friend, Brozik was at last able to realise his desire to go and live in Paris, and having settled there, worked with such industry, although under the most unfavourable circumstances, that already in 1877 he was able to submit two pictures to the

1895.

far as is possible, the technical knowledge which alone proceeds from education. The second picture was a small canvas entitled 'Victims of Fanaticism,' and represents the burning at the stake of Hussite martyrs. The principal figure is a nude woman, and in the terribly difficult painting of flesh-tints—a task at which many of our greatest painters so lamentably fail—Brozik displayed himself, as in all other matters of colouring, a certain master. Neither of the pictures received any notice from the public. They were the work of a foreigner whose name was unknown in Paris, and the critics dismissed them with the merest mention.

Defeat has always stimulated Vacslav Brozik to renewed energy and still more ambitious performance, and thus impelled by his disappointment at the Salon in 1877, he determined that a triumph should be won at the Salon of the following year. He decided that, in order to attract attention, his

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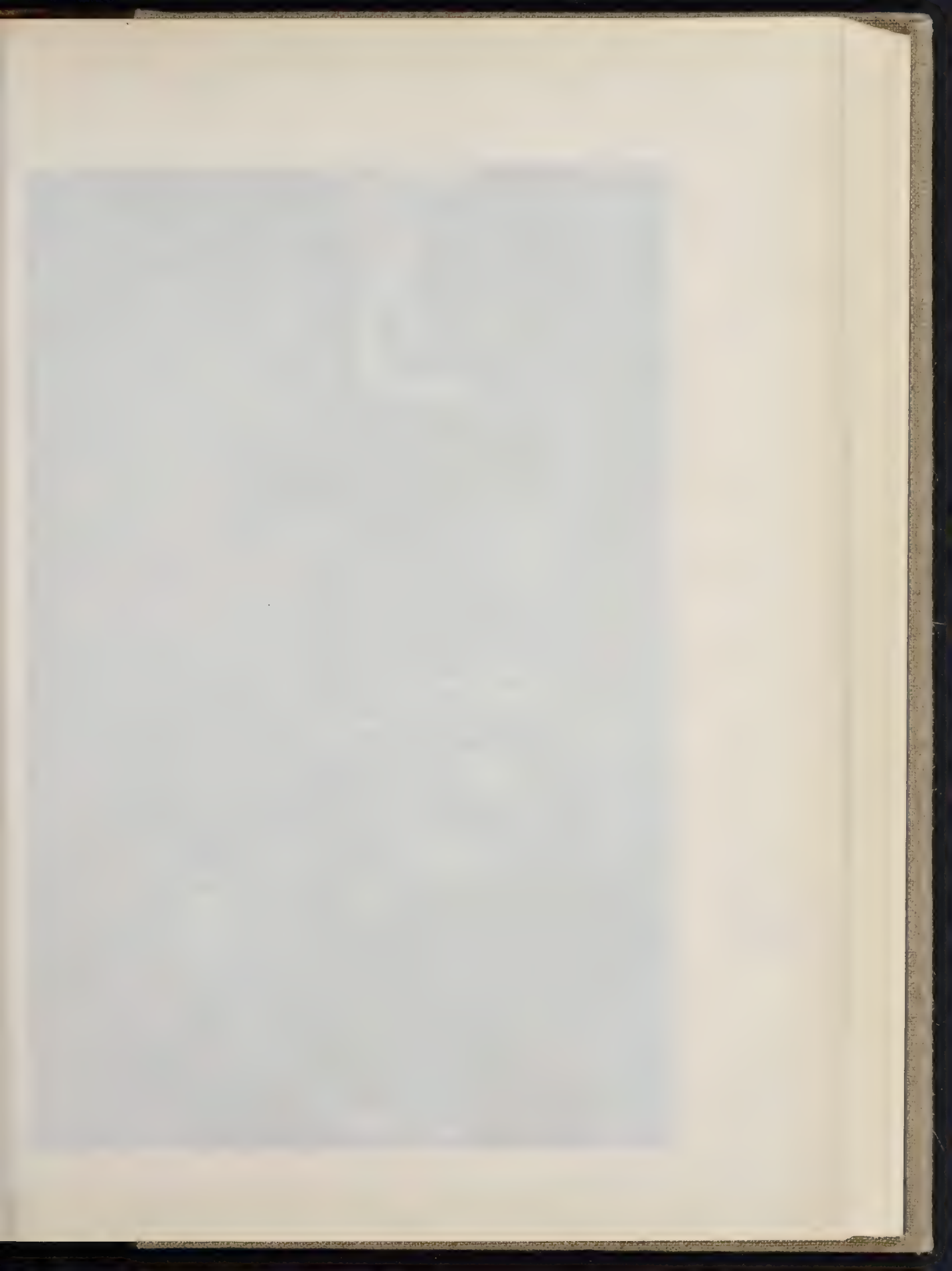
picture must be a "colossal one," which by its very size would force itself on the public notice. This seems the solitary instance in Brozik's artistic career in which speculation has influenced his art, and really under the circumstances it can hardly be held a matter for reproach. Accordingly, in 1878, Brozik's immense picture, of which we give an illustration, 'The Embassy of Ladislas, King of Bohemia and Hungary, to the Court of Charles VII., King of France, in 1457, to ask for the hand of his Daughter'—a title as prodigious as the canvas itself—was to be seen on the walls of the Paris Salon. It was greatly appreciated and highly praised by the critics, who declared it "the best historical painting in the Salon." The jury awarded it a second-class medal, and after the closing of the Salon it was acquired by M. Sedelmeyer, the Art dealer, for a sum of twelve thousand francs. This success was certainly a well-deserved one, if in Art also industry, perseverance, and heroic strugglings against adverse circumstances merit a recompense; for it was under the greatest difficulties that Brozik, who had neither a studio, nor money for models or costumes, or even for a canvas and colours, had produced this "colossal" painting. For a studio Brozik used a deserted coach-house; canvas, colours, and materials were obtained on credit; models were found who consented to work on the understanding that their fees should be paid after the picture was sold. The cost of living whilst the picture was in progress was covered by the sale of pot-boilers, which sufficed for the expenses of the artist's board, and lodging at one of the cheapest *pensions de famille* in the Latin quarter.

From 1878, Brozik's career has been one of uninterrupted triumph. It is unnecessary to examine how far this is due to the fact that the artist had won the confidence, and with it the substantial patronage, of M. Sedelmeyer, whose purchase of the 'Embassy' picture was the first of a long series of transactions, as it was the inception of relations which have greatly added to the happiness of Brozik's life. Suffice it to say that with his introduction to M. Sedelmeyer, the *Sturm und Drang* period of Brozik's life came to an end, and that thenceforward he was able to work quietly, serenely, and without the terrible harassings of material preoccupations. In the same year the Salon picture was exhibited at the Brussels Exhibition, and the taste for historical pictures being in Belgium a more pronounced one than it is in France, the gold medal of honour was awarded to the artist, who in the following year won, with the same picture, the first medal at the Berlin Exhibition. In the meanwhile, Brozik had painted a picture depicting a scene from the third act of the *Ballo in Maschera*, a night scene, noticeable for the excellent effects of colour under artificial light; a portrait of an American banker in Paris, and a large historical painting of the idyllic order, representing the wooing of Dagmara by Strange, for King Waldemar. Thus at the age of twenty-eight we find the artist hesitating between the genre picture, the portrait, and the historical painting, although his great success had been won in the latter. It is a coincidence worthy of notice that it was at the same age that another artist, who has placed himself in the front rank as the painter of genre pictures of a characteristic kind, Jean Van Beers, definitely abandoned historical painting, in which he also had achieved no despicable success. It was during this period also that Brozik's 'Game of Chess,' suggested perhaps by the great success of Meissonnier's picture of a similar subject, was painted, a confirmation of his predilection for genre painting, in which a

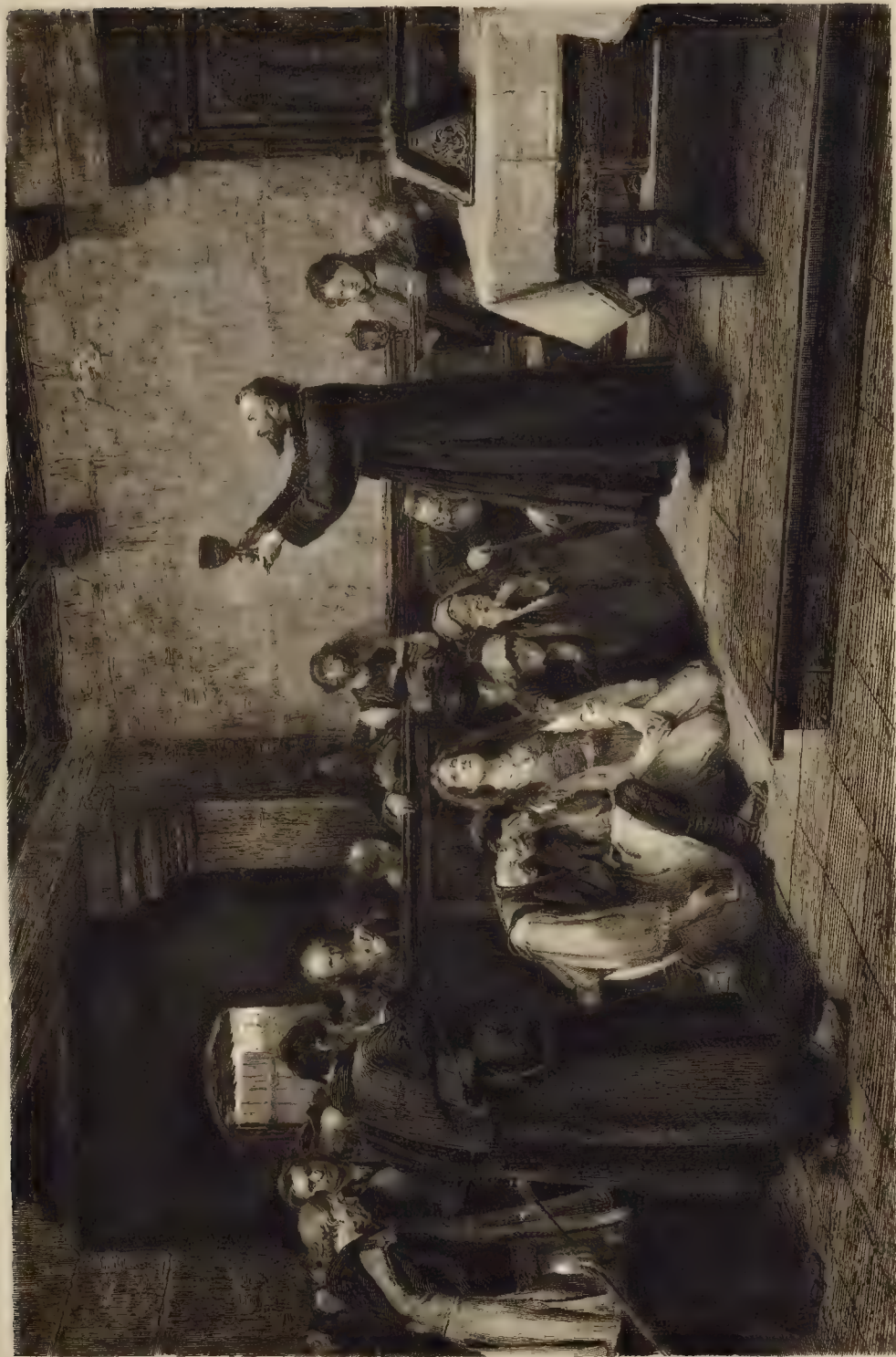
'Game of Chess' is never wanting. After the 'Game of Chess' followed with great rapidity, 'The Convalescent Woman,' 'The Embassy,' and 'The Bible-Reading.' Of this picture an illustration accompanies this article. It is a combination of the genre and the historical painting, for whilst the scene depicted might represent any "reading," the details of costume, furniture and accessories, minutely studied here as elsewhere by Brozik, invest this picture, the full title of which is 'A Protestant Family reading the Bible,' with decided historical interest. The earnest attention of the two older personages contrasts cleverly with the indifference, at least suggested, of the two younger personages. Another picture produced at about the same time, and illustrated here, is M. Brozik's 'Punch at Home,' a not unclever study of child-life, but, at the best, one of those pictures in which every artist of original conception reposes his inventive powers, whilst exercising his technique. Upon this followed another great historical painting, 'A Fête at the House of Rubens.' This represents Rubens in his house at Antwerp, surrounded by his friends and pupils, and in this respect is a combination of the historical picture and the painting of portraits. Amongst the figures may be recognised the Teniers, Franz Hals, the best portrait in the picture, Anthony Van Dyke, Jordaens, Pepyn and Rubens's second wife, the beautiful Helen Fourment. This picture is remarkable for the qualities which distinguish Brozik's pictures, a great clearness of conception, and the minute care bestowed on the accessories in general, and on the costumes in particular.

The study of scenes in the life of the early Protestants of Bohemia seems to have especially commended itself to Brozik. Between the 'Bible-Reading' referred to above, and the picture of 'John Huss before the Council at Constance,' which is described below, special mention must be made of another famous picture by the same artist, his 'Communion of the Early Bohemian Protestants.' Of this picture a very successful etching by Monsieur Salles, of Paris, is given, and although no black and white reproduction can convey the effect of Vacslav Brozik's brilliant colouring, this etching is patent testimony to his wonderful power of handling light and, in this instance notably, of a successful grouping. The subject is an enthralling one, as are all pictures which depict the partisans on one side or the other in the great religious struggle between Catholics and Protestants, which has so successfully been illustrated by this painter. The intensity of expression, notably on the faces of the man and woman kneeling on the left of the row of worshippers, is finely brought out, and is illustrative of a religious fervour the higher manifestation of which we are shown in the attitude of John Huss in M. Brozik's other famous picture. This 'Communion' gains by the absence of unnecessary accessories, and in it we see Brozik at his best as a figure painter, pure and simple.

In 1881 Brozik painted two very large historical pictures. The first was 'The Presentation of Laura and Petrarch to Charles IV. at the Court of Avignon by the Pope,' an engraving of which also accompanies this article. This picture is by many critics considered Brozik's best work. It certainly is most characteristic of his genius and process. We have there clever grouping, brilliant colouring, and life-like movement; but perhaps the interest, which should be concentrated on the central group, noticeable for the dignity of the various attitudes, is unduly detracted from by the superabundance







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of other figures, their uneven distribution, and the overcharge of accessory details.

The second picture painted in this year was 'Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand,' a well-known picture representing the moment when Queen Isabella, persuaded by Columbus of the eventual success of his undertaking, offers her jewels for the equipment of a fleet.

'The Ballad Singer' representing a Bohemian prince and his princess, seated in the midst of their court, under a canopied throne, listening to a wandering minstrel. And 'Rudolph II. at his Alchemist's,' which represents the Emperor Rudolph listening to the explanations of an alchemist, who is promising to turn a lump of lead which he holds in his hand into gold, whilst the crowd of courtiers, these hopeful, and of priests, these dubious and contemptuous, look on. The scene is laid in a dark-vaulted room in the Golden Lane in Prague. These two large and most elaborate pictures were painted and exhibited in 1882.

Although at the present moment Brozik is engaged on a huge canvas representing the foundation of the dynasty of the Hapsburgs, for which he was commissioned by His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and since 1893 has presided as rector of the National Academy of Fine Arts at Prague—to occupy which post he was invited on the foundation of this Academy "as the greatest historical painter of Austria," to use the words employed by the Municipality of Prague in their warm appeal to him to take in hand the organization and direction of this museum—it may be said that after 1883 Brozik practically abandoned historical painting for portraits, genre pictures, and landscapes. Not, however, without one striking manifestation of his singular mastery in the first-mentioned

branch of Art. This was his famous picture of 'John Huss before the Council at Constance.' The scene is laid in the magnificent Cathedral of Constance at the moment when the Bishop of Concordia is reading the sentence by which John Huss is to be burned at the stake.

'The Revenge of the Cavaliers of Prague,' also illustrated, represents the expulsion through the window of the Castle of the Counsellors, in May, 1618. The Emperor Mathias having violated the privileges of the Bohemian Protestants, an armed body of Protestant noblemen, headed by Count Thurn, penetrated into the Castle of the Hradschine, the residence of the Imperial counsellors, Martinitz and Slavata. The latter, on refusing to comply with their demands, were seized by the infuriated Cavaliers and thrown through the window with their secretary into the moat below. These acts of violence were the signal for the beginning of the Thirty Years' War.

With this picture the artist's earlier defects have successfully been overcome; his career as a painter of historical subjects may be said to have been uninterrupted up to the time when he accepted the Emperor of Austria's commission. From 1883 onward we find him almost exclusively occupied with portraits, genre pictures, and landscapes.

Encouragements and rewards of every kind have been awarded to this indefatigable worker and great artist. At the age of forty-three Vacslav Brozik, the son of the Tremosna locksmith, is an officer of the Legion of Honour, a knight of several foreign orders, and the holder of a great number of medals of honour. But it will be admitted that these successes and these recompenses have been well won, when one remembers the constant, almost heroic, effort which they represent.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.



PUNCH AT HOME. BY VACSLAV BROZIK.

THE ILLUSTRATION OF BOOKS.*

FIRST LECTURE—WHAT IS ILLUSTRATION?

THE craving for pictures, that is, for illustrations, is as old as the world. The cave-dweller felt it when he scratched on the walls of his house, or carved the handle of his battle-axe; one there was "who stayed by the tents with the women, and traced strange devices with a burnt stick upon the ground." Others painted themselves blue, and were beautiful; and these were the first illustrators.

The Egyptians were the most prolific, and their works may be found, monuments more durable than brass, not alone in their places, but scattered to all the corners of the earth.

From the Egyptians and Assyrians we may skip, offending but the archaeologist and the pedant, to the illuminators who threw their light on the Dark Ages. They changed their methods from carving to tracing, and their mediums from stone and papyrus to parchment and vellum.

But always these illustrations were single works of art, they were not reproduced, and only duplicated by copies made by hand.

Beautiful as are the illuminated manuscripts, they play but a small and unimportant part in the history of illustration, when compared with the block books which follow them; though this block printing is but a natural evolution of the stamp on the bricks of the Egyptian, and the paintings on the vases of the Etruscan.

The block books, more often loose sheets, were printed from designs, picture and text cut on the wood in one piece, sometimes possibly engraved in metal. These blocks, being inked, and having sheets of paper placed on the inked surfaces, and rubbed, gave off an impression; as many blocks having to be cut as there were pages, and as many impressions having to be taken from each as there were copies. The first of these illustrated blocks is the St. Christopher, 1423 (above), though playing-cards, produced in the same way, were known much earlier. It is only, however, with the invention of printing with movable types, known to the Chinese centuries before we

ever thought of it, that illustration, in its modern sense, may be said to have been created; and printing with movable type is but the cutting up into separate letters of the pages of the block books. The type is, however, rarely wood, it is made of metal. As soon as the artist was able to make his design upon a block of wood, have that engraved, and set up in the press with movable type, and print from it, a new art was discovered.

From the day of Gutenberg and Schœffer, illustration has, in the main, never changed; new methods have been employed, new processes for making the blocks have been perfected, but an illustration still continues to be a design on a wood block or metal plate, so cut, engraved, or etched as to produce a printing surface from which impressions may be taken, either in connection with type, when we call it letterpress or relief printing—wood engravings and process blocks are so employed; or separate from the type, when it becomes intaglio or plate printing—steel or copper engravings and lithographs are used in this way.

These methods have undergone, and still are undergoing, incessant modifications, developments, and improvements; and any one who wishes to take up illustration as a profession or a study, must learn the rudiments of the science, as well as master the great principles of art,

if he wishes to succeed. To-day, the methods of making the design are many, but the methods of reproducing them are virtually endless; still one must try to learn something of the most important, and the more one understands the requirements of drawing for engraving and printing, the better will be the results obtained.

In the fifteenth century one had but to design the picture on the side of a plank, write in the text, cut everything else away, wet the block, thoroughly ink the face of it, and lay damp paper over it, and rub or press the back of the paper till the ink came off on it.

To-day one must understand drawing in all sorts of mediums, know something of the effect of photographing a



ST. CHRISTOPHER, FROM THE CONVENT OF BUXHEIM, NEAR MEMMINGEN. REDUCED REPRODUCTION OF THE EARLIEST-KNOWN WOODCUT. 1423.

* Notes for a Course of Lectures delivered at the Slade School, University College, London, 1894-5.

drawing on to the wood block or metal plate—take at least an intelligent interest in engraving on wood and metal, understand process and lithography, and be prepared to struggle with that terrible monster, the modern steam-press, and its slave, the modern printer. To do this intelligently requires, not only a training in art, but in the arts and sciences of engraving, reproduction, printing; and it is to these arts and sciences that I propose to call your attention.

An illustration—using the term in its artistic sense—is a design intended to give an artist's idea of an incident, episode, topographical site, or mere diagram referred to by a writer; and an illustrator is one who makes pictures for illustrations because they illustrate or explain his own text, or that of another writer.

An illustration really is a work of art, or rather it should be, which is explanatory; but, as a matter of fact, so too is all graphic art explanatory of some story, sentiment, emotion, effect, or fact; and it would be very difficult indeed to point out when art is not illustrative.

As the word is used to-day, however, an illustration is a design made for the purpose of publication in book or magazine or paper. The fashion of making such designs to accompany lettering or type is, as I have shown, as old as the art of writing or older. The art of illustration, or rather the existence of illustrations as a separate craft, and of illustrators as a distinct body of craftsmen, is virtually the growth of this century; more properly of the last sixty years, since the invention of illustrated journalism. Until the other day illustration had no place among the fine arts; and it has been said, that to win renown an illustrator must achieve it in some other branch of art.

A few great artists of the past have made illustrations which will be prized for ever, and to-day they are spoken of as illustrators; but with Dürer and Holbein it was but one of the many forms of art in which they excelled; they were not altogether given up to it.

To-day, however, illustration is the most living and vital of the fine arts, and among its followers are found the most able and eminent of contemporary artists.

It cannot, however, be said that this prominence which has

been so suddenly thrust upon illustration is altogether due to its increase in artistic excellence. There are a number of other reasons.

Illustration has indeed reached technically, on the part of artist, engraver, and printer, such a point of perfection, that it has at length forced critics and amateurs to give it the attention it so long demanded.

More important reasons are the developments in reproduction and printing, started and to a great extent carried on merely to lessen the cost of production, but capable of giving better and truer results in the hands of intelligent craftsmen, than anything previously known.

Still, cheapness in reproduction by process, and in the cost of printing, has enabled numbers of absolutely ignorant people (ignorant, that is, of art) but possessed of, they think, fine commercial instincts, to start illustrated papers and publish

illustrated books. The result has been that an army of out-of-works in other fields of art, of immature or even utterly untrained students escaping from the hard labour and drudgery of an art school, ignorant even of the fact that great illustrators have always studied and worked years before they have found a chance to start; these people, led blindly by the advice of the blind, finding even manuals on the subject written authoritatively by men who are either not artists, engravers, or printers; or if they do pretend to practise any of these arts and crafts, are unknown and unheard of among the artists with whom they rank themselves; and, more wonderful still,

the pupils of these blind leaders of the blind find publishers and printers ignorant enough to employ them, but not so ignorant as to pay more than the wage of an inferior servant for the worthless work supplied them.

There are numbers of these papers, magazines, and books being published to-day—eminent authors even contribute to their pages; but the illustrations many of them contain are more primitive in their depth of ignorance than the work of the cave-dwellers, and would be equally valuable to future ages if it were not that they were mainly made up of an unintelligent cribbing, and stealing from photographs and other men's work.

Therefore, as a rule, instead of advancing, illustration is

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LABOUR. FROM A DRAWING BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.
Published as a large block in the *London Daily Chronicle*, Feb. 11, 1893. Given here as an example of the latest development of illustration.

sinking lower and lower, owing to the action of those who pretend to be its patrons. At the present moment we find ourselves in a critical situation, good work crowded out by mediocrity—because mediocrity is cheaper—real artists lost sight of amid the crowd of squirming, struggling, advertising hacks. Any spark of originality is stamped out if possible. The mere attempt to say anything in one's own fashion is a crime, and on all sides the prayer for the extinction of the artist is heard; after him will go the process man, as the commercial wood-engraver has vanished, and then—well, things will take a new start, good work will be done, and we may as well prepare for the time coming soon, when cheapness and nastiness, having struggled to the bitter end, will kill each other for want of something better.

Still, to-day as good work is being done as ever there was, only cheapness has to shriek so loud, and advertise so large

to be recognized, and people are so blinded by the shrieking, that at times the best is but seen through a glass, darkly. Nevertheless, good art will as surely live as bad will perish. Let us then endeavour not only to learn what good work is, but how to do it. In the near future this will be absolutely necessary. When one finds the greatest artists in England drawing for a penny paper, one realises that illustration is only apparently in a bad way, that really we are entering upon a second renaissance, that this is but the dark moment before the dawn.

As a preliminary, and also a final, word, I would say you must draw, draw, draw; first, last, and all the time; and until you can draw, and draw well, you cannot illustrate.

The study, therefore, of the equipment of the illustrator should be our aim—what he must do before he can make good illustrations, then, how is he to make them.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

WITH A SERIES OF UNPUBLISHED ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN August, 1872, when Randolph Caldecott was travelling in the Harz Mountains with some friends, he gives in his diary, in his "own Baedeker," some notes of an excursion made on foot from Thal to Clausthal, through woods of beech and birch and oak. "By the wayfarer, on this road," he says, "a stream can be heard, but not seen. Treseburg is reached at 5.40; a prettily situated village by the waterside; homely inn, damp beds."* Four years later, when his failing health had driven him, in the winter, to the Riviera, he told me something of this disastrous journey, and added that the damp beds of Treseburg had been, if not the cause, at least a frightful aggravation of the evil.

* "Randolph Caldecott: A Personal Memoir," Blackburn, p. 48, Ed. 1892.



THE CALVES. PLASTER CAST BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT, AND PAINTED BY HIM IN COLOURS. IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. WESTHALL.

All through the summer of 1875, when I was myself lying very ill, I had heard bad news of him, and, in early September, an artist, in whose studio we had met on his coming to town in 1872, wrote to me, saying, "Caldecott joined me at Broom Hall on Sunday, and after working all day on the picture of storks which is hanging there, returned with me last night. He is looking very ill, and I have urged him to join two of his friends who are going to Switzerland and North Italy. I think he has made up his mind to do so, and will go on Saturday." This journey did not, however, last more than a month, for his notes to me in October were dated "Freshwater," and, later, when I received from him a copy of "Old Christmas," he wrote from his native town of Chester.

As to the success of that successful venture, he had been uneasy. "I assure you," he wrote (8th December, 1875), "that I felt not very hopeful about how those people, who view these things seriously, would regard my attempts. However, friends have been encouraging and reviewers—sometimes also friends—have been flattering"; and the letter continues in this strain of unpretentious simplicity, and is written, as everything that he did was done, in absolute good faith. No man ever estimated his own performance more modestly, or brought a more open mind to its examination.

When I first saw him, he was trying oil-painting—putting in some birds on the panel of a cupboard; and shortly afterwards we met again, in M. Dalou's studio in Glebe Place, Chelsea, where he was modelling under his directions. Not having been early

trained in the set methods of a master or a school, Mr. Caldecott was always tentative as to the ways and means of getting his effects. It was with an ingenuous and childlike pleasure that he would attempt the experiment of an untried medium, on the watch, as it were, for results of which he was not sure, but which might serve him in fixing those fleeting impressions of gesture and movement to which he was exceptionally sensitive, difficult as they are to seize, unless by the aid of some happy chance. His work in oil never, to my mind, became either masterly or personal in character and execution. He achieved, it is true, a considerable measure of success in the two panels of birds in the dining-room at Bank Hall (1874), which were entirely from his hand, though they only form a small part of the general decoration by another artist; and also in the stork picture, of which mention has been made, which was painted for Mr. Pennington in 1875. These works were, however, in a large measure decorative in character, and did not demand the carrying out of a full pictorial scheme of treatment. Indeed, his charming talent always seemed to me to become embarrassed by the effort to get complete effects of light and shade, whether in colour or by means of black and white.

We talked this over one day when he was staying with me at Grasse, where I spent the winter of 1876-77. I had no thought of seeing him later in the South when I wished him "Good-bye," before leaving England for Aix-les-Bains, that autumn. I had, however, felt so uneasy as to the state of his health, that I was not surprised to hear from one of his friends, in November, that "Caldecott, who was, as you said, looking very ill all through the summer, went to his own country, and there got laid up with rheumatic fever, followed by complications about the heart—which is congenitally his weak part. He came to Buxton while we were there, and



GENOA: THE DEFORMED AND UGLY. A SKETCH BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

improved much; but he is still very delicate, and will have to be very careful. He is not allowed to walk up-hill now, or take any active exercise, and must be very careful in his way of living; but he is not told to leave England for the winter. He must be back in town by this time—the second book, with his illustrations, comes out this month, 'Bracebridge Hall.'" On this letter followed another, early in December, saying, "Caldecott is at Cannes; he left England about six weeks ago. I believe he is pretty well. Have you seen his two picture-books, 'John Gilpin' and 'The House that Jack Built'?" The picture-books I had already received from their author, and in sending Mr. Caldecott my thanks for them, I begged him to give me a few days at Grasse—then uninfested by the "foreigner." I told him, as an inducement, that he should there see how one lived the life of the land, as close to the earth as a peasant, under the free Southern sky; on speaking terms with neighbour dogs, and goats; the familiar friend of *tarantes*, of lizards, and even of the stupid tortoises, who lurked in the clipped box hedges of that triumph of Provençal taste, the *berceau* and its *thèse*.

The quaint round tower of St. Hilaire, in which I lived with my dear old maid and companion, Mme. Moreau, had been built, so said local tradition, by a mysterious Spaniard—some supposed a political exile—more than a century ago. In his days, the tower was buried in the woods; but the woods had long given place to orderly rows of olive-trees, beneath which, at measured intervals, blossomed pale Parma violets, whose flowers were gathered, on set days, into great baskets, and carried off to our landlord's perfume factory in the little town. Beyond the *thèse* was a low wall, whence the hillside fell away with a steep incline, slipping and rolling rapidly down into the plain, which found, in the restless waters of the Mediterranean, a glittering barrier. All these things lay full in view of the guest chamber, to which we were right glad to welcome our willing visitor. Indeed, Moreau, who was not, as a rule very friendly to strangers, even of a homely sort—fearing lest their wants



GENOA: GOOD-LOOKING PEOPLE. A SKETCH BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

should go beyond our means—would gladly have had him with us all our winter; "Il ne compte pas," she used to say, if betrayed into any movement of unusual tenderness in wrapping him against the wind or damp; "c'est comme mon enfant." It was soon quite clear to me that though Mr.

Caldecott was cheerful and spoke of himself as nearly well, and of his stay in the South as a pleasure rather than a necessity, he was really in that condition of excessive sensitiveness to changes of weather or temperature which makes the Riviera climate deadly to the incautious invalid. So, when we made our great excursion together to the old Cistercian monastery of Le Thoronet, we provisioned the country *patate* which conveyed us thither, not only with bread and wine and fruits and cold meats, but with rugs and furs; which in the blazing spring sunlight of our outsetting, the guest declared to be unnecessary, but which were none too many for the after-sunset hours of our return.

From the vice of sadness, which seems to strangely disfigure the characters of so many of our contemporaries, Mr. Caldecott was always singularly free. When we set

forth, from our gate through the olive-yards in the early morning, he took his seat by the driver in a state of almost boyish glee, calling incessantly on "friend Moreau" to translate the Provençal tongue, or the almost more unintelligible French of the peasant who drove us; but as we halted at Lorgues—that he might visit the Cathedral and see Puget's famous group of the 'Virgin and Child'—and stopped before the relics of some painting (said to be of the twelfth century) in a wayside chapel, he dropped back into the sweet seriousness of manner which was habitual to him.

The following morning we were all shut indoors by rain. As Mr. Caldecott began drawing out some notes that he had

made on previous days, I was very much interested to see the kind of points which he emphasized in rendering the people and country about us, and to note the sort of character which caught his eye. Fig-trees, for example, were dancing over the paper, fingering the sky with the strange talon-like

branches which are the result of Provençal pruning-hooks, and which the leafless cruelty of the season left bare to ridicule. This aspect of the fig-tree had, it seemed, so entertained him that when I showed him some sketches of the tree in its wild state—crawling down the hillside, with trunks bellying out in the great sinuous curves of a creeper, and

branches springing from clean and polished sides, in rounded forms like lissom human limbs, he insisted on being taken to see some such phenomenon. We walked out, therefore, the next day, to visit the best examples I could find; but he did not care for them; they had not the element of quaintness that attracted him in those which had been tortured out of shape by neighbouring farmers. In those days, as often afterwards, I seemed to notice that—although he was keenly appreciative of loveliness of tint and form—faithful portraiture of scenes and people, unless they presented some whimsical aspect, was irksome to him, and hampered him, so that his work lost much of its personal charm. For this reason, which I think will be apparent to any careful student of such works as 'North Italian,' or 'Breton Folk,' I never agreed with some of Mr. Caldecott's advisers who held that he was exceptionally fitted for

journalistic work. His greatest successes were certainly not won in that direction, but in an art of delicate conventions, through which—by means of a careful abstract of form and colour—he found his way to the rendering of a fanciful world to which he alone had admission. This same conventional character, proper to his best work, made it admirably fit for decorative purposes, and one of the prettiest examples of this class of work from his hand will be found in the first illustration of these pages, 'The Calves,' a coloured bas-relief in the possession of my friend Mrs. Westlake. Much beautiful quality must of course be missed in reproductions which cannot render the precise values of the colours employed, but enough of the character of the original is



THE SCREEN IN THE LUMBER ROOM.
FROM A DRAWING BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT, IN THE COLLECTION OF
MRS. WESTLAKE, FOR AN UNPUBLISHED STORY.



*These people have
just passed. They
give me no hint
go into particulars.*

GENOA: A SMART COUPLE.
A SKETCH BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

of elegance—which was Randolph Caldecott's sign-manual, and which seems, indeed, out of place in quite real surroundings; whereas in ornamental work, great or small—in a frieze of men and maidens, or in the pretty pages of a baby's picture-book—it is at home; there are no too-solid signs of earth to check its frolic.

In the frontispiece to "Bracebridge Hall," which we discussed together at Grasse, difficulties of a different order had been in the way. There had been actual uncertainty as to ways and means of producing the required effect. The result was, as Mr. Caldecott said himself, not a successful achievement, though there were things in it, such as the back of the old coachman, who is assisting the fair Julia to mount, which he only could have drawn; so full is the figure of subtle suggestions of movement and character. I think he was often in uncertainty just then, because he was trying to reason out rules by which he might guide himself, especially as to the degree in which it was advisable to attempt the rendering in such work of local colour. The black of a black habit or hat, for example, might have to be indicated in order to tell a story, or explain a costume—as in 'The Screen' in the Lumber Room—yet this—though easily managed in a sketch—involved complicated calculations of values in anything which was worked out so fully as the engraving which represented 'The Chivalry of the Hall preparing to take the Field.' He had talked over the point with someone (I forget the name), who had laid down, with authority, as a canon of the legitimate use of black and white, that no attempt should be made to indicate colour—a severe doctrine, against which his instincts revolted, but one which he seemed to think that, what he called "people who take these

1895.

retained to enable the reader to appreciate the air of simple grace pervading the subject, and the way in which its quiet charm is unexpectedly heightened by the pert intrusion of the inquisitive cock, who, from his exalted station on the wall, overlooks the proceedings. Here comes in that touch of whim—always allied to a certain air

things seriously," might be inclined to impose on his acceptance.

Another matter, of which he was very full at the time, was the question of how far memory—the memory of detail, on which a man might have to rely in work for which he had no model—was conscious or unconscious. In this connection he was interested in seeing how far, for my own purposes, I had managed to train myself in the habit of accurate "visualisation," that is to say, in all cases where I could not make written or other notes of objects to which I might have occasion to refer, I was able, by a mental effort, to retain an image sufficiently clear to admit of writing about, or drawing from it afterwards. He himself, he said, remembered without effort; remembered unconsciously even minute details of feature, of gesture, of dress. It would happen to him, he said, to talk to people, or to pass them in the street without any intention of recalling their appearance, and he would presently find a sketch of them, generally accurate—and I think the more so, if unintentional*—at the end of his pen. Charles Keene, with whom he had also talked this point over, had told him that he, on the contrary, had no memory of an unintentional sort; that he remembered absolutely nothing definite about any one with whom he might have been talking, unless he deliberately intended to do so; but that if he intended to remember, then nothing escaped him. He said that he could then recall and set down the smallest points of detail, "every button of the breeches, every crease of the coat," everything, in short, however small, which went to the making of a portrait.

Continuing to watch Mr. Caldecott at work, during his brief stay at Grasse, I was strongly confirmed in the impression I had received as to the peculiar character of his gifts as a designer. I therefore ventured to tell him that, to my mind, the most remarkable and interesting of the illustrations in the two books by which he made his reputation—"Old Christmas" and "Bracebridge Hall"—were those which most nearly approached a class of design which is decorative

* A curious instance of inaccuracy, occurring when he intended to be accurate, is given in the cut of 'The Speaker going to the House of Lords' (*Pictorial World*, March 7th, 1874), where the artist has shown, in the hands of Blackrod, not the short stick which he properly carries, but a sort of long beadle's staff.



GENOA: THE LONGNOSED AND SHORTRNOSED TYPES. FROM A SKETCH BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

OO

*The Royal
Agricultural Society's
Show held near here
during this week has
been very successful
in 2 classes. The pigs
of the country clergymen.*



THE PRIZE PIG AND THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.
A SKETCH BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

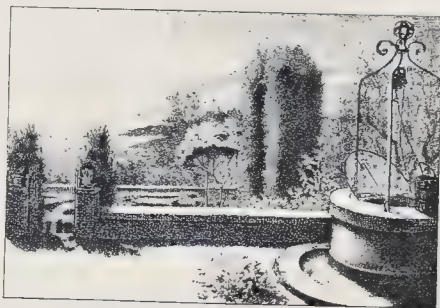
my attention to a striking peculiarity of his hand, which a great surgeon had noticed as that of a born manipulator, and pointed out to me that the peculiar touch which had attracted my attention was due probably to the shape of the finger tips, the extraordinarily thick cushions of which came far beyond the nails.

On leaving Grasse, Mr. Caldecott went on to Genoa, paying a visit to friends on the way, "who," he says, "showed me much of the earth, from hill-tops and islands." The sheets of studies (here reproduced), which accompanied his letter (April, 1877), illustrate, I think, my point that he was at his best when he was not trying to make a portrait, but was only noting types or movements which had struck his eye. The head of the moustached man with the eye-glass in the centre of one sketch, and the figure of the fat Genoese in the high hat in another, are handled with a lighter and more expressive touch than the heads of the ladies, to whose charms he has laboriously tried to do justice. "Genoa," he wrote, "seems to be all right—at first the people looked deformed and ugly, but by perseverance and careful examination of the passers-by, aided by a walk or two in the public gardens yesterday, I have been enabled to

rather than pictorial. I also went on to speak of the pleasure it always gave me to see him modelling, not only because his lovely sense of pattern and feeling for a certain quality of line seemed to find full play within the limitations of low relief—which he particularly loved—but because the very gesture of caress with which his fingers touched the clay, or his more favourite wax, had something instinctively right about it. He at once called

discover some good-looking people. These portraits I have secured at considerable personal risk. I must, however, do something for my patrons in a more severe style. A day or two ago I had a letter from a man reminding me, amongst other things, of 'two bas-relief medallions,' which I may do 'when I wish to work.' He also wants a few ' quaint verses.' Then there are the drawings of people and scenes round about here, for those illustrations which call out for immediate attention. Therefore, I will start at once." The illustrations to which he here alludes were those for "North Italian Folk," to which I have already alluded, and which he certainly executed with a sense of effort. "I must not stay ruralising," he writes, from Mr. Evans's house near Preston, on July 14, 1877, "for I am struggling with those drawings of Genoese people and things, and must return to town to complete them." Ruralising on this occasion had, however, been somewhat disturbed, for he adds, "The Royal Agricultural Society's show, held near here during this week, has been very successful in two classes—the pigs and the country clergymen," and below this sentence comes one of his most striking letter-drawings (see the illustration) showing a typical country clergyman—white-chokered, white-whiskered, his cheeks ruddy with health and port—gazing complacently on the peaceful slumbers which the prize-pig of the show is happily enjoying. Without colour, it is very difficult to give an adequate reproduction of this brilliant little sketch. It is an early, and therefore most interesting, example of that combination of flat tints of colour with simple lines, for which Mr. Caldecott had so remarkable a sense, and which, in his 'John Gilpin' and 'The House that Jack Built,' was shortly (1878) made evident to a delighted public. And here, I may as well say that the series of picture-books which these two began have, I think, too often been regarded, not as being the fruit of hard work, but as if they grew out of mere graceful and clever trifling. The truth is, that there is not a line or a tint in any one of them the choice of which was not deliberately confirmed by careful revision and sound judgment. Even the text was a matter of grave consideration. Take, for instance, the song of "The Three Huntsmen." "There are," he says, "no end of verses 'known' of the three huntsmen's adventures. I have used six of a version by Edwin Waugh, the Lancashire poet, a friend of mine—which is partly original—and I have added two of mine own. I fancy that the real old original song is of 'three Jovial Welshmen, who all three went up a-hunting on St. David's Day.'" EMILIA S. F. DILKE.

(To be continued.)



VIEW FROM ST. HILAIRE. A SKETCH BY LADY DILKE.



DESIGN FOR THE INTENDED NEW HOUSE OF LORDS. BY SIR JOHN SOANE, R.A. FROM THE PICTURE IN THE DIPLOMA GALLERY, BURLINGTON HOUSE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.*

By J. E. HODGSON, R.A., LIBRARIAN; AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Presidency of Benjamin West not only marks a second stage in the history of the Royal Academy, but it also corresponded with the development of a new phase in British Art, as we have pointed out in a former article. Hoppner, the last representative of the old school, died in 1810. Romney had preceded him in 1802, and though Raeburn, who survived West, showed many affinities with that school, he was also one of the ablest representatives of the new tendencies which developed themselves in the art of portrait painting. To describe exactly what those were is a difficult matter, as words are meaningless to a great extent when applied to Art impressions. It was as though Velasquez had been substituted for Titian as the supreme model of portrait painting. There was more touch displayed in execution, and instead of the subdued, often low-toned splendour of Reynolds and the early school, we find a brilliant picturesqueness, heightened by flashes and touches of very vivid colour. Great attention was evidently paid to truth of representation; the portraits painted at the commencement of this century convince us of their likeness to the originals, in which respect they offer a striking contrast to the works of Lely and Kneller, painted at the commencement of the previous one, which are all alike, as like one another as two eggs, as Thackeray puts it. But before even the best of these works we are inclined to exclaim "What a fine portrait!" rather than "What a fine picture!" which is the impression produced upon us by Reynolds and Gainsborough. Our readers will perceive what a subtle and very important distinction is involved in this difference—it shows that Art had to obey the tendency which has affected science and so many other things, and to become specialised. The art cannot live but the craft must also step in and deaden its inspiration.

On the whole, the beginning of this century was not a very interesting epoch of British Art. Turner filled the whole atmosphere with the brilliancy of his genius, and beside him there was David Wilkie, who introduced a brilliant and facile execution unknown to the school before him, and James Ward, a decidedly interesting personality in Art; of the rest there is really little to be noted especially. The earnest and high-minded amongst them, *laudatores temporis acti*, struggled persever-

ingly in the paths of Italianised classicism, meeting with that success which has apparently always attended such efforts, the success of esteem rather than of sympathy; and then there were the idyllic painters who apparently drew their inspiration from Thomson rather than from Nature, and represented the young Lavinias, who once had friends, but who in these degenerate days are scoffed at as bogus maidens.

The inevitable was bound to come; the moment that Art turned from the contemplation of abstract beauty and took its stand on Nature, there could be no halt or rest for it until it was landed in complete and uncompromising realism. Hence it is that the rustic and domestic pictures of the early part of this century are so unsatisfactory to us, they are neither one thing nor another; as idealistic we feel that they are false, and as realistic they do not go far enough. They hang suspended between rival attractions and appeal to no faculty of the human mind except indecision, which is not fascinating or profitable to indulge in.

The first artist to be raised from the rank of Associate to that of Academician in the present century was Martin Archer Shee, with whose career we do not propose to deal until we arrive at the period of his election to the presidency. Following him come Flaxman and Turner, to whom the two articles immediately preceding this one have been devoted. The next on the list is Soane; and we will now take him and the remainder of the Academicians elected under the presidency of Benjamin West in the order of their election.

SIR JOHN SOANE, R.A.

Lincoln's Inn Fields is not a fashionable resort, though it is not quite unknown to the inhabitants of the West. As you enter it from Great Queen Street you are impressed by its fine architecture, its dimness, and its vast expanse—on few occasions is the far side of it visible through the smoky atmosphere—and also by its stillness. There seems to be no traffic but that of lawyers' clerks carrying blue bags, and you might imagine it was an obsolete and decaying remnant of old London, did you not know that around you, and on every side, though unseen, like the forces which underlie the dormant volcano,

* Continued from page 329, in the volume for 1893.

there are busy brains at work, forging the fetters and furbishing up the dread machinery of law and litigation.

Its stillness impresses the imagination and daunts the spirit; it is like the torpor which hangs over estates whose title is disputed, or great concerns which have gone into liquidation. This would not seem an atmosphere congenial to Art, and, indeed, few people are aware that in the midst of it there stands a perfect treasure-house of Art; even the policeman on his beat, so we have been informed, is often unable to direct a stranger to Sir John Soane's Museum. It stands on the north side of the square, at the distance of about one quarter of the entire frontage from the corner of Great Queen Street; its façade is singularly mean, to which meanness a touch of vulgarity has been added by two plaster figures perched upon the cornice; this seems characteristic of Sir John Soane's mind. He showed wonderful invention and a striving after originality in the buildings he constructed, and yet his eye was able to tolerate solecisms in portions of them which entirely marred their general effects; and when we find ourselves inside the museum, crammed as it is with beautiful things, quite a neat little physiological problem presents itself to our mind, namely, how the man who delighted in such things, and himself created so many beautiful designs, could daily go in and out of that ugly house and not feel his eye offended. The internal arrangements of this unique domicile are truly wonderful, they entirely upset our accustomed notions of upstairs and downstairs, of kitchen and parlour; nothing is as it should be, but all is unusual and unintelligible; even the walls are a delusion. When we have finished admiring some pictures and drawings we see hanging up, our obliging attendant turns a handle, and hey, presto! the wall, pictures, and drawings vanish, and we have before us a vista of another gallery filled with drawings, low reliefs, statues, and Art things of every kind, massed together, we are bound to confess, in rather bewildering profusion; in fact, this multitudinousness becomes overwhelming, and we are glad to escape at last, saying to ourselves that Sir John Soane's Museum cannot be done justice to in one visit, but requires two or three.

Of course, amongst so much, there must be some rubbish; in the antique department there is an undue proportion of plaster compared with intrinsic marble and bronze, and the drawings, which cover almost every available inch of wall-space, do not always satisfy our æsthetic cravings; but for all that there is much to see and admire. There is a picture of the 'Grand Canal in Venice,' which appears to us one of the finest pictures painted by Canaletto; this, with the 'Rake's Progress,' and the Election series by Hogarth, and an exquisite early drawing of 'Kirkstall Abbey,' by Turner, would alone repay a visit to Lincoln's Inn Fields.

But perhaps the strongest impression we carry away with us when we leave the place and tread once more the deserted flagstones of the great square is wonder and admiration for the man, for the energy, perseverance, and intensity of fixed purpose which enabled him in the course of one lifetime to pile together such a mass of fine things, and for the ingenuity which enabled him to house them all. His carefulness, tidiness, ingenuity, and supreme faculty for packing things together must appear truly miraculous to those not possessed of these faculties, or who only possess them in that rudimentary condition which is exemplified in the art of pitching things into a portmanteau and then sitting on them, a condition in which they exist in the vast mass of untidy humanity. Soane's Museum is undoubtedly overcrowded, and one cannot help

regretting that its choicer treasures, such as Hogarth's pictures, the exquisite MSS. of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, one or two great vases, etc., could not have been displayed with more margin round them, where they could have lived in an atmosphere of their own undisturbed by alien attractions.

This very remarkable man, John Soane, was born in Reading, in 1753, and was the son of a bricklayer. His sister, we are informed, was a servant in the house of Mr. Dance, the architect, and probably through her influence he was taken into the office, as errand boy and general fag; later he was admitted as a pupil, but for how long we do not know, as the greater part of his time, up to his start for Italy as gold-medal student of the Royal Academy, was passed in the office of Holland, an eminent architect in his day. His appointment to the travelling studentship was mainly owing to the all-powerful recommendation of Sir W. Chambers, who was much pleased with Soane's design for a 'Triumphal Bridge'; and the fortunate student would have been better advised, or more happily inspired, had he been satisfied to let well alone, and had he not published a volume of designs which came out the year after he left England, and which did him so little credit that in after years he was glad to buy up every copy he could meet with.

It is seldom a biographer has such an opportunity as he finds in this man's life, and were it worth seriously and minutely recording, which it probably is not, a writer of insight could produce a truer picture of a man's mind than is usually found in such books. His executed works and his designs, his museum and the collection it contains, seem to explain the man and make him familiar to us, with all that was worthy and unworthy in him, with his merits and his meannesses, with all his contradictory qualities. And this is much; when we reflect how few out of the vast and never-ceasing procession of human lives which issues out of the darkness and the unknown, to disappear into it again, ever leave behind them the slightest trace of their passing, or any recognisable proof that such a man once lived and was thus fashioned. Sir John Soane, at all events, erected a monument to himself durable as brass, and though we may not altogether sympathise with him, we are bound to give him an honourable place among English worthies.

What is abundantly evident is that he had no genius for architecture, only a bright fancy and a sense of adaptability, as also very great industry. He was, moreover, a supremely lucky man, and there is merit in that, as has been said.

It was lucky that he was appointed to the travelling studentship before the publication of his first volume of designs; it was lucky that when in Italy he made the acquaintance, perhaps even acquired the friendship, of Thomas Pitt, afterwards Lord Camelford, to whose influence he owed his appointment of architect to the Bank of England; which was followed by that of clerk of the works of St. James's Palace; then of architect to the Woods and Forests, and surveyor of Chelsea Hospital, all lucrative posts. And finally he was lucky that in the great lottery of life he drew a prize which, though we know nothing of its spiritual preciousness, represented a fine material value in the shape of a handsome fortune. And so it came about that this son of a Berkshire bricklayer, without any transcendent qualities that we can discern, was spared the pangs of disappointment, the quips and scorns which patient merit of the unworthy takes, and which have broken the hearts of so many men of genius. Not

to him was it appointed to bear the bitter sense of injustice which must have preyed upon the mind of the poet who for long months carried about the MS. of "Sartor Resartus" in the vain hope of finding a publisher; fickle fortune dropped one good thing into his lap after another, and he spent his life in one long luxurious course of fadding.

But to his honour be it recorded, he also designed the north-west corner of the Bank of England, one of the most graceful features in London street architecture. He seems to have executed many buildings, public and private; but in the opinion of the most competent judges he was only successful in bits, and a painful poverty of design is always apparent in some portion of his work.

He had ideas, but no idea; no large sense of unity and completeness, or of structural consistency; and that summing up of his merits which was current at the commencement of this century, though it sounds futile and ridiculous to us, is perhaps a just one, namely, that the great claim to originality of Sir John Soane consisted in his having been the first to adopt, and to disseminate, that particular form of architectural confectionery known as Tivoli-Corinthian.

As has been already stated, Soane was a student of the Royal Academy, having been admitted in 1771. His name was then spelt "Soan," and is found so printed in the Academy catalogues from 1772 to 1784, when the final "e" was for the first time appended.

He was elected an Asso-

ciate in 1795, and an Academician in 1802, on the same evening as Turner; and in 1806 he was appointed Professor of Architecture. His tenure of this post was marked by an incident strongly illustrative of the somewhat cantankerous and obstinate character of the man. At the beginning of 1810 the Council passed a resolution, which is still in force, "That no comments or criticisms on the opinions and productions of living artists in this country should be introduced into any of the lectures delivered in the Royal Academy," and the reasons given were:—"1st, because the lecturers of the Academy are in matters of Art the public organs of the institution, and are supposed to deliver sentiments approved of generally by the Body; the sanction of such an authority therefore should not be used to prejudice the talents or depreciate the productions of artists whose interests may be materially affected by unfavourable animadversions thus officially delivered; 2nd, because the introduction of such comments or criticisms

1895.

has a direct tendency to disturb the peace and harmony of the Academy, and create a spirit of dissension in the art; 3rd, because it seems unfair to bring the talents or works of living artists to trial before a tribunal where they have no means of defence or justification, and because we conceive that there are materials sufficient for all the purposes of example or illustration without resorting to the productions of artists who, if members of the Academy, have a claim to the protection of the body to which they belong, and who, if not members, have a right to a liberal and indulgent consideration of their merits in an institution which presides over the interests of the Arts at large."

This resolution was moved by Howard, afterwards Secretary, and seconded by Shee, afterwards President, and carried unanimously, the other members present being Flaxman, in the chair, Yenn (the Treasurer), Marchant, and Phillips; the President (West) is described in the minutes as being "in gout" and the Secretary (Richards) as "ill." A copy of the Resolution without the reasons was sent to each of the professors with a request that they would conform to the same; and none of them appear to have raised any objection with the exception of Soane, at whom it may therefore be presumed the resolution was chiefly aimed. He replied with a request to be informed of the names of those present at the Council when the resolution was passed, and also of the reasons on which it was



SIR JOHN SOANE, R.A. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A., IN THE SOANE MUSEUM, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

founded, both of which requests were refused as "unusual and irregular," and he was reminded that the books of the Academy were "always accessible to Academicians"; and he was also asked to state when it would be "convenient to him to resume his architectural lectures." To this inquiry his reply is described in the minutes of February 19th, 1810, as "evasive and unsatisfactory." Such as it was it left him master of the situation apparently, as he delivered no lectures that year, and the matter was allowed to drop until the time again came round for the discharge of his duties as Professor, when a similar correspondence was again begun, the situation being further complicated and an almost comic aspect given it by the presence of Soane himself on the Council. This time, however, the Council lost patience with him and declared the Professorship vacant; but when the Resolution embodying this decision was submitted to the General Assembly in March, 1811, that body were not prepared to endorse so extreme a measure,

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and though it pronounced Mr. Soane's conduct to have been "highly improper and disrespectful," did not consider him as having thereby vacated the professor's chair. The Council accordingly had to swallow its resolution, and the President at a subsequent meeting of the General Assembly expressed the hope that "the Professor would now resume his functions." And this he appears to have done in 1812, though he ended his course with a protest that he could not continue to perform the duties of his office unless the Academy would revise and retrace their proceedings relative to him since the delivery of his fourth lecture in June, 1810, which we may conclude was the offending lecture which gave rise to the original action of the Council. Accordingly, in 1813, we find him beginning the old game again; but this time the Council declined to enter into a correspondence with him, as "after so much ineffectual discussion all tending to the same point and producing the same conclusions, in which Mr. Soane has inflexibly opposed his single opinion to the general sense of the Academy and trifled with its lenity, it would be derogatory to the character and dignity of the Society to proceed further in communicating with him on the subject"; and further stated that "Mr. Soane having made it apparent that he will not resume the duties of his office but upon conditions prescribed by himself, in direct opposition to the laws of the Society," they "felt themselves compelled to declare that the office of Professor of Architecture is vacated." This prompt action and plain language appears to have had an effect on the recalcitrant and obstinate professor. At the General Assembly convened on January 29th, 1813, to consider the Council's decision—after the application of a little soothing syrup in the form of a declaration, stating that the Academy had been actuated solely by a consideration of duty to the institution, etc., in passing the law of 1810 with reference to professors, and that they did not hesitate to express their regret that their Professor of Architecture should have considered himself injured or aggrieved by any proceedings respecting it—Soane got up and declared that "he wished that everything past should be buried in oblivion,

and that he was ready to accede to the wishes of the Academy." Thereupon it was decided that all further proceedings were unnecessary, and the Council were in their turn smoothed down by an expression of approbation for the zeal and attention they had exhibited in the matter. And so after three years the struggle ended, and Soane discharged his duties as Professor till his death in 1837.

The same unyielding and obstinate temper as was displayed in this episode was also shown by Soane in his treatment of his only son, with whom he had a deadly quarrel on account of some offence to his vanity, and whom he never could bring himself to forgive. Indeed, so rancorous did his feelings ultimately become that he not only alienated all his property, but when it was proposed to do him honour, he refused a baronetcy because it offered some reversionary benefit to his son.

A later incident in his Academic career shows him in a more favourable light than the one we have spoken of above. At the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence in 1830 an effort, set on foot by the Academy, was made to purchase for the nation the collection of drawings by Old Masters formed by him, and so strongly was the proposal supported by the Academy that it voted a sum of £1,000 towards it in spite of an influential opposition led by Turner, Callcott and Chantrey, who wanted to pronounce an emphatic Academic blessing on the scheme without giving any money towards its realisation. At the meeting at which the final decision was arrived at, Turner read a letter from Soane offering to give £1,000 towards the purchase of the collection "provided they can be obtained for the Royal Academy, and placed solely at its disposal." But it was felt that there was more chance of raising the money for the purpose of placing the drawings, as advocated by the Academy, in the British Museum or National Gallery, and Soane's offer was, therefore, declined, with a handsome expression of "high admiration of your very liberal intentions" and "best thanks for the noble proof you have given of your zeal for the true interests of Art, and your brotherly regard for the honour of the Royal Academy."

A SACRED VILLAGE OF THE TURKS.

I SHALL never forget my first visit to the village of Eyoub, which is still the stronghold of the Constantinopolitan Turks of the old school, and the floor of whose thrice Holy Mosque has never been pressed by foot of infidel. I dare say, however, that examination into matters would prove that the hated Giaour has lived, and, indeed, still lives, at Eyoub, and that many an unbeliever has passed beneath the great marble dome which rises above the tomb of Eyoub, the champion of the Prophet. Has not Pierre Loti, for instance, assured us that he lived here for months with Aziyade; and do I not myself know a certain *Chargé d'Affaires* who, on his oath, swore to me that with a fez upon his head, and accompanied by his kawas, he managed to elude the vigilance of the faithful, and beheld for himself this Holy Shrine, which, like the Kaaba at Mecca, should be seen only by the eyes of true believers?

Be this as it may, one must be Pierre Loti to care to reside, even in imagination, at Eyoub, for it is literally a village of tombs, and one must be the Baron de V. to risk one's life to

see the interior of any Turkish mosque which has not been originally an old Christian church, for they are all exactly alike, and I have seen photographs of the interior of Eyoub, taken at the time it was recently restored, which prove to me, beyond a doubt, that internally, at least, it is not particularly interesting.

It had been snowing hard all the morning, when I took a caïque at Kassim Pacha, at the foot of the second bridge of boats, and glided over the still grey waters of the Golden Horn in the quiet hours of a winter's afternoon, when the sky was leaden, and the domes and minarets of Stamboul seemed ghostly in their snowy shrouds. What made me choose such an un-Eastern afternoon as this for an expedition to a village so essentially Eastern as Eyoub? Caprice or Kismet? I know not; but I remember now that when I was half-way on my journey I heartily wished myself home again, for I was nearly frozen, and even my fur coat, closely muffled round me, refused to keep the cold out; and, as if to add insult to injury, in my pocket was a letter from a friend in

England, congratulating me on being away in "the balmy air of the South," and "basking in the sunshine of Turkey"!

Past the Phanar, that quarter of Constantinople to which Mehemet the Second relegated the Greeks who survived the siege, and where there rises, entirely screening from view two most interesting old mosques, which were formerly Christian churches, a very modern and very ugly High School for Greek boys. Past Ballater, whose name, a corruption of *pallate*, recalls the Imperial Palace of the Blacherne, which stood here in the days of the Byzantine Emperors, and where now swarms the filthiest colony of Jews on earth;—past a superb buttress of the old walls of Heraclius, half-hidden by spire-like groups of cypress trees, which stood out in gloomy relief against the snow-laden clouds. As to the Golden Horn, it was nearly deserted; the useless Turkish fleet lying idle at the foot of the Admiralty, and a few fishing craft, and one or two wickedly ugly steam ferry-boats, I believe the refuse of the Hudson river, which have somehow or other found their way here, a barge or so, laden with wood or coal, and two or three caiques, were all the craft to be seen on either side of this curious inner port, which could easily shelter all the fleets of Europe. My caiqueje was a good old Turk,

whom I had already employed several times, once to take me straight across the Bosphorus to Kadi Kui, and who, I think, looked upon me as a sort of lunatic Giaour; for what else but lunacy could inspire me with a wish to visit Eyoub on such a bitter afternoon? "My good Hamed," I should have said to him, if I could have spoken Turkish, "I go to Eyoub because I like contrasts; and what stronger contrast can I possibly have than domes and minarets wrapt in snow, the East shaking hands with the North Pole?" Hamed, in his sheepskin, rowed as swiftly as his old but muscular arms would permit. Very old looked Hamed, with his bright grey eyes and his brown face, his hooked nose, and what would have been a fine brow, but for the sharp outline across it, made by his turban of spotless white linen, out of the centre of which rose his fez, a vivid spot of brilliant claret colour. This veteran and I not understanding each other, he, to while away the time, sang me a Turkish song; anywhere

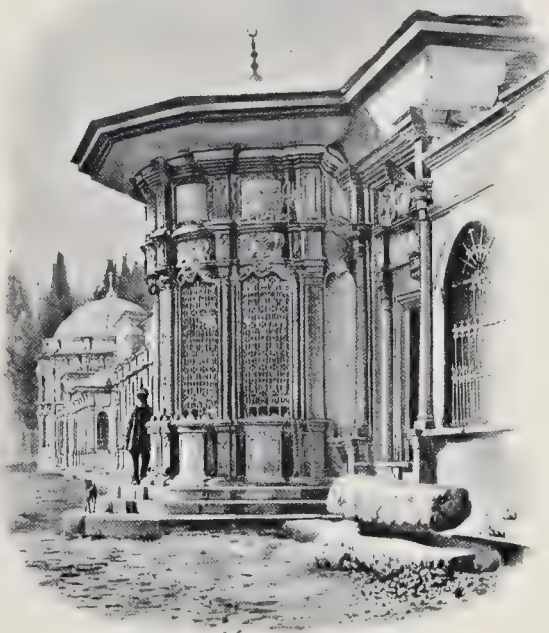
else on earth I should have wished Hamed farther, for his interminable nasal cadenze would have proved intolerably irritating.

At last we reached the little landing-place at Eyoub, half buried in snow, which is preceded by three enormous wooden Turkish houses, with little gardens in front of them, leading down to the water's edge, the loneliest and the most dreary-looking dwellings imaginable, the wood of which they are built black with age, the lattice of the harem windows falling in, and the two or three huge Italian terracotta vases in the gardens broken and overgrown with ivy, whose black green leaves were now speckled with little discs of snow.

Immediately on landing, we ascended to the great street of tombs, tombs of Sultanas, Viziers, Pashas, and Sheiks-ul-Islam, on either side of you, some very handsome; that of a sister of the late Sultan Abdul Aziz, Adèle Sultane, and two murdered little ones, for instance, with its brilliant gold trellis, through which you can see the coffins covered with sumptuous shawls, and having two enormous wax candles on either side of them, towering almost to the roof, which is hung with glass chandeliers. Against the walls are placed at least a dozen clocks of all kinds, mostly of English and French manufacture of the last century, but with Turkish figures. In

one corner I noticed a splendid old grandfather's clock, and on a bracket an exquisite little ormulu, which might have come from the sale of Madame du Barry's property. The inscriptions on the tombs of the two children are celebrated: "A flower that had scarcely bloomed, prematurely torn from its stem"; on the other: "Here lies one removed to those bowers where roses never fade, for a mother's tears moisten them. Say a *fatie* (prayer) for its beatitude." I have been assured, on good authority, that these children were not murdered, but died of diphtheria. There was no reason for doing away with them, for they had not the slightest chance of the succession to the throne.

The beautiful tomb is kept scrupulously clean and tidy. Not so a very large tomb a little higher up the street, the windows of which were broken, so that the snow had drifted in on to the prayer carpets. I should say this street of tombs is at least a quarter of a mile long, and it would be difficult to



THE STREET OF TOMBS, EYOUB.

conceive anything more picturesque. At the corner of the street is a beautiful Turkish fountain, which was covered with icicles; then came a large tomb, into which we could not



THE TOMB OF SULTAN EYOUB.

see, because the windows were so thick with dust and cobwebs. It, however, ended in a gate, opening on to a large courtyard or cloister, in the centre of which was a well, backed by a group of cypress-trees. Here two Turkish women, very closely veiled, were filling their pitchers. They had in their company four or five urchins, who, on noticing me, glared viciously, and hissed, "Giaour! Giaour!" with all the venom of little serpents. One small personage made, as quickly as he possibly could, a snowball, inserting in the middle of it, I noticed, a stone. His mother also perceived this aggressive action, and, before the snowball was completed, gave him two such resounding slaps on each side of his face as were likely, I should think, to teach him better manners for the rest of his life. The other urchins looked at the two women, cowed, yelped "Giaour! Giaour!" and cleared off as fast as their legs could carry them in an opposite direction, leaving my friend of the snowball behind, seated prostrate in the snow, howling dismally. I had been prepared for this sort of reception, and was even told that Eyoub was a dangerous place for a European to visit alone; but not for such an exhibition of common-sense on the part of Turkish women, and I felt inclined, had it been prudent to do so, to have lifted my hat, and thanked the good woman for her kind offices.

At the end of the street I came across another extremely fine tomb, in which I counted no less than seven coffins, covered with rich shawls, and from the fact that they had turbans on their heads instead of fez, I should say of considerable antiquity. Here also I saw a magnificent clock, richly ornamented with *vernis Martin*. What an odd

fate, thought I, for a French clock, that must originally have been made for some personage of the Court of Louis XV., to come and end its days in a Turkish tomb at Eyoub.

Turning to the left, I found myself in what I might call High Street, Eyoub, a rather lively thoroughfare lined with old Turkish wooden houses and shops containing, alas! very indifferent European goods, and in one window, to my horror, not to say indignation, I perceived a certain famous advertisement of a little boy in a tub, under which glared at me in large English characters, "He will not be happy till he gets it."

Beyond this shop was another enclosed tomb, that of a famous Sheik-ul-Islam, and having an iron network all round it. Then a toy-maker's with the funniest Turkish toys imaginable in his window. Then came a tailor's shop with a cartoon in the window containing the latest London fashions, which I should have liked to have torn down. Then a baker's with a red furnace at the back of it, throwing into vivid relief a half-naked baker, who must have been alternately roasted on one side and frozen on the other. Then a Turkish fountain thickly hung with long stalactites of ice, and next to it a cavernous fruit shop with piles of oranges and apples and dates and nuts and long strings of onions hung up against the black wall, and in the dim distance, lighted up by the fire from a stove, a number of Turks squatting on divans and smoking their *chibouks*. A party of Turkish women, closely veiled, with a negro slave leading a little white donkey with two enormous panniers slung across his back, were purchasing oranges and dried



IN THE TURKISH CEMETERY.

fruits, which the negro and the shop-boy were arranging in the panniers. The ladies, the donkey, and the negro formed a charmingly picturesque group, rendered all the more delightful by the contrast of their vivid scarlet and blue *feridges* with their snow-white surroundings.

Presently I stood in front of the great gate leading into the courtyard of the celebrated Mosque of Sultan Eyoub, in the centre of which is a magnificent plane-tree. A number of turbehs or tombs, each surmounted by a squat leaden dome; a Turkish bath, from the open door of which the steam was pouring out, and the bath boys were playing at snowball. An old grey woman, as ugly as an abstracted Fate, was feeding, with Indian corn, an incredibly large flock of dark pigeons, the noise of whose wings resounded through the quiet courtyard like the rushing of a cataract; there must have been several thousands of them.

Beyond the arch looking into this singularly picturesque

singing as they hurried on with their children, to spend the afternoon on the grass near the Sultan's kiosk, and stare at the Court ladies, occupying an almost interminable line of well-appointed broughams under the trees.

This time the deserted garden of the three Turkish houses at Eyoub I have already mentioned, was bright with flowers. The giant polonia-trees were full of purple bloom in the Street of Tombs, the westeria hung in such masses as to make one side of this otherwise gloomy thoroughfare violet with the quantity of blossom. Over the walls of the old Turkish gardens the lilac and laburnum peeped, and long trailing sprays of the pretty little banksia, rose and fell in primrose-



THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN EYOUB.

cloister or *harem*, as it is called, I did not venture, and all I could see of the mosque were the lovely Persian tiles which ornament its façade and its heavy bright red curtain, which from time to time was lifted as some of the faithful passed in to prayers.

Such was the first glimpse I obtained of Eyoub and of the mosque where the Sultans are invested with the sword of Othman, a ceremony which is equivalent to the coronation of our kings at Westminster.

By the time I got back to the *caïque* where Hamed was waiting for me somewhat impatiently, for the old man was blowing his half-frozen fingers, the short afternoon had nearly closed in, but the wind had fallen, and it was quite mild when we landed at the foot of the bridge at Kassim Pasha.

The next time I went to Eyoub was in early summer, and Hamed was again my Charon. It was a Friday, and the Golden Horn was alive with hundreds of *caïques* full of Turkish women, hurrying to the Sweet Waters of Europe. *Caïque* after *caïque* passed on laden with veiled ladies, laughing and

coloured showers. The street was animated; some hundreds of women, as usual closely veiled, for at Eyoub there is no playing tricks with the *yashmek*, everything and everybody being orthodox, and the sinful wickedness of Pera, where the Turkish women go "almost unveiled, Effendim," may not be attempted at Eyoub. The sky above was as brilliant as a turquoise, and the great plane-tree in the courtyard of the Sacred Mosque was thick with bright green leaves, so thick indeed that the pigeons had taken refuge from the hot sunshine under their shade. Out of the Mosque came group upon group of chattering Turkish women and their children. The sweetmeat-sellers went about with their great trays full of all sorts of sweets piled up in pink and yellow and white and brown pyramids, and *yaot*, or curds and whey, were being sold in all directions. It was a charming scene, so full of life so thoroughly Oriental, with fortunately scarcely a European costume in sight to mar its effect. This square has probably seen more pageants than any other place in Turkey, for hitherto have come the Sultans ever since the conquest, to be invested with the Sword of Othman, and to venerate the tomb of Eyoub

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Ansari, the standard-bearer and companion in arms of the Prophet, who was killed at the first siege of Constantinople by the Arabs in 668.

On the height at the back of Eyoub is the most remarkable cemetery in Turkey, with the sole exception of one at Scutari, for every good old-fashioned Turk likes to be buried at Eyoub, where Cook's tourists come but rarely. You begin the ascent of the cemetery a little beyond the tomb of the celebrated Grand Vizier, Sokolli, who, after the death of Suleiman I., victoriously concluded the campaign of Szigeth. Under the forest of cypress-trees, some of which rise to an incredible height, and the girth of whose trunks can only be described as gigantic, are literally millions of Turkish tombs, some of great antiquity, which have tumbled to pieces in the course of time or are leaning oddly to the one side, and emphasise that melancholy, neglected appearance which distinguishes everything approaching the monumental in Turkey. These contrast so quaintly with the brightly gilded and vividly painted tombs in their vicinity erected only a few days ago, which, in the course of time, will tumble to pieces like the rest. I think if the Turk is the most sober of men, he takes it out after death, for there is nothing on earth so drunken and disorderly in appearance as a Turkish cemetery, where, after a year or so, there is scarcely a monument standing erect.

But the general effect is weird, almost terrible; for since no Turk is allowed to be buried above another, lest at the judgment he should inconvenience his predecessor in death, by pushing him up to the Seat in an indecorous fashion, a Turkish cemetery of the importance of the one at Scutari, and of this at Eyoub, is literally, in every sense of the word, a field of death. But on the particular Friday in question, the cemetery at Eyoub was crowded with many picknickers, and almost every large tomb commanding a good view was crowded with Turkish women squatting on their carpets and enjoying their afternoon coffee. When a number of tombs get sufficiently dilapidated to warrant the speculation, some Armenian or Greek invariably seizes upon the space and converts it into an *al-fresco* café. Nothing can be imagined stranger than this cemetery full of living people, eating, drinking, and gossiping, the women invariably separated from the men, and neither being noticed by them or noticing them. It must be remembered, however, that a Turkish cemetery is essentially cheerful. I am one of those who would not go through an English village churchyard at midnight alone for a considerable consideration, but I have over and over again rested my weary bones on a Turkish tombstone late at night when there has been nothing near me but the great tall black cypress-trees and the tumbledown tombstones.

RICHARD DAVEY.

ART WORKERS AND RECENT PRODUCTIONS.

GLASS PAINTERS.



SMALL WINDOW BY
C. WHALL. (1.)

IN these days of interviewing it is notable that Art craftsmen have not supplied much copy to that Autolycus of the moment, the journalist. Very mediocre painters of easel pictures, and illustrators with the slenderest cheap talent, have been interviewed, but with a few exceptions the workers engaged in the Art crafts, such as glass-painting, go on doing their work, and outside a small circle are little known because they are so rarely brought before the public gaze.

Not that there would be anything gained by interviewing them, in a society sense, to discuss their favourite food and furniture, the decorations in their drawing-rooms, and their favourite pipes and pugs. But a peep at a few of the representative Art craftsmen, who are forming the impulses which will move those who come after, with a glance at their work, what are their aims, what their accomplishments, may help us the better to appreciate their efforts. It may also tend to make our praise discriminating and so encourage the artist; for nothing is so invigorating as intelligent appreciation, just as the applause of the ignorant is the most deadening stimulus he can receive.

My object, therefore, will be to discuss the recent productions of a few of the more representative men in the various Art crafts, at the same time giving, through the medium of illustrations, an idea of what is being done to give distinction to the Art of our day; so that we may not pass by what is

worthy and of good report when we see it. I have chosen glass-painting and glass-painters for the reason that while painting on glass occupies a prominent position in so many important buildings, it is something about which the public knows little, and is very much of a mystery to the majority.

Modern glass-painting came into existence within the last half-century, largely through the efforts of a barrister, Charles

Winston. This writer's book on the subject of old glass is a standard work, and should be consulted by those who wish to understand why the glass of the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries is so much finer than anything which has been done till within our own day;—for it is a mistake to assume that no modern glass equals the finest old work. With our increased knowledge of chemistry and our modern appliances, as well as our power



PART OF A WINDOW BY LOUIS DAVIS. (2.)



DESIGNED BY THE LATE J. D. WATSON. (3.)

of drawing, we ought to produce better work than was possible in the Middle Ages, and occasionally, it must be admitted, we do so.

What are the chief qualities we look for in a painted window? First, colour. The most dazzling and unapproachable effects of colour can be obtained by putting together pieces of coloured glass, for the material can, by the use of metallic oxides, be tinted to every rainbow hue. A window,

therefore, might be likened to slices of large gems put together as a mosaic is, with bands of lead to hold the pieces together. We might simply lead a number of pieces of coloured glass together as a girl sews patchwork, and we might get a beautiful palette of colour. Some painters tell us that a picture should be a wondrous palette of colour, and that design or idea should be quite subordinate. I think that such a statement holds truer of a window than a picture, for coloured glass can be, from its transparency, more beautiful than any pigments. Now let us look at the average windows we see in churches, and viewing them merely as colour, see how they stand criticism. A large number of such windows are too heavy in key, too little white or tinted white glass being employed.

This is bad in two ways, bad in itself and bad for the building, because such heavy windows prevent the proper amount of light entering, producing not a "dim religious light," but darkness, making nothing visible. An interesting church like St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, is spoilt by the heaviness of the windows. They are all coloured, so that on the ordinary days of the City very little is clearly discernible; and the beautiful and interesting tombs cannot be properly appreciated in such obscurity. The object of a window is to admit light; there can be no question about that; and though it is a great gain to a church to have the light modified and warmed by passing through tinted glass, with richer-coloured glass to give glow and accent, the primary object of a window must not be lost sight of, namely, to admit light.

Not only may a window be too dark from the excess of coloured glass in it, but also from the amount of paint upon the glass; as in the case of the celebrated windows which Reynolds designed for New College, Oxford. Here no coloured glass is used, but the effect of an old painting is attempted, all brilliancy being lost in the mistaken effort, and the absence of the gem-like quality, specially acceptable in stained glass, is therefore painfully felt.

This brings us to the next consideration; the design of a window. In church windows symbolism largely regulates the design, but that aspect of the question is outside my present

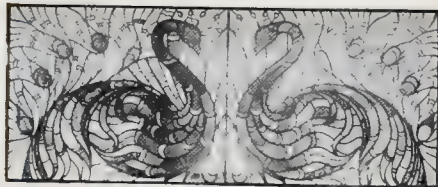


LIFE STUDY FOR CARTOON OF A WINDOW BY C. WHALL. (4.)



FINISHED CARTOON FOR A WINDOW BY C. WHALL. (5.)

purpose. The only point which concerns us here is, how far should the design be regulated by the limitations imposed by the craft itself. If we have to put our windows together like a mosaic by the use of "leads," it is obvious that our design should be greatly influenced by the leading, and in all well-schemed windows the design is largely outlined by these leads, as a reference to any of the examples given will



PANELS OF GLASS SHOWING THE EFFECT OBTAINED BY USE OF COLOURED GLASS AND LEADS ONLY. BY MESSRS. GUTHRIE, OF GLASGOW. (6.)

demonstrate. There are some leads which are employed merely of necessity, owing to the impossibility of cutting glass into very complicated shapes; but these may be ignored, as they do not interfere with our principle, namely, that the leads should so far as practicable outline the design. The design should, therefore, be simple and sculpturesque; a large style of design should be chosen, and the attention should not be dissipated by a wealth of trivialities.

A good instance of how skilfully the leads can be used in a design is seen in the musical subject drawn by the late J. D. Watson (No. 3). Here the design is influenced all through by the exigencies of the craft, and yet there is a most successful union between the craft and the design—an ideal marriage; for the very limitations imposed on the designer have been accepted frankly, and turned to account.

In the filling of the lights of the window (No. 6) Messrs. Guthrie, of Glasgow, have shown how much can be done with merely leading and the selection of beautiful glass, no painting being done on the glass itself.

A third consideration in judging a window is that of style; and here I am likely to tread on many tender places, as more modern glass has been spoilt by a slavish adherence to antiquarianism than anything else. A thirteenth-century monk, when he fashioned a window for his monastery chapel, expressed himself as fully as his means would allow. He probably never drew directly from a model, but evolved his figures from his recollection. This monk was a beginner, and

he had not museums of examples of, and photographs of, other contemporary work to guide and help him. He was a pioneer journeying alone in an unknown country, and what wonder, therefore, if much that he did was like a learner's work. His implements also were of the simplest. The use of the diamond for cutting glass was unknown in the early days of glass-painting and he had to shape his pieces of glass with a hot iron—a clumsy and uncertain method. But when all is said there can be no question that this monkish artist lived up to the knowledge of his time, and his work was only limited by his conditions; he did not wilfully impose limits upon himself. What shall we say, therefore, to those among us who ignore the advantages we possess—our facilities, our power of drawing, our extended palette—and who produce lifeless imitations of old work—the letter without the spirit of the work they imitate—and then call their manufacture "thirteenth or fourteenth century glass," as though so labelled made it good *per se*. What we do should be nineteenth century, and I honour those men who have refused to produce archaic glass because the architect or donor of the window wished it, but have exhibited in their craft knowledge, and that individuality or character which is, after all, "style."

When the art of glass-painting was revived, it was not surprising that to reproduce some of the best old windows was the only way to learn how to paint glass; but that is no reason why we should go on after forty years turning out modern old glass. Those acquainted with the glass in Oxford can see in Keble College Chapel windows of the archaic pattern; and in Christ Church glass which is, in the best sense, up-to-date. The former is manufacture, utterly uninteresting and wanting in beauty. In the Cathedral there is glass full of character and beauty, excellent in craftsmanship and design. I give a small reproduction of 'Charity,' one of three-light windows designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones and executed by Morris & Co., whose glass gives the Cathedral great distinction.

All the Art crafts have suffered from manufacture. The individual is lost sight of in the "firm," just as though Art could be produced by a Co.! The men who do the work are "hands," and the designers "cartoonists," who have just sufficient knowledge to draw conventional figures of saints



BOYS SINGING. PART OF A WINDOW BY LOUIS DAVIS. (7.)



'CHARITY.' ONE OF THE THREE LIGHTS OF A WINDOW IN CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD. DESIGNED BY SIR E. BURNE-JONES, AND EXECUTED BY MORRIS & CO. (8.)



STUDY BY LOUIS DAVIS.
(9.)

after well-recognised patterns. It not infrequently happens that the "firm" does not have a fresh cartoon made for each window executed, but a head is taken, say, from St. Mark and put on the body of St. Luke; and by "fakes" of this nature a new design is the result, thereby saving money to the "firm," an ever-important consideration. The colouring of the window is either done in a purely arbitrary manner, or is left to the glazier—who, I am bound to admit, does not always do it as badly as might be.

Mr. C. Whall showed me a plan he adopts of making a small test window by sticking small pieces of the glass he thinks of using in his actual window on to a sheet of plate-

glass, so that some idea of the colour effect can be obtained. But then Mr. Whall is an "artist" in stained glass, and not only draws his own cartoons, but chooses all the glass, and does much of the painting himself. Here Art is not divorced from craftsmanship, and made into a manufacture; and no good work can ever be produced where the Art is lost sight of, and individuality merged in a company.

The drawing of a figure for a window should be as good as though it were for a picture; and as has already been said, only to wilfully reproduce the ignorance of a mediæval monk is to exhibit a shallow, misplaced veneration. But the effects which a painter might legitimately strive for, are not necessarily those which exhibit the art of the glass painter to the greatest advantage. He must realise that glass is not canvas, and that nothing must be attempted which destroys the brilliancy of his material. The less paint that is put on the glass the better (by paint, I, of course, mean vitreous colours which require to

be burnt on to the glass to make them permanent), and complicated actions necessitating subtle foreshortening should not be attempted, for this demands complicated *chiaroscuro*. An arm, for instance, held out towards one could not be adequately rendered in glass. A certain severity and restraint must keep the glass painter in check; in other words his work must be conditioned by his opportunities.

The figure of 'Charity' (No. 8) is, as I have said, one of three in a window at the north end of the north aisle of the cathedral at Oxford. The window is richly coloured, as light was not specially wanted from this window. The background is

composed of foliage, and throws into relief the figures.



WINDOW FOR A LIBRARY. BY HENRY RYLAND. (11.)

The name of Mr. Louis Davis is familiar to those who follow the progress of decorative art in this country, and the portions of three windows executed by him (Nos. 2, 7, and 9) here given speak for his ability as a designer for stained glass. Mr. Davis is particularly happy in his rendering of children, and the window of boys singing praises is as beautiful as anything executed in any age or country. The drawing is refined and scholarly, and is withal restrained, to fit it for its particular interpretation.

The reproduction of a cartoon for a window recently executed by Mr. C. Whall (No. 5), as well as the study from life for the same (No. 4), shows that in his hands the craftsman and the artist are one. Mr. Whall takes great trouble in selecting his glass, and he adopts the excellent plan of making "palettes" of colour, as I have before mentioned, to gauge the effect of the window before it is carried out—a very different order of things to that which existed when I became a glass painter.

Mr. Henry Ryland is better known for his black and white work than for his purely decorative designing, but his window for a library (No. 11) exhibits his feeling for stained glass and his recognition of the necessities demanded by the craft. No strong colour is used, tinted whites and pale tones alone being employed.

If any impression is left upon the mind by a glance at the work it has been my privilege to bring before my readers, it is that a new spirit is abroad which is stimulating the men of to-day to put into their work Art in place of tradition, and thought in place of convention; that in their hands such a craft as that of glass-painting is likely to be carried further than we have seen, and that windows will be painted which, for their beauty, will be a joy for ever. And I would urge the clergy and all those who have the influence in these matters to look round, take note of those men working as artists and not mechanics, and bestow upon them the patronage good work deserves. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat.*

FRED MILLER.

K R



PART OF WINDOW. BY C. WHALL.
(10)



RHODES. BY WILLIAM MÜLLER.

WILLIAM MÜLLER.

IN the great English school of landscape painting, William Müller occupies a place of the highest rank. He was a colourist, a draughtsman, and a grand composer; a master in oil and water-colours, and the prince of sketchers out-of-doors. Like Turner, in early life he practised the use of the point, as well as that of water-colour painting, which laid the foundation of his grand matured art. No landscape painter, except Turner, had so wide a range as Müller; he was the most versatile of artists, and gave us visions of landscape, seascape, architectural, scriptural, and pastoral subjects, with multitudes of subjects in natural history. He was also a great impressionist figure painter, and grouped and coloured his Eastern subjects, which he found chiefly in Egypt and Asia Minor, like a Venetian master. Nothing came amiss to him, from a Rembrandtesque interior to the dazzling plumage of the kingfisher. Müller was founded on the old masters, Rembrandt and Ostade being his favourites among the Dutch, and Titian and Tintoret among the Venetians. In his heart, however, the painter of painters for him was Tintoret, and 'The Miracle of St. Mark' was his ideal.

It has just been stated that Müller was a colourist of the highest rank. His position in landscape in this respect was equal to that of Etty in figure painting, and, singularly enough, those great colourists had kindred sympathies in their art. Their schemes of colour were alike; they had the same strong bias for the daylight effects of Nature, as well as her depth and chiaroscuro, and the same feeling for the unctuous and unscratchy style of work.

When carefully studied, Müller's pictures will be found to be composed of colours like mosaic, which are made up of masses of *self-coloured* tints wedged among a ground of agates, with here and there, as in the figures and other accessories, rubies, sapphires, topazes, and emeralds; and those grand chords have a setting of pearls and diamonds. The pearl tones of Müller, of course, tested his eye for "colour," and he showered and scattered them broadcast, like the sower, all over his work. In the shade parts also he was peculiar, for into the "lay-in" of the transparent ground he lumped and curdled islets of still deeper and darker tones, so as to produce the

tremble and "swell" of the lowest notes. These words, of course, sound romantic and ideal; nothing, however, can be less romantic and more *real* to those who have the *seeing* power whose absence Carlyle so much deplored.

Müller had the swiftness and verve of Franz Hals as well as the colour and brilliancy of William Etty. No cuttle-fish obscuration for Müller! he was healthy and fearless, and went straight for open daylight and the vivid impression of what he saw in nature. Müller was a poet in



IN CAIRO. BY WILLIAM MÜLLER.



THE SANDY ROAD. BY WILLIAM MÜLLER.

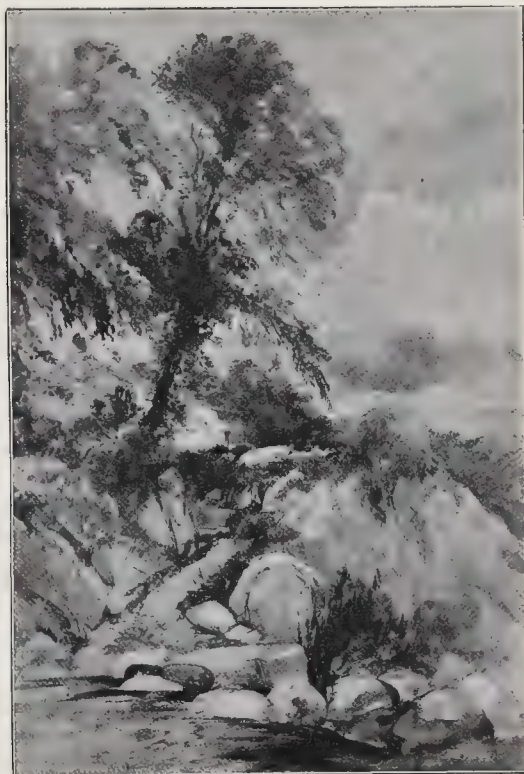
his art, yet his ideal was always suggested by nature. He dreamt not of the plains of heaven, was never a victim to the nightmare visions of hell, or of mystic subjects which showed not the proof-sheets of nature, but were "jangled out of tune and harsh."

In his own rich Art eloquence he expressed the grand diapason of his mind, and his inspirations came chiefly from the majesty of Egypt and Greece. There was, however, a vein of melancholy, concealed beyond the bounding and joyous spirit of the man, for he tells us "the Sphinx gave me perhaps the most pleasure; situated at the base of the First Pyramid, at sunset it formed one of the grandest compositions I have ever seen; much of the feeling is due to the expression of the face; it is of a smiling melancholy that so beautifully harmonizes with the rest of the scene by which it is surrounded." Again, "the valley of the Kings, or rather I should term it the tombs of the Kings, pleased me in particular; there is in its sunburnt rocks a spell which bound me to it. All nature seems dead, and the only object that may at times pass might be some vulture winging its way across the valley, making one feel more solitary than before by its temporary presence. Such solitude as this place possesses few know but those who have been exposed to wild scenery, and that should be in the East and in the desert."

Müller's taste was less English than any of our masters. He loved travel and adventure and the East was his ideal. Egypt impressed him profoundly. He could revel in colour at Cairo and meditate among the tombs at Gornou. He tells us that the temple of Memnonium pleased him most, and on one occasion, during a storm of thunder and lightning, he saw from amid the gloom the immense statues lighted up which were the pillars of the temple; "they came like the spirits of the desert, were visible for a second and then vanished." This description proves the nature of the man: a great imaginative artist. In this regard he stands next to Turner. Had he lived, it is more than probable he would have painted English subjects with the same romantic feeling, for he expresses his regret when, in speaking of England, he says: "But I know that her ungrateful sons neglect her history as they do her scenery; and unfortunately here I must class myself among the foremost, *yet it should not be so.*"

The methods of painting in oil may, broadly speaking, be divided into two; the solid and the transparent methods. Richard Wilson and Turner may be said to represent the former, Constable and Müller the latter. Both systems have their individual charms, but the transparent method is the more fascinating, because it suggests the depth and the inner light of nature; like a water colour, you can look deep into it, as into a rich agate, and perceive the colours floating in liquid amber. The transparent method, however, strictly means much solid colouring also, but on a ground rich and transparent which produces chiaroscuro and *glow* in the shade. The solid or mosaic process is equally beautiful, and has the advantage of producing gradation from foreground to distance, but it conveys a sensation of dryness and flatness, when compared with the other method. Rembrandt, Cuyp, and Rubens painted for chiaroscuro, and Constable said his first and last aim was to produce that lovely feature of nature.

Müller's life was cut short at the early age of thirty-three, but for ten years at least before his death he had become a master of marked originality. In early life he had had the advantage of a father who was learned in geology, botany, and natural history, and who held the position of curator to the Bristol Museum. He constantly made careful and elaborate drawings of the various objects connected with his father's vocation, and frequently, in return, had profound discourses delivered to him on the objects which he had illustrated. Thus was formed the very solid and concrete



STUDY IN NORTH WALES. BY WILLIAM MÜLLER.



STUDY IN NORTH WALES. BY WILLIAM MÜLLER.

foundation upon which Müller raised his temple. No man excelled him in pencil outline, and until this outline, which was rapid, clear, and artistic, was completed, the colour was not added.

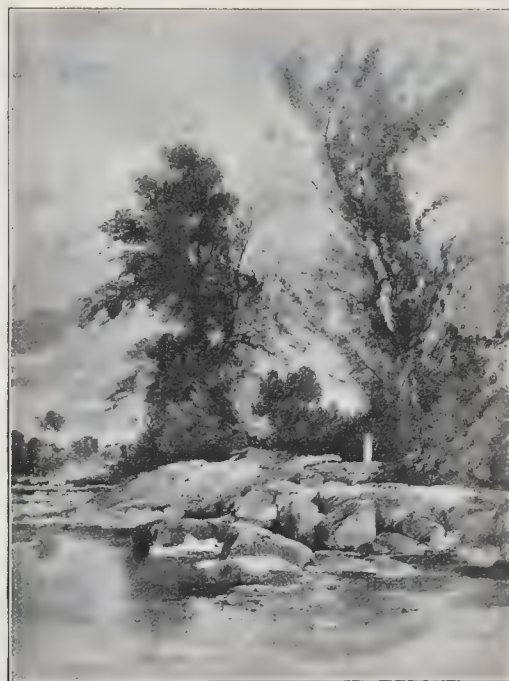
He chiefly painted from nature in water-colours, and fearlessly drew and coloured, as a rule, on Harding paper, putting down the colour on his beautiful outline, and leaving the lights sharp and ringing all through the work. He made no compromise, for he knew the Harding porous paper would not bear rubbing and blanketing. Harding himself, we know, was a magnificent draughtsman with the blacklead, but he touched in, with a free hand, in body colours, the lights on his paper. Müller seldom did this, but revelled in the sparkle and "accident" of the *LEFT* lights, well knowing that no mechanical touch could live for a moment in the presence of those living lights. Here water-colours leave oils behind, because in oil painting the high lights, and, indeed, all lights, are put on like body colour, *not left*, as water-colours. Even in a master's hands they look lumpy and mechanical, compared with the delicious freshness and swing of the more supple medium. The best painters in oil of landscape have also been masters in water-colours. Turner, De Wint, Cox, Bonington, Holland and Barret may be named as examples. Müller, therefore, brought his water-colour practice to bear upon his work in oil, and his delight was to paint in oil straight through by the "first intention" and finish by this process as completely as he could. He has been known to begin and finish oil pictures of large size at a sitting.

Mr. William Agnew possesses the celebrated 'Eel Traps at Goring,'—about six feet by three feet six inches,—which bears evidence of its having been painted at one sitting. This magnificent picture we reproduce. Müller preferred leaving it in its suggestive state to "meddling and muddling" it, and as a proof of this he wrote with paint on the back of the picture, "Left for some fool to finish."

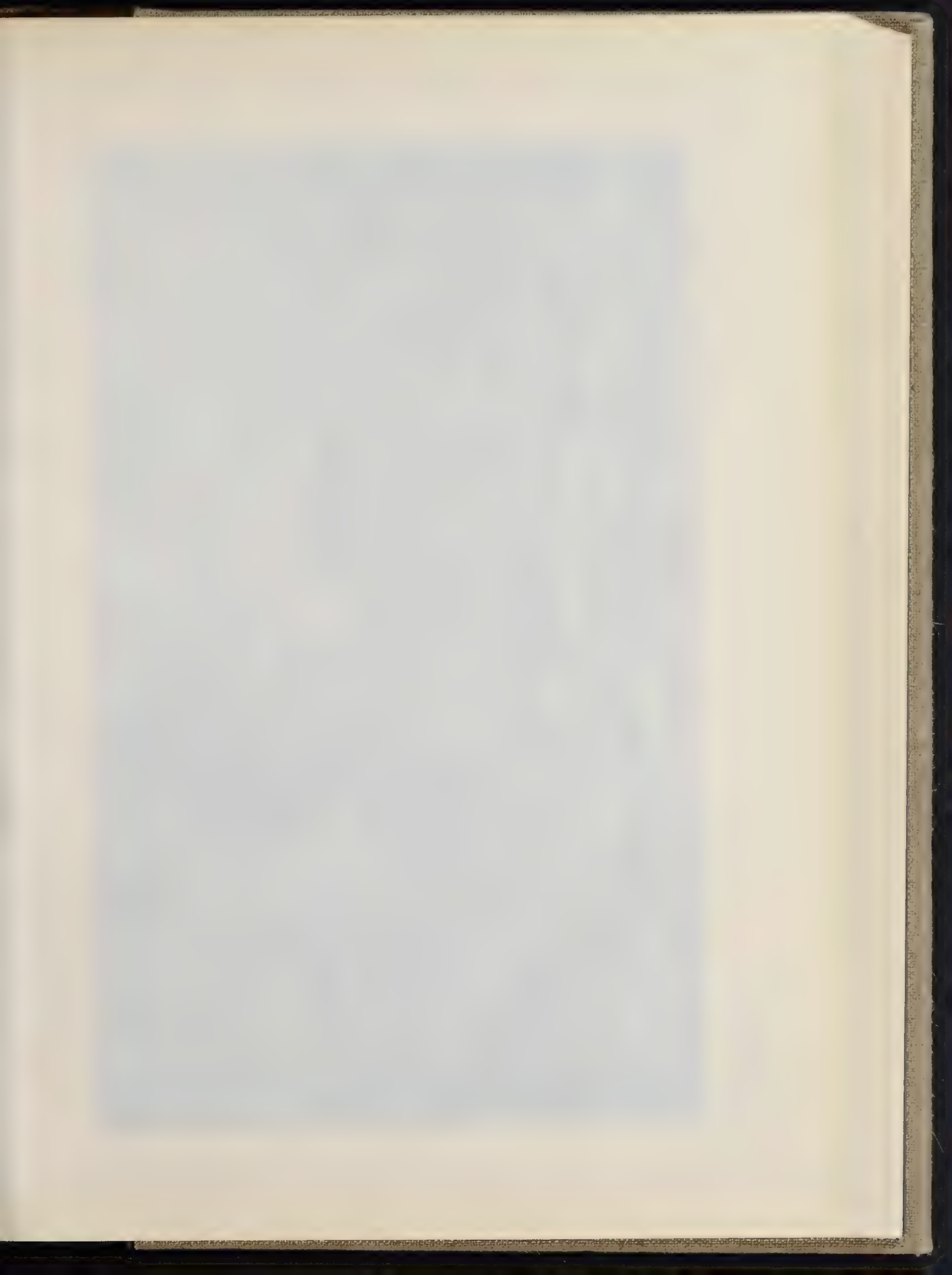
That masterly, silvery picture called 'The Dredger,' also of large size, was likewise begun and completed in one day. Had this genius not died so young he would, doubtless, have accomplished more than imagination can conceive. Of all our English painters, Müller was the most magical and outpouring. His restless soul was for ever on the move, but the painter's fever consumed his delicate frame, and as in Bonington's case, speedily

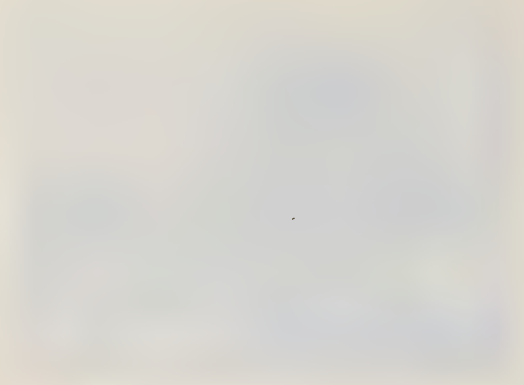
destroyed him. Those two great artists were much alike; both great colourists, draughtsmen, and composers, and both frenzied for work. Their method of painting was the same—sure, swift, and spontaneous: Müller might be called the Handel of his art, and Bonington the Mendelssohn. They both suffered during life from neglect and even abuse, and both died young. Müller, however, before his death was praised by Turner, Etty, Cox, and the best judges of Fine Art.

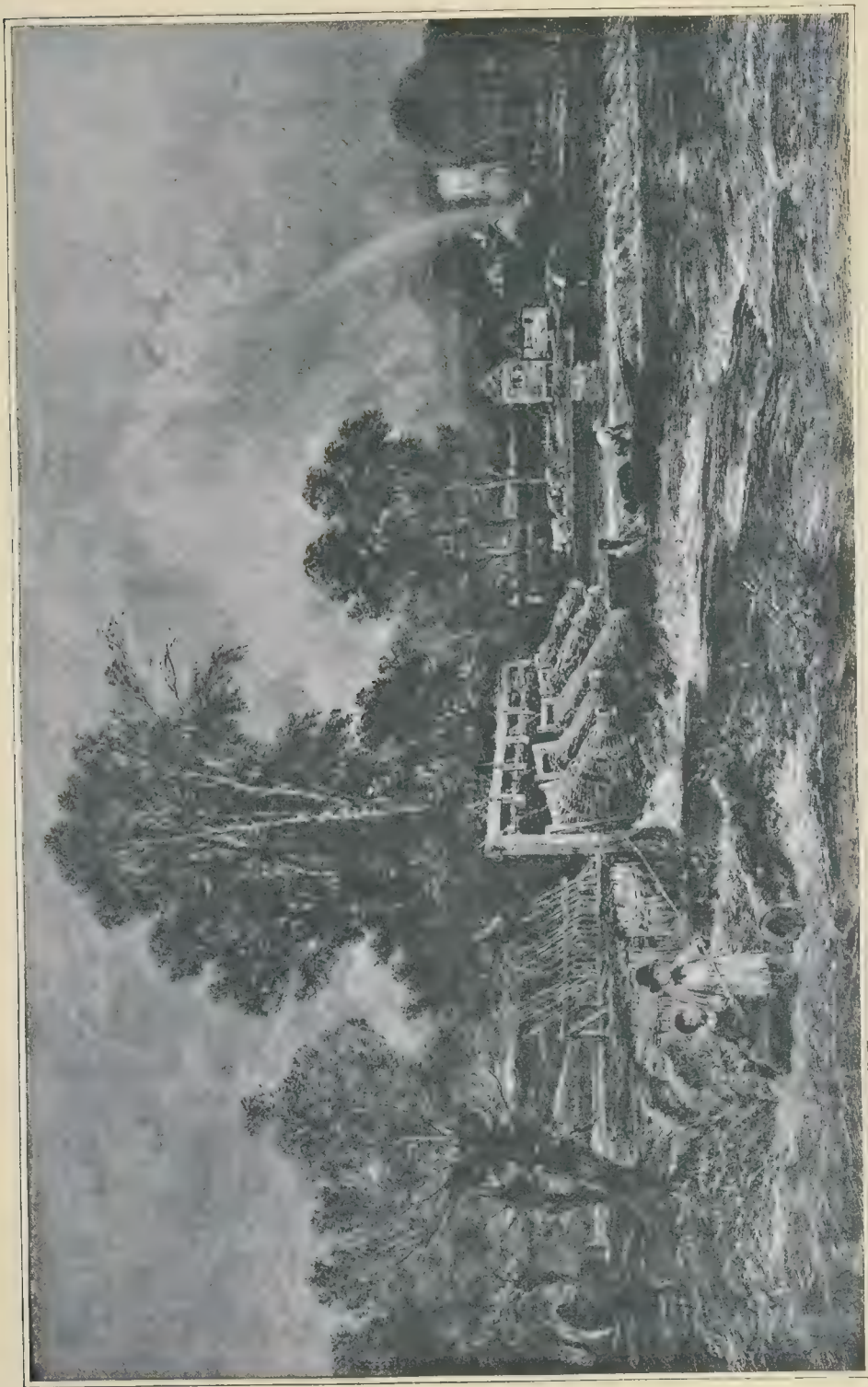
The most marked tribute to his genius was paid by David Cox, who, although a veteran in water-colours, asked the boy painter to give him a lesson in oil painting. This Müller cheerfully did, and the late Mr. William Hall, of Birmingham, Cox's friend and biographer, thus describes the event:—"On Cox's first visit, Müller began a picture before him, and painted with such rapidity that Cox was astonished; for the picture, a large one, was carried a long way towards completion when the new pupil took his leave. On the following day, when Cox called for a second lesson, great was his astonishment on finding that Müller had in the interval obliterated a great portion of his previous day's work, and had made considerable progress with another subject on the same canvas. In answer to Cox's look of surprise, Müller said, 'I did not like the subject I worked at yesterday, and have rubbed most of it out; this I think is better.'" He had commenced his grand picture called the 'Baggage Waggon,' which was exhibited some years after in the International Exhibition, and since then in the Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester. This picture was to Cox's mind well advanced towards completion with the single day's work. Such was the only lesson in oil painting



STUDY IN NORTH WALES. BY WILLIAM MÜLLER.







EEL TRAPS AT GORING

By WILLIAM MULLER,
In permission of William Agnew Esq.

Cox ever had; for, indeed, he only wanted to see the *process* of working in oil, he being a supreme master already in the other medium. After this lesson Cox became as great in oil as the boy-master himself.

Many of the water-colour sketches were done in two hours and never touched again. In consequence of his father's teaching he had considerable knowledge of botany, geology, and even of anatomy. This training shows itself in Müller's tree drawing and in his delineation of all kinds of foreground vegetation; and his early point drawing enabled him also to express in the most condensed form the general character of buildings, boats, figures, and skies, with the details of which he was familiar.

Müller was *par excellence* an impressionist painter, and no man was more rapid in the selection of subjects from nature. He often said nature is the finest composer, but you must be able to *see* her compositions. You must select them, as Carlyle says, with the "seeing eye," and afterwards treat them with the artist's eye.

Müller gave those subjects his grand impressionist treatment and left the slavish imitation of details to other minds; he had the advantage, however, of seeing both "breadth" and detail, whereas artisans and mechanics see only the ordinary aspect of nature. Müller's mastery of water-colours gave him a fluency of expression which even Constable never possessed. He was a colourist on a rank with De Wint; but great as Constable and De Wint were, they had not the flowing melody which streamed from the sensitive hand and electric fingers of William Müller. That "Arab hand" of his, with the long, thin fingers, travelled all over his canvas as Turner's did, and trembled at intervals like the magnetic needle. Nature had bestowed on this mortal some eccentric gifts of mind and body. He was left-handed and short-sighted,



STUDY IN NORTH WALES. BY WILLIAM MÜLLER.

and his eyes were not a pair—they were of different colours, one was grey, the other brown. He sometimes playfully said nature had, however, in this particular, been bountiful to him, because with the grey eye he could see colour and with the brown he could see form. While sketching he used an eye-glass through which he saw distance, but dropped the glass when he was working.

Müller as a composer was a giant; he had as grand a conception of masses and light and shade as Turner. His grandeur amounted to squareness of treatment both in masses and touch, whereas Turner's was more undulating and flowing. Müller was an indefatigable worker. He was always ready and full of spirit, and never showed signs of fatigue. If he sat up late at night, which was by no means infrequent, he was always at his post in the morning.

The late Mr. William Hall, the Birmingham connoisseur, informed the writer that Müller had fancies for peculiar mediums, in oil painting especially. He sometimes used borax and silica, and chiefly a powder made of ground plaster-of-Paris casts which he mixed with his mediums. His object was to give atmosphere to distance and middle-distance, and to produce that fascinating curd-like appearance by dragging thick paint over the under-work when it was "tacky."

Müller was always pondering over and working out some modes and methods of process-work for the development of his art, with the result that he himself became a striking individuality. He was what is commonly but erroneously called an original man, for of all men Müller was the greatest worshipper at the shrines of the old masters, and was founded on them and nature. It is said that the neglect Müller met with, together with his fever for work, hastened his death; but the fact is his mind was for ever forcing the locks of its guard-house and ultimately the frail tenement gave way. It needed the physique of a Titian or a Turner to restrain that restless spirit, and poor Müller had no such physique. His suffering from other causes must also have been intense; for instance, after his return from his French sketching trip in 1840, he asked his friend Dighton to show his portfolio to some dealers, merely to test his place in the London Art market. Dighton came back and regretfully informed him that one dealer only had offered three-and-sixpence each for the lot all round! Several of these sketches have since been sold for forty and fifty guineas each.

Müller was the kindest of men, and was always ready to help any one. His grateful heart revealed itself when his friend and patron, Mr. Acraman, of Bristol, met with a reverse in busi-



ROCK TOMBS, PINARO. BY WILLIAM MÜLLER.

ness. After expressing in touching words his sorrow for his friend's misfortunes, he says, "for well I remember to your early kindness am I indebted for the position I now hold." Müller then asks Mr. Acraman to accept a picture, and should he wish to pass it on he will paint him another in its place. He concludes with "remaining, my dear sir, with a vivid remembrance of 'auld lang syne,' and warmest hopes for a brighter future, yours, William Müller." He was as sympathetic in his heart as he was in his art.

Mr. Charles Hawker, one of the best Birmingham connoisseurs, and there were many of note in the Midland capital in

those days, was the first to introduce Müller's pictures to the Birmingham buyers. Cox, Hall, Birch, and others speedily confirmed Hawker's judgment, and gradually those *leaveners* influenced the public. Strange as it may appear, the National Gallery does not possess a work of William Müller which may be said to represent his genius. We shall by this neglect have now to pay ten times the amount for a fair example of Müller's work, which only a few years ago could easily have been obtained at a modest price. In spite, however, of the neglect and acute suffering Müller experienced, his name is among the classics as one of the greatest landscape painters.

JAMES ORROCK.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE PROSPERITY OF LIVING ARTISTS.

WHEN business affairs are slow, and when times generally are bad, the artist is one of the first to suffer in the struggle which immediately ensues. But besides having ordinary business depression to hold his own against, the living artist has to stand comparison with the dead, and also—and this is sometimes very provoking—he has to lose a sale simply because he is still alive.

In the mind of a possible purchaser of a picture, the argument is often something like this. Looking at a picture by a living painter, he says to himself: Perhaps the artist will paint a better picture some day—I shall wait and see. Or he thinks: Perhaps the painter will produce a worse picture, and in that case the picture I am now considering will lose in commercial value. In any case, the buyer "waits to see," and frequently waits until the artist is dead, because he can then estimate what he has done, and feel certain that no falling off in artistic quality will affect the commercial value.

A living artist is, therefore, of all men, so far as money is concerned, the most to be pitied; and so, also, is he the most fit to be protected, especially by those to whom he naturally looks for guidance.

For good or evil—in the future let us hope it will be mostly for good—the Royal Academy in England is the leading body in the artistic community. No other organization approaches it for influence. What, therefore, must be the thoughts of the living artist, when he sees the Royal Academy deliberately engaged year after year in taking away his daily bread? With what sinking of spirit does the painter feel this chief body arrange to spoil his little market? A true artist seldom complains audibly to the public; he chooses rather to suffer in silence. For this reason the Academy has, almost without audible protest, gone on year after year setting forth the merits of the dead, and doing so at the expense of the living. What is more surprising, is that this is being done at a cost to the Academy of large sums yearly, many hundreds of pounds in all, because of the enormous expenses necessary to bring a fine collection of Old Masters together; expenses not nearly covered by receipts.

The Council of the Academy too, but greatly against the personal will even of its own members, takes care to show the living painter in such a way that scarcely one picture can be seen without a jarring note from a neighbouring canvas. In the Old Masters Exhibition, each work receives due recognition, and it tells on the eye accordingly.

Let us consider the effect of such an arrangement on the average picture purchaser. What, for instance, can an Ame-

rican buyer of pictures think of such an arrangement? He sees the Academy throw its living masters into a room with little or no arrangement, while the dead are treated with ten times more respect. He is a buyer and a would-be patron, but he has not the courage to go against this open opinion of the Royal Academy itself, so he takes to acquiring Old Masters, whereas he might have been encouraged to purchase modern *chefs-d'œuvre*.

In employing such arguments it may be alleged that we are no admirers of the Old Masters, that we do not understand them, and that generally we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for setting modern artists on a level with those who have gone before. But such a reflection is unwarranted. We do not seek too strongly to make comparisons. All we ask is that the Old Masters and deceased painters having had exhibitions in winter without interruption for six-and-twenty consecutive years, it is now time to let the living artist have a chance.

With due respect, therefore, we suggest that for next winter the Council should be instructed by the general body of the Academy to make different arrangements.

Should some practical suggestion be asked, we venture to think that a most successful exhibition could be promoted of works by members of the Royal Academy executed between 1870 and 1880. This would embrace the pictures, sculptures, and architectural pieces of a good many artists still alive, and, therefore, not unwilling to reap in their lifetime something of the golden reward which may be that of their works in the future. If desirable one room could be set aside for good pictures by prominent outsiders. And it is even possible to think of another room for distinguished foreigners. An Old Masters Exhibition might follow: and the succeeding season the collection could be made to embrace only pictures painted between 1880 and 1890; and then after another Old Masters show, the time would be nearly ripe to have an exhibition of works executed during the last decade of the century. The task of selection would be difficult, and occasionally almost invidious, but the Council's powers could be strengthened.

Such a scheme would show the picture-lover, British, Continental, or American, the good work produced in our own day. It is, moreover, a proper proceeding for our own Royal Academy to set forth in the best way possible the labour of its own members, even although they are still alive and able to receive the due recompense of their ability.

T.

NOTES AND REVIEWS.

TO discuss an Exhibition of the Royal Institute, in Piccadilly, in a paragraph or two, is a difficult matter. So much that is good, so little that is distinguished on its walls, makes it as hard to pick out the best, as to choose the finest daisies from a sprinkled lawn. The pictures that suffer most on these crowded walls are often those actually the best. For to appreciate a dainty scheme of colour here is almost as hard as if we hung it up on the centre of a gaudy Oriental carpet for a background. Some surprises await—but not many. The work of the accomplished President, of Miss Kate Greenaway, of Messrs. Fulleylove, Charles Green, Anderson Hague, St. George Hare, G. C. Kilburne, Yeend King, Arthur Severn, and many another member, needs hardly to be described; we know beforehand the excellence that will please us, the limitation that will prevent excessive appreciation.

Mr. G. C. Haité has but a single example, 'When Morning Wakes,' but that is very good. Mr. L. D. Symington's 'Flight into Egypt,' a daring work, amid such orthodox surroundings, deserves commendation for a really successful attempt at Art at once sacred and decorative. Mr. Walter Langley's 'Moments of Idleness' is another Newlyn picture, with all the best qualities of the school he founded. James Clark's 'Playmates' is an admirable tableau. Mr. A. W. Weedon's 'Windy Autumn' is a landscape with a touch of distinction. Miss Marion Chase's marvellously realistic studies of *bric-à-brac* always fascinate one by their patience, and please in their own way. But of the gallery *en masse*, how worthy and how dull it is! One longs for a little daring even if the enterprise failed, for a little novelty of subject or treatment. But, for the exhibitors as a body, Barbizon has yet to be discovered, the Dutchmen have painted in vain, the Impressionists worked to no purpose, and the great English School of the pre-Raphaelites are totally unknown. A chance contribution by Mr. Alfred East, or from a very few modern men by no means extreme, seems almost revolutionary among these respectable memories of the early Victorian days.



WHEN MORNING WAKES. — BY GEO. C. HAITÉ, R.B.A.

If the Thirteenth Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers cannot be said to have been its best, it held



THE PASSING STORM AT SCHEVENINGEN. BY F. SPENLOVE SPENLOVE.

work as good as any previous one. But it suffered not a little from the presence of quite undistinguished plates, negatively passable yet profoundly uninteresting. Professor Legros, with the mantle of the great masters upon him, contributed fourteen works, enough to make a much worse show memorable. Frank Short surpassed even his record of dry-point with 'Niagara Falls,' and in his mezzotint 'Nithsdale' and 'The Dutch Tramway,' added new masterpieces for the collector. That Charles J. Watson's etchings were three in number, is all to be urged against him. He could not beat the best of his works, because that would be impossible, but he has fully equalled them. D. Y. Cameron still kept the steady advance which has distinguished his career. Col. Goff did more than fulfil expectations. William Strang in the grim fancies compelled you to appreciation, but his 'Bathers,' deservedly hung in the place of honour, did still greater things. Of newer men, Oliver Hall and Charles Holroyd justified their promise; while among recruits, F. V. Burridge, Frank Laing, and Robert Bryden, made each, in different degree, a worthy début.

The Spring Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists contained several admirable pictures, notably Mr. Spenlove Spenlove's 'Passing Storm,' of which we give a reproduction; but it was sadly marred by the presence of some of the feeblest works of Art seen in London for many a day. We understand the Council have no control over the works of members, and we only hope that they will now see the need of changing the rules.

Forty-six 'Pastels and Pictures of Venice,' by Mr. Gifford Dyer, formed the one hundred and

thirtieth exhibition of The Fine Art Society's series of shows. Mr. Dyer, while topographically accurate and faithful to the local colour of to-day, is also a poet, witched with the city that has been and is still a passion to so many English-speaking folk. His pastels betray much individual power, and succeed in keeping brilliancy and breadth in their effects, despite the somewhat elaborate detail. The masterly series of drawings by Sir John Tenniel followed Mr. Dyer's pastels, and were enormously popular.

The New English Art Club Exhibition, although containing no very striking work, is of a higher level than has been the case for several years. The works of Mr. Edward Stott, Mr. Bertram Priestman, and Mr. Henry in landscapes, and of Mr. P. Wilson Steer, Mr. Hartrick, and Mr. George Thomson, in figures, are specially distinguished.

Mr. Lionel Cust has been appointed Director of the National Portrait Gallery in succession to Sir George Scharf. The appointment of Mr. Cust has been unexpected, and it remains to be seen if it is a judicious one.

The Spring Exhibition of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists is distinguished by a superb collection of the works of C. J. Pinwell and George Mason. Mr. Quilter has prepared an excellent illustrated catalogue prefaced by essays on the painters represented.

The decision of Justice Stirling in the *Westminster Budget* case was, that sketches of Living Pictures being roughly executed were not piracies of the originals. The Judge was overawed by the grievous decision of the House of Lords in the *Daily Graphic* case, but it is a great pity he did not give his judgment independently, and again compel the Lords to reconsider their decision, and possibly reverse it.

OBITUARY.

At home we have to chronicle the loss of Mr. Waller Hugh Paton, R.S.A., only brother of Sir Noël Paton, who died on



WALLER H. PATON, R.S.A.

March 8th, at Edinburgh. Waller Paton has long been a favourite name amongst the landscape painters of the Scottish metropolis, and no exhibition of the Royal Academy

there was complete without his numerous contributions. Born in 1828, on July 27th, at Dunfermline, Waller Paton was several years younger than Sir Noël and Mrs. D. O. Hill, his sister, who has achieved distinction in sculpture in the North. It was always agreed that Waller Paton was to be an artist, and, although he assisted his father in designing for damask, by the time he was twenty he had settled to be a landscape painter. In 1859 he went to Edinburgh, having two years previously been elected an Associate of the Scottish Academy. In 1860 he spent a long time at South Kensington, studying and copying Turner, and in 1865 he was chosen a full member of the Scottish Academy. Waller Paton chiefly delighted in painting sunset and twilight, with brilliant skies and purple hills, such as found great favour in the eyes of the public for many years. He was of a most amiable disposition.

Mr. John Bell, the well-known sculptor, died on the 14th of March, at the age of eighty-four. The list of his works is long, the most important being the 'Eagle-Slayer,' which attracted great attention at the Great Exhibition of 1851, the 'Andromeda,' in bronze, in the possession of the Queen, the Wellington Memorial in the Guildhall, the Guards Memorial in Waterloo Place, and the group representing the United States in the Albert Memorial, Hyde Park.

The venerable Vice-President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, Mr. H. G. Hine, died in March, at the age of eighty-five, from bronchitis following an attack of influenza. He was a native of Brighton, and made a special study of the Downs and South Coast scenery. As a young man he was a contributor to *Punch*, *The Illustrated London News*, and other publications. He was able to use his brush almost up to the last. His successor in the Vice-Presidentship is Mr. E. M. Wimperis.

We have noticed the first volume of the "STANDARD DICTIONARY" (Funk & Wagnall, 44, Fleet Street), and after having used it constantly for a year we gratefully welcome the second and concluding volume. No dictionary we have seen is so easy of reference and so clear in explanation. The evident care expended on it is fully recompensed by the accuracy of its contents; and we recommend the dictionary to everyone as being a "Standard" in every sense of the word.—"THE SUN" (Hakubunkwan, Tokyo) is a new illustrated review of politics, literature, and art, in English and Japanese.

"GEORGE ROMNEY AND HIS ART," by Hilda Gamlin (Swan Sonnenschein), sets forth the greater incidents of the artist's life in a plain and even prosaic way. Miss Gamlin has no special information to impart or theory to organize, but she tells the interesting story of Romney's early struggles and later waywardness with considerable skill. The illustrations are scarcely worthy of the artist whose works they presume to represent.

For those who seek to study comparative æsthetics with some pleasure and profit we can recommend Professor G. L. Raymond's "ART IN THEORY" (Putnam). His style is good, and his logic sound; and if the subject is only distantly attractive to the practising artist, it is of the greatest possible service to the student in artistic theories.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, 1895.

TURNING over some folios of an old-fashioned review, on a recent idle afternoon, we lighted on an essay by a certain man of letters, very powerful in his day, though not particularly famed as a critic of Art. It occurred to him, as it often does to thinking men of all ages, that the moment was one of crisis; that he stood at the parting of the ways, and that it would be well to establish the situation. Our author conceived himself to be at the end of a revolutionary period, and looked forward to the future conduct of British Art on lines then for the first time determined. He was, of course, deceived. He had really reached the days of the decline of a great forward movement, the pre-Raphaelite. Such of the brilliant leaders of that sect as were to be an enduring influence to their fellow-artists were doing splendid work, but they had abated many of their pretensions. Far and wide their teaching had permeated; and they were no longer singular, because of the many adapters of their modified views. It was a period of stagnation and waiting. The essayist's great points were that ours was not a national Art, but "bourgeois and private," or, to use our better and more modern phrase, "parochial and personal"; and, secondly, that it was a sequestered school, isolated from all foreign influences. To buttress his plea, he quoted Théophile Gautier, who, though a warm admirer of English painting, spoke of it as "of a frank originality, and a strong local flavour: England owes nothing to other schools; and the few leagues of sea which separate her from the Continent might be the Atlantic for their power to isolate a special Art refined to a mannerism, odd to a Chinese pitch of oddity."

Nothing could hold less true to-day. All that is most sappy and vigorous in the younger men is French, or at the least foreign. Rome, as an Art authority, does not exist. Tokio is more powerful; but Paris has become the Art capital of the universe. The Channel Tunnel in this sense really creeps along the narrow sea-bed. The reason—it being a British question—is a material one. It is not that the Parisian genius imposes

on the British; but that the schools on the banks of the Seine are worked on so much more active and effective principles than those in Piccadilly. In the former, the student goes at once to the life, and attaches himself to one of the greater masters he chooses. He works at drawing here, and painting or modelling there. From time to time the master corrects him; and so confident of the result are the Parisian professors, that Julien pledges himself to get a pupil's work, if the latter have any gift, especially that of diligence, hung in the Champs-Élysées after a four years' course. In London a lad labours at the antique till his spirit grows weary; and some Academician or Associate looks over his shoulder every month. So that a scheme suggested by Mr. Sargent, A.R.A., may be corrected by Mr. Horsley, R.A. Until our system of

training is modernised, students will go to Paris; and the younger associates will lisp with what the President has called the French accent.

National, we fear the present exhibition is not any more than that of 1862, just reviewed. Powerful men strive earnestly to establish a National Art—that is to say, an Art which decorates our churches, our palaces, our courts, great institutions and streets, with works instinct with the national sentiment, executed in a distinctive national style, and immortalising national events. In France the various Governments erect statues to please the people in every town or village where artist, man of letters or man of science has been born. In Germany the Kaiser erects monuments everywhere to stamp the memory of his grandfather's victories on his people, and please himself. It is a halcyon season for the sculptor in the Fatherland just now. But we do not ask the State for aid: it is not according to our instincts

to do so, and we do not expect it from a Crown which is always generous, but not always discriminating. The latter was tried under the Prince Consort. But with us efforts take the form of commissions and committees of enquiry. The intention is sincere, the result, very often, banality.

T T



ORIGINAL STUDY FOR THE PICTURE 'LACRIME.'
By SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A. (SEE PAGE 164.)



JONAH. BY G. F. WATTS, R.A. (SEE PAGE 166.)

Our author was a sanguine man. He looked to the railways, the great commercial republics, to support and endow Art. "The enthusiast may dream," he says, "of days of consolidated management, diminished competition, and reduced law expenses, which should render it possible for directors to appropriate funds for the clothing of the vast wall spaces of Euston and Paddington stations with noble forms and glorious colour." The enthusiast may dream:—Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., in his great magnanimity did offer the Great Northern Railway directors to paint their big London waiting-room, to start the movement, if they would provide scaffolding and material. But the offer was declined.

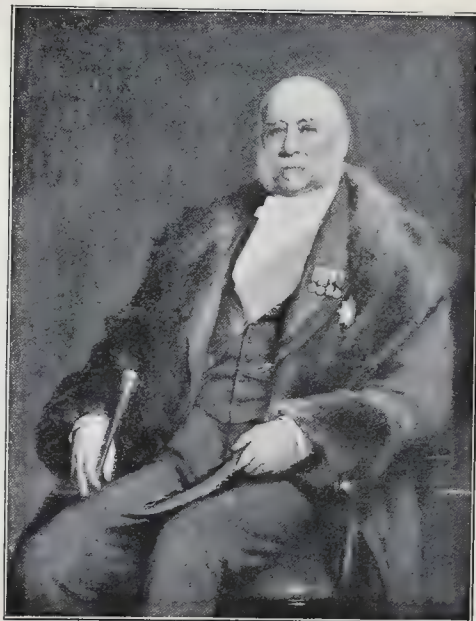
There were, however, other obstacles than weakness of national interest. Our materials played us false. The frescoes of the Houses of Parliament crumble; but science has now come to our aid. The frescoes which that strenuous advocate of national art, Sir Frederic Leighton, placed in South Kensington, stand; and so, it is to be hoped, will those which his generous devotion, to the theft of his own time, creates in the "City"; whilst Mr. Richmond, A.R.A., glorifies the interior of St. Paul's with the imperishable tessera of a new British mosaic.

It is to the great municipalities that we look for national commissions—the more so since the passing of the democratic laws which make every citizen feel that he is a part-owner in all local property, sea-staying pier, or painted canvas. Already at Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham, and the other great provincial centres, they have their annual exhibitions, and some of the better works are always acquired for the local gallery. Manchester, taking the lead, commissioned the late Ford Madox Brown to beautify her Town Hall with pictures of

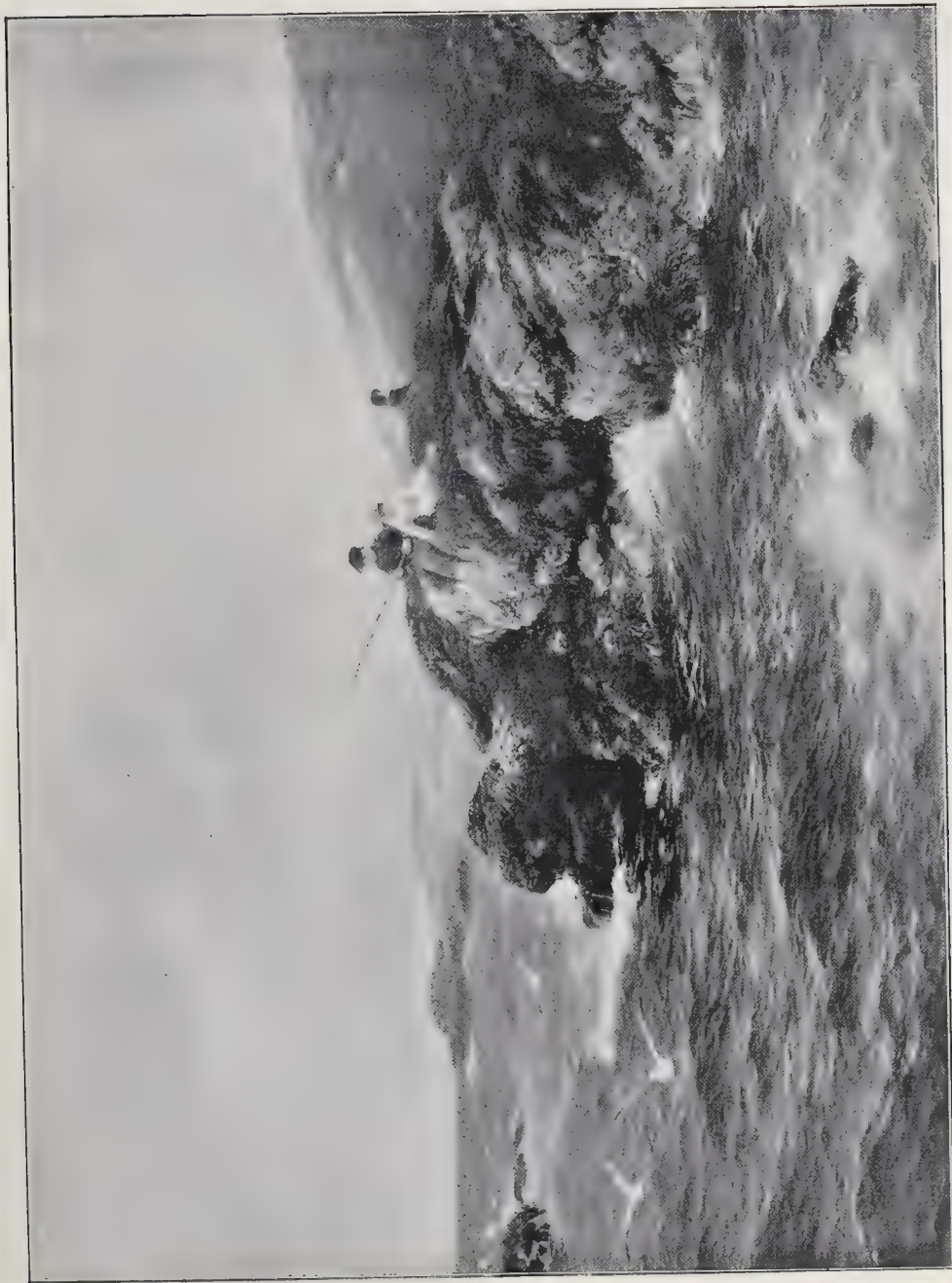
local history. No municipality has as yet given any artist such a commission as the New England Boston Free Library trustees gave Messrs. Whistler, E. A. Abbey, and J. S. Sargent,—to take certain spaces and decorate them with subject, style, and material of their own choice, in their own time. But it is to the People's Councils we look; and we are therefore disappointed that the present exhibition is so very much an easel-picture collection.

Change in the *personnel* of the Academy there has been little or none. Death has, despite the cruel winter, dealt very kindly with the older men; and the only new Associate is Mr. George Clausen, with whose promotion we must deal when we come to his picture, 'Harvest.' Suffice it now that by his election the Academy distinguished itself by that new-born sense of justice and impartiality which caused the summoning of Mr. J. W. North, a leader of the too often forgotten Fred Walker coterie; Mr. George Frampton, an essentially decorative sculptor; Mr. John S. Sargent, an American impressionist of Parisian training; Mr. J. M. Swan, whose art is as cosmopolitan as his fame; and Mr. Frank Bramley, a typical painter of Newlyn. Mr. Clausen is a proof of how the art of a true painter is a matter of experiment, growth, and change; and whose present attitude towards the Academic policy is the outcome of adverse experience of those bodies he thought more liberal and sagacious. His colleagues elected him, to their credit, not on his previous relations with regard to themselves, but purely on his artistic claims.

Heralds inform us that in their province there is no such thing as bad heraldry. Heraldry is the science of honours, and the commemoration of noble deeds. Nothing that debases can possibly exist in their records. Their attitude is that we would adopt towards Art. Art is good or it is not Art; and these pages being devoted to Art at Burlington House, will



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G. BY W. W. GOULESS, R.A.



'THE SEA WILL EBB AND FLOW.' BY PETER GRAHAM, R.A.
(The Property of Messrs. Agnew & Son, by whom a large Engraving will shortly be published.)

pass over whatever does not come under that head, our present aim being appreciation of the beautiful.

Now, to approach our subject at closer range and in more detailed terms. Nothing is more delightful than the fashion in which the older men keep their place, strong in their allegiance to the brilliant theories and practice of their youth—years being powerless to chill their vigour, dull their eye for colour, or unnerve their strong executive hands. Sir Frederic Leighton's year has been devoted to large-minded labour in the public service. But he has found time to paint no less than six canvases of such variety of colour, theme and treatment, as covers the entire range of his art, and provides for his contribution to Burlington House and for his courteous recognition of the New Gallery. The most important of these are 'Lacrimæ,' 'Twixt Hope and Fear,' and 'The Maid with the Golden Hair.' All painters are temperamental in their work, the greatest of them most so when at their best. Sir Frederic has never painted himself into his canvases more unmistakably than now. His feeling towards Art is, before all things, monumentally decorative. He has from time to time given us evidence of how fine a sculptor he would become if he were to lay down the brush. Thus 'Lacrimæ,' the stateliest of them all, a Hellenic maiden standing in classic attitude of supreme elegance by the Grecian pillar of marble which commemorates her loss, is a statue in colour of two dimensions. The canvas is panel-shaped, designed to fill a niche; the type and expression of the woman are those of the days of gracious restraint. Her draperies hang in their myriad tender folds, of which Sir Frederic and the late Albert Moore alone seem to possess the secret; but for all their expressive minuteness, they would be as capable of statuesque translation as any of those in the more obviously monumental 'Spirit of the Summit' last year. The colour of the long deep blue, almost black, outer garment is of most dignified refinement, and the scarf of bright purple is an inevitably recurrent note in any Leighton scheme. A great distinction marks the work, and the complexion is achieved with that inscrutable technique which gives it the appearance of colour flushing under wax. The hands are by a man who has laboured on them in love, and they are expressive of that sense of lofty breeding and culture which the artist unconsciously works into everything that he does. The com-

position, as a whole, is decorative to an extent perhaps not reached by any other picture in the galleries. By the courtesy of the President we are enabled to publish a reproduction of one of the charming studies for this picture. 'Twixt Hope and Fear' is another single figure, with outstretched arms, less emphatic in colour, and more dramatic in sentiment; but that sentiment, it will be noted, is distinctly not of the noisy melodrama of a modern day. 'The Maid with the Golden Hair' is altogether different in treatment and intention, presenting a beautiful English girl, her flowing tresses of bright gold descending to curtain her intent and eager face,

which is drawn in dexterous foreshortening as she stoops over the volume of romance open on her lap. A great feeling of tenderness, home, and love hallows this beautiful canvas. 'Listeners' shows that the President can enter into the moods of a child, and deal as naturally, as simply, and gently with them as though he were Sir Joshua himself; but 'Flaming June,' a woman's figure, with head and bust bent over her knees, such a pose as one might see in an antique frieze, deals with a theme of the most sumptuous colour. Her robe is of yellow, a topaz which evades all attempt at description, dominating all that comes near it with a splendour which is almost imperial. All these pictures have been thought out, designed in part in monochrome, and in part in colour; and the figure study which we reproduce, done in Sir Frederic's favourite material, white chalk on brown paper, is one which served its purpose in the construction of the beautiful figure of the Lady of Tears.



LE DERNIER PASSAGE DE GUISE. BY SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.

The return of so old and popular an idol as Sir Everett Millais, who for some years has been struggling against physical weakness and menaced vision, is a cause of great delight. He is represented with strength and quality quite on a par with that of his work of a decade ago. By far his most important composition is 'Speak! speak!' The words are Hamlet's, and addressed to his father's ghost! but Sir Everett's application is very different. On a rude couch, beneath a coverlet of goat-skin, a man in high fever has been tossing, and dreaming of his betrothed or wife, crying aloud on her name. Suddenly she answers him, and in luminous apparition presents herself, the bride, as her painter calls her, arrayed in white raiment and gleaming with strange gems. The man leaps to her arms. It is a powerful canvas, broadly



'STEAK 'STEAK!' BY SIR EVERETT MILAIS, PART. R.A. (SEE PAGE 124.)

handled and eloquently telling its tale, the effect of the lambent light of the visitant's body illuminating the room being extremely successful. The general tone is brown. 'St. Stephen' is almost a monochrome. The saint, as is the custom to this day in the East, has been led outside the city walls for execution. The cruel stones have done their work; the corpse lies prone on the ground, its black and white draperies stained with blood, rent, and torn. Out of the dim light of dawn steal holy people. They have come to secure the body for sepulture. The picture has been purchased under the Chantrey Bequest and thus passes into the possession of the nation. A portrait of Miss Ada Symon, a full-length study of a fair young Englishwoman, holding a green velvet opera cloak close to her throat, and advancing with alert carriage and shapely, little, well set-on, proudly carried head, is a work of much vigour and charm.

Mr. G. F. Watts' finest work is 'Jonah,' the commanding figure of the prophet—tawny, impassioned, and brawny, slightly clad in a goat-skin, the gourd at his side, and his arms uplifted to aid him in his angry and fervent denunciation. It is a parallel work to the memorable, 'For he had Great Possessions,' of last year. A fine portrait is that of Professor Max Müller, one of the series of studies of heads and shoulders of celebrities, which Mr. Watts paints for the National Portrait Gallery. The flesh is of the wonderful transparent golden texture, and firm grip is taken of a remarkable character; whilst a head of a lady in pastel bears tribute to the veteran's unflagging vivacity.

which gives us a spacious view of the open desert, with moving figures of camels and men admirably disposed. 'Ruth' and 'Rachel' are single-figure studies of women who wear their Oriental draperies with simple dignity. Mr. Sydney Cooper, the oldest member of the Academy, sends in four landscapes with cattle. Although born in 1803, Mr. Cooper's power of vision and execution have shown no change for the last decade or more. Conscious humour is not largely cultivated by the British Academicians, but the hearty Mr. Stacy Marks, bolder than his fellows, ventures on 'Old Schoolfellows,' the meeting of two middle-aged cronies, one an angler, the other an antiquarian, in a country lane, both careful character studies; the picture is a credit to an amiable painter. Mr. Yeames provides a good deal of quiet drollery in his 'Defendant and Counsel,' the visit, obviously for a matrimonial action, of a pretty woman to her lawyers. A short study of the picture, which we illustrate, will show that Counsel has asked an awkward question that the defendant finds difficult enough to answer. Professor Herkomer rarely allows a season to pass without venturing on some difficult experiment. A year or so ago men looked at his picture, 'A Board of Directors,' and marvelled; but to-day his much more important 'The Municipal Council of Landsberg in Session,' commands attention; whilst a portrait of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, painted with a manly directness in harmony with his sitter's character, heightens his reputation, and gives the public an insight into the individuality of one of the most prominent men of our empire. Mr. Wells has been a member



A SUSSEX HOMESTEAD. BY E. A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.

Mr. Frederic Goodall was one of the first artists of the present generation to realise the pictorial potentialities of the East; and, year after year, he still evolves pictures from his Egyptian note-book. 'Jacob labouring in the Pastures of Laban' is one of his large and characteristic landscapes

of the Hanging Committee this year, and has accepted the opportunity, sometimes otherwise utilised, of not exhibiting. Mr. Dobson, Mr. Horsley, and Mr. Hodgson rest on laurels earned long ago; and Sir John Gilbert, Messrs. J. C. Hook, G. D. Leslie, and Brock are content to make little or no bid



DEFENDANT AND COUNSEL. BY W. F. YEAMES, R.A. (SEE PAGE 166.)



'How Still is the Evening!' By B. W. LEADER, R.A.
By permission of Mr. Mendoza, the Publisher of the Large Plate.

for the increase of their reputation. The distinction conferred by the Princess of Wales on Mr. Luke Fildes last year has had its anticipated result: this popular painter having had no time for the imagining of subject pictures, and we are fain to be content with three fine portraits of ladies.

Mr. Henry Moore's most important work is a Scotch landscape, entitled 'Glen Orchy—Storm breaking,' a very powerful study of a romantic and picturesque coast, with hills behind that catch the bright, hard glint of an angry sun, whilst clouds, the ponderous heralds of the coming gale, sweep over the landscape. There are admirers of Mr. Moore who will be surprised to see him thus "come ashore"; but this great marine painter, the greatest, say French critics, of our day, is only returning to that form of art in which he made his name. He was famous for his landscapes before he became the peerless painter of the short, choppy waters of the English Channel, or the heavy and mysterious wastes of

the ocean west of Scilly; and on these he became an Associate. 'Cherbourg' is a study of a deep green water, and the artist in the mood in which we know him best, joying in the sparkle and breeze of the sea, and glorying in his consummate knowledge of, and power over, the multiplex forms of the waves. Mr. John Brett's 'Isles of the Sirens,' reproduced below, is the best of the interesting series by him.

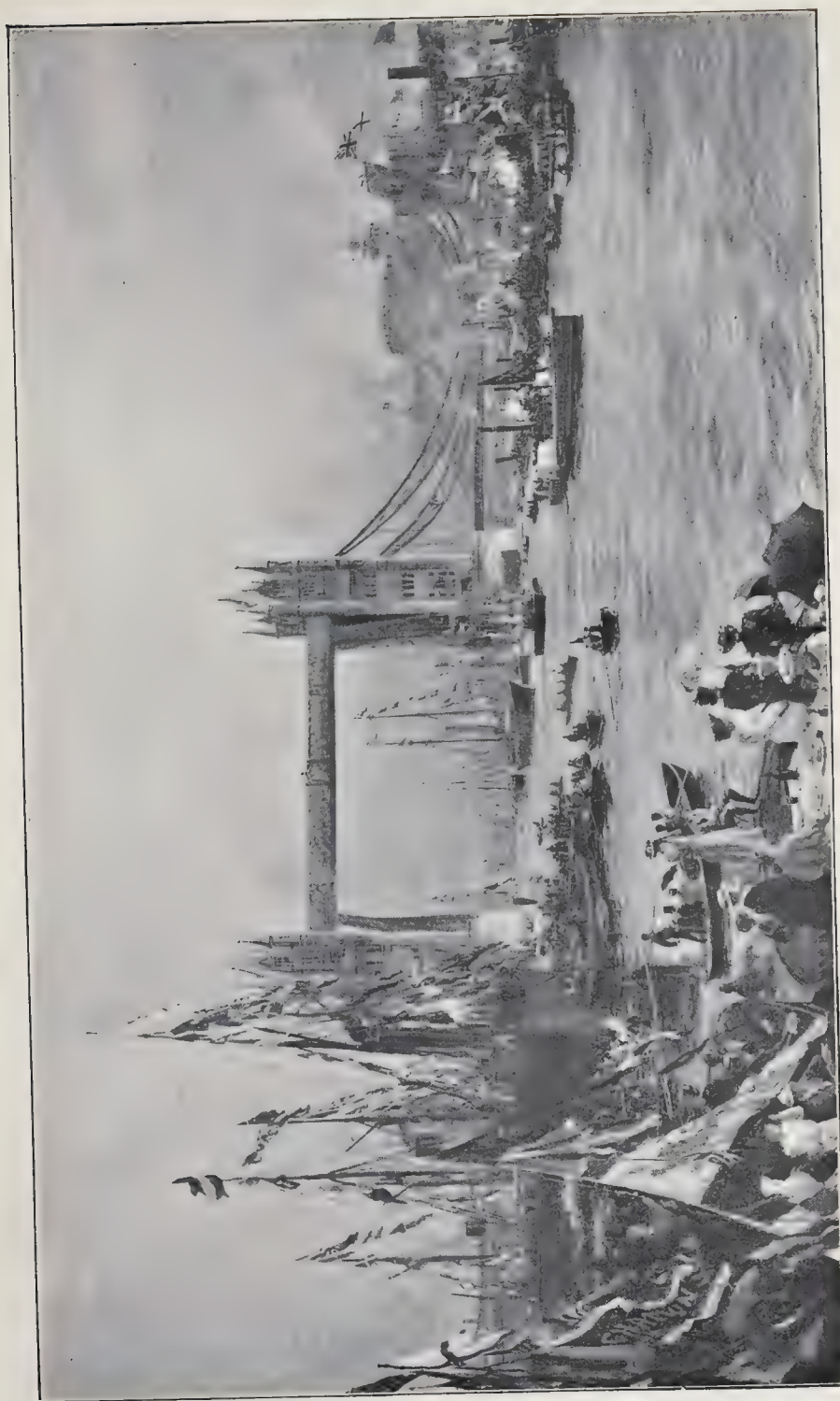
Mr. W. L. Wyllie, who is most at home on those tidal waters on which he spends so much of his life, and where he is past master of swirl and eddy, of struggling barge and great wave-churning merchantman, has greatly broadened his scope by recent repeated transatlantic voyages; but he never has been so well suited with a subject as his

'Opening of the Tower Bridge,' the ceremony of last June, of which we give a reproduction opposite. The day was glorious, the sun hot enough to raise a tremulous golden haze over river and land, the breeze brisk enough to keep colour sparkling and the landscape clear. Mr. Wyllie found here all that his heart could desire—the close-packed flotilla of shipping, the race of the mighty river tide, the avenue of unpaintably brilliant and varied flaunting bunting, which led up to the mighty bridge standing white midstream in the westering sunlight, and the great fleet of craft of all sizes and rigs, headed by the Admiralty yacht, *Irene*, passing under its vast uplifted arms. Here was a subject for an historical painter, and in that sense has he conceived and executed it.

Mr. Thomas Somerscales ranges over a wider domain—the great South Pacific. He brings to his task a technical knowledge, gained by years of service in the Royal Navy,



THE ISLES OF THE SIRENS. By JOHN BRETT, R.A.



THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE LOWER BRIDGE, JUNE, 1894. BY W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.S.A. (SEE PAGE 168.)



AFTER THE GALE: TAKING TO THE BOATS. BY T. SOMERSCALES.

ollowed by a long experience of the seas in the neighbourhood of Valparaiso. When, for the first time in England, three years ago, he exhibited, in the full flower of his art, his famous 'Corvette shortening Sail,' the vastness and the intensity of the blue of the unknown waters he painted, and the mastery he displayed of incident and detail, created a sensation. The title of his present picture is 'After the Gale: Taking to the Boats,' and represents an iron merchant ship, her deck awash, her foretopmast gone, her foretopsail set, and main and upper topsails loose. Two boats are leaving her. Sky and sea are of the unspeakable azure of the mid-Pacific, and the picture conveys an eloquent impression of the loneliness of the castaways on those immeasurable plains of sea. Mr. H. W. B. Davis divides his life between his home in Picardy and his house in St. John's Wood; but his pictures are almost invariably taken from those scenes of husbandry or pastoral labours constantly before him in France, and this year he does not depart from his usual practice.

Mr. Peter Graham is represented by canvases dealing with the two subjects to which he has for some years practically devoted his art; the roll of dark foam-crowned waves against an iron-bound shore, and studies of the picturesque, long-horned cattle of the Highlands in their native landscape. Illustrative of the first of these themes is 'The Sea will Ebb and Flow' (see page 163), but the rocks over which the seething waters race are more scattered than usual, some of them being only just awash; whilst the pretty figures

of children at play give it a more human interest than the white-plumed sea-birds to which we are accustomed. 'Moorland and Mist' is an unusually fine study of a little group of the shaggy cattle to which we have referred. 'Tanning the Herring Nets' (below), by Mr. Colin Hunter, is a characteristic picture. Since the Chantrey Bequest Trustees purchased from Mr. MacWhirter his wonderful picture of the floral glory of a valley in the Apennines, he has this year ranged over much wider ground in quest of subject. We illustrate his picture 'Beauty and the Beast,' where the old monarch of the forest salutes the new queen.

Mr. Marcus Stone is at all times a charming painter, and this, together with his beautifully refined sense of colour, smoothness of texture and finish, qualities in which he almost rivals his president, have won for him a wide and enduring popularity. He is true this year as ever to his endearing principles, but his composition is far more artistic and the reward of considerable research. Its title is 'The Sailor's Sweetheart,' a young lady no one will be surprised to hear of just ninety years ago, and a tender flower of lovely English womanhood. With her dainty and flower-like face, she leans forward on a parapet high above a noisy beach, and looks far out to the distant horizon. Her gentle eyes gleam with sweet hope; her lover is with Nelson away beyond the line where sky and sea meet; but there are forget-me-nots in her hand, and the sentiment of those flowers in her heart. The scene chosen is Babbicombe, in South Devon, much idealised. The hill garden in which the girl stands enables us to look down the steep verdurous cliffs on the thatched roofs of the little fishing hamlet nestling at their feet, and over the bit of common known as Walls Hill, on which the sun lays a golden hand, to Torbay. Two older persons seated in the flower-sown garden watch the girl. They, too, are content. All the figures are painted in the most accurate relation to the landscape of which they form an integral part; and the picture



TANNING THE HERRING NETS. BY COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.

is distinguished by unusual æsthetic quality. Mr. Marcus Stone always paints a happy ending. The Sailor will come back—with honours.

Great interest attaches to the work of Mr. Val Prinsep, as being that of the most recently promoted Academician. His love of the East and its fervent colour has led him to search the "Arabian Nights" for a theme, and to find it in 'The Fisherman and the Genii.' The scene is the sea-shore, glowing at sundown, and the spiral tongue of smoke rising

to be a professional man sits the owner, lost in sad reflection. His wife, young, pretty, undistinguished, and we may hazard, rich, sits at the piano, within the red radiance of the shaded lamp, and sings. The words set a chord vibrating in her husband's heart:—

"In the years that fled,
Lips that are dead
Sung me that song."

And conjure up in the unlighted part of the room a scarcely



APOLLO AND DAPHNE. BY HENRIETTA RAE (MRS. E. NORMAND).

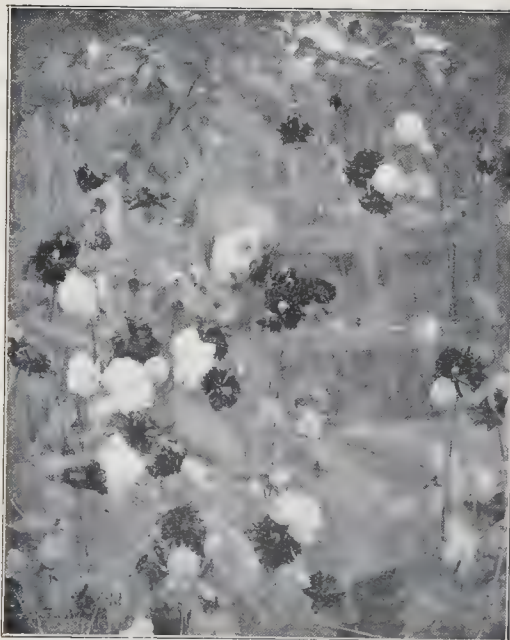
from the burning bowl pleasantly balances the man's figure. But his more important work is 'A Family Group'—a stately mother, in red draperies, coming down through a broad corridor, with her two little sons nestling in the folds of her dress on either side—a picture distinguished by its statuesque composition.

When the two important canvases of Mr. Frank Dicksee stood side by side in his own studio, it seemed hardly possible that such different pictures had been painted by the same man in the same year. 'A Reverie' is a study of lamp-light; in theme, treatment, and loose, free handling, an expression of extreme modernity. In a drawing-room of what appears

materialised apparition of a dark and romantic-looking woman in black. 'Paolo and Francesca,' on the contrary, is conceived and painted in a fashion that almost suggests the pre-Raphaelites. The lovers sit close together at the moment of Francesca's supreme surrender. Before them lies the illuminated volume of the loves of Lancelot and Guinevere, the mutual perusal of which has awakened them to the actuality of their own situation. Passion pale, in a strong green dress, the woman leans towards her lover, whose foreshortened face blanches beneath its dropping hair.

Mr. Alma-Tadema's single contribution, to use his own expression, is the work, "off and on," of the last five years.

It is, of course, a Roman subject, a feast of flowers, for which he has chosen the simple, but effective, monosyllable 'Spring.' The picture is an upright panel, of no great size, and the subject, the interior of a small white marble temple, or shrine. The sanctuary itself, in all its beautiful elaboration, is the creation of Mr. Tadema's own genius; and one feels that, with scarcely greater labour, he might have crystallized his design into solid marble. The crowd which comes, with light-hearted step, down the floor of the temple advances with a flood of overwhelming joyousness, children first, then young maidens, and lastly bearded men in the prime of life. Exquisite as are the tints and folds of the moving draperies, greys, whites, and faint lilacs, it is on the flowers that the painter depends for his gaiety of colour. Flowers garland the tall white pillars, hang in bright festoons between the arches, and in rainbow-coloured showers are thrown down by the men and women in the side balconies on the crowd below; all of whom, from the bare-legged, dancing little girl to the martial-looking youths in the rear who carry the tall standards of the gods, bring flowers, baskets, bouquets, and wreaths. This harvest of archaeological research is painted in the sparkling sun of Italy, but is in colour daintily modern, though



SLEEP. BY FRANK W. BRAMLEY, A.R.A. (SEE PAGE 174.)



A FROSTY MORNING. BY G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A. (SEE PAGE 177.)

the ivory-like surface is that of the painter's Flemish forbears, Dou or Metz. Works of such accomplishment evade the prose pen, and no description can parallel the lines of Mr. Swinburne, which it was painted to illustrate. This is the place to pay our tribute to Mrs. Alma-Tadema, who is, as often the case with the wives of great artists, herself a painter of distinction. Her little picture, 'The Pang of Parting,' is exquisite in sentiment and treatment. In a dark room, wainscoted with old Flemish oak, a young Royalist kneels by his lady's side, and kisses her hand in farewell before departing on a loyal but dangerous mission. In his hand is a lighted lantern; on the table a candle burns. A warm and tender brown light trembles through the canvas, in which every intimate touch, down to the very points on my lady's lace, is dainty.

Mr. W. Q. Orchardson sadly disappoints the public this year, not by the quality, but by the quantity of his work. No portrait comes from the hand to which we are accustomed to look for some of the finest portrayals of character, and the most direct painting of the year. What is still more distressful, instead of the fine work of domestic or historical genre, which sometimes filled the place of honour itself, we get one only small canvas representing a young lady lingering over her chrysanthemums, and lifting one of the plants for closer inspection, a figure full of grace and tenderness, and deftly painted in the well-known delicate Orchardson faint roses and fawns, a canvas just important enough to keep us in mind of how much we are missing. An absence almost equally deplored is that of Mr. J. H. Lorimer, a fellow-countryman, who, and with a difference, treated similar themes; but illness has kept him unwillingly idle.

The cares of the directorship of the National Gallery have not prevented Mr. E. J. Poynter's contribution of a beautifully painted and exhaustively learned classical composition called 'The Ionian Dance.' Of this we print a large wood engraving by Mr. R. W. Paterson. Within a pillared court, of which the details betoken



THE SMITHY. BY STANHOPE FORBES, A.R.A. (SEE PAGE 174.)



A MOTHER AND SON. BY G. FRAMPTON, A.R.A.

the refined scholar, dances a beautiful maiden, her diaphanous gauze betraying every grace of her slim figure. In delightful attitudes of ease, reclining on the marble benches, or peering between the pillars, are draped comrades of the dancer. It is painted with great finish in a high joyous key, consonant with its subject; and the texture of flesh, drapery, and marble is as distinguished as the balance of the composition. Amongst the several portraits of that manly painter Mr. W. W. Ouless, the most important is that of the Duke of Cambridge (see page 162), a large canvas and a decisive, firm, and excellent piece of portraiture. The public, we think, are hardly sufficiently ready to recognise the graciousness with which our princes accede to requests for sittings to distinguished artists. It was much for the Duke, with the many serious official and social claims that are made on his time, and the weariness of advancing years, to grant this favour, though it is one the artist's success fully merits.

Admirably as the artists who live in West Cornwall are represented this year, the term Newlyn School no longer applies to them. One and all they have worked out their own individuality; and their pictures differ from each other as the poles are apart. No one, perhaps, gives confirmation so strong of this statement as Mr. T. C. Gotch. Four years ago he left Newlyn for a while, and went to Italy, staying chiefly at Florence, and studying intently Botticelli and the primitive masters—physicians in very truth for a broad-brushed, realistic painter in grey. The result was a complete change of thought and style; a striving for symbolism, fine colour, and decoration. These qualities found meet expression in the child pictures, 'My Crown and My Sceptre' and 'The Child Enthroned,' at successive Academies; but the third experiment in this particular series, an audacity in azure and or, the painter sends to the New Gallery. His 'Death, the Bride,' is probably the most poetic and best picture Mr. Gotch has ever shown at the Academy. To dream a new conception of Death, and one which shall be sympathetic, is no small matter. But such is Mr. Gotch's achievement.

He sees Death as a dark and gracious lady, robed in half-transparent black, and very pale, coming with swift, silent footsteps out of the night, through a field of poppies, her hands extended delicately as though to ward off the flowers. Her expression is sad and winning, and yet inscrutable; her coronet is of white poppies woven. She is the gentle, stealthy Death for whom the weary long; and she is painted with a tenderness and refinement which is as far as possible removed from the treatment in earlier days given to fisher-folk boastfully rendered in the open air. We quote this work as a type of the change. Singularly enough Mr. Frank Bramley also paints poppies in his 'Sleep,' a child slumbering in the garden (see page 172); but his picture is all joy and sunshine, the light quivering through the foliage, playing in warm colour on the child's face, and giving life to the composition by the dancing chequers which it throws. The poppies, of glorious crimson and purple, are finely decorative, and etiolate the canvas like a constellation. The young Associate has travelled far since he painted 'A Hopeless Dawn.' So also has Mr. Stanhope Forbes; but not in the same direction. Three years ago Mr. Forbes gave us 'Forging the Anchor.' To-day he seems to challenge our verdict on himself by painting the same subject, with a variation, in 'The Smithy' (see page 173). Like its predecessors,



THE JOY OF LIFE. BY HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.







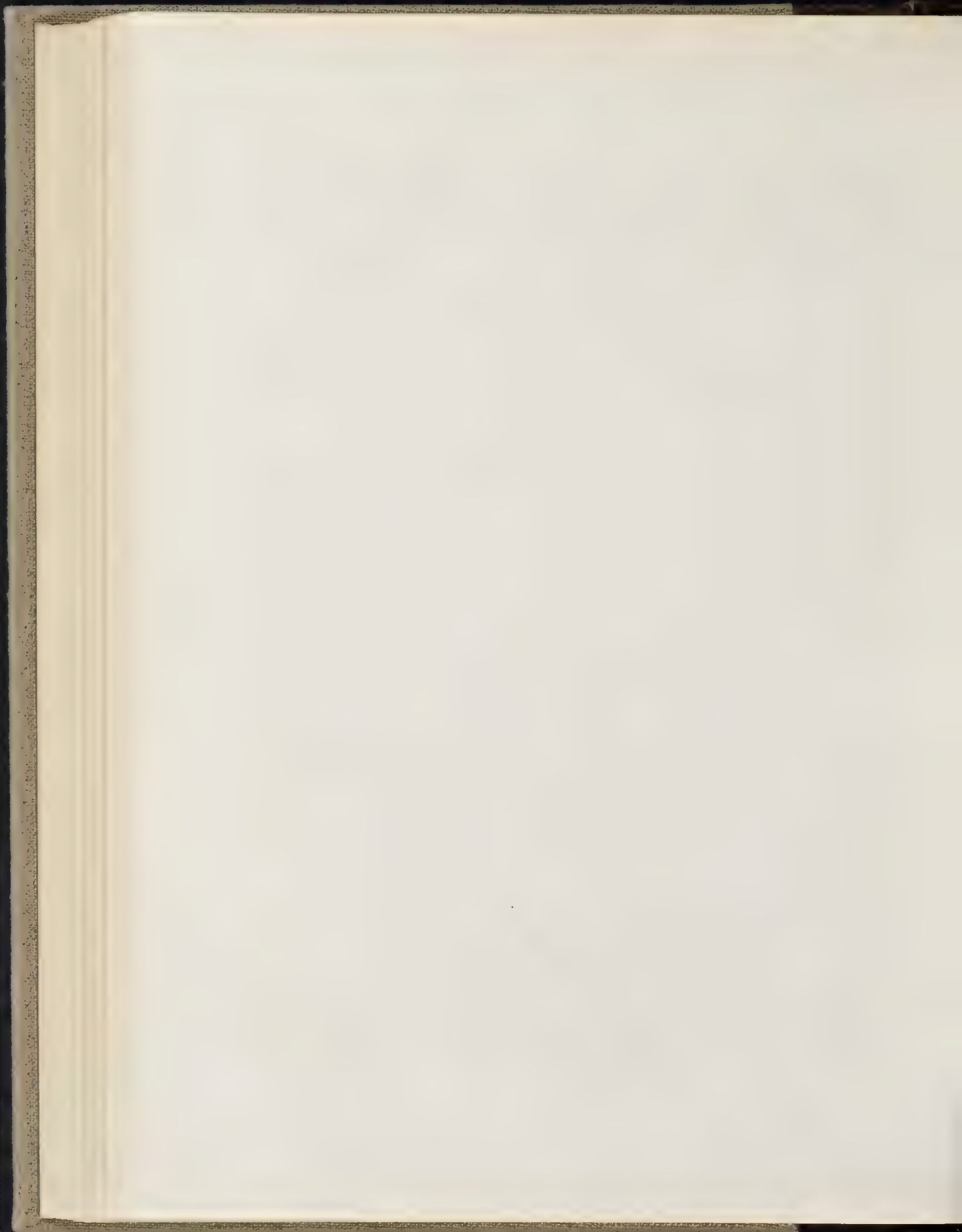
THE IONIAN DANCE.

FROM THE ACADEMY FIGURAL BY L. J. FOYSTER, R.A.

By permission of Robert English Esq., the Owner of the Picture and Engraving.

Engraved by R. Patterson.

Shaw's 1. Poynter





FAITH. BY A. DRURY.

distinctive style. There is far more subtlety in this shoeing of this old white horse than there was in his very literal 'Quarry Team' of last year. But every detail is as true and faithful. The light from the fire where the smith strikes the white-hot shoe, and from the small, many-paned windows, falls on the patient animal's white coat, the jocund face of the waggoner, and the other brawny figures, and produces a quick play of lightness and velvety-black shadow; but there is no relenting in the masterful technique; and Mr. Forbes almost sternly adds another stanza to the epic of labour which he is painting. Mr. W. H. Titcombe and Mr. Walter Langley are still both exponents of what we have been accustomed to call Newlyn work. The former, in his 'Cast up by the Sea,' gives us a little local comedy drama. A baby has come ashore alive from a wreck, and the sinewy dread-nothing fishermen cluster round. You would recognise those very models if you climb the Newlyn Hill, just as you would feel the "equable light" of which we hear so much. Mr. Walter Langley's work

it was actually painted in the blacksmith's shop at Paul, being finished to the very last touch in the semi-light, incessant deafening din, and sulphurous atmosphere of this village inferno. Mr. Forbes has been implored by sympathetic critics to see and handle things with greater gentleness; but such is not his temperament. He feels firmly, almost grimly, and he does right to give emphasis to his own distinctive

style. is historical, so faithful is it to type; and a group from his brush, whether in water-colour or in oil, will be composed, despite its rough elements, with much of the balance and beauty of Greek statuary. But he has the local failing, a love of mournful subjects. His 'Motherless,' a golden-haired child, sick unto death, lovingly tended by an elder sister and a grandmother, and surrounded by all the minutely observed paraphernalia of illness in poverty, reminds one of a series of such pictures, now happily discontinued. Mr. Chevalier Tayler's study of twilight, with a lighted window effect, is in sentiment all its title, 'An Evening Idyll,' implies. Lover and lass, children of toil, sit together on the bench outside the cottage on the hill; and, as the summer night steals on, they pledge the eternal vows. Tone and feeling are in gentle sympathy with subject. Mr. Fred Hall's 'The Shepherd' is a blaze of colour, an experiment in a phase of light much in vogue just now. The foreground, where the sheep huddle up to be counted as they pass through the gate, is cold and purplish; but the shepherd in his white smock, the bright green gate, and the stubble field with its crown of cottages, catch the red glory of the setting sun.

Few painters' studios are so instructive as that of Mr. J. M. Swan, A.R.A. This artist has devoted the whole of his life to an apprenticeship to Art, studying under many masters, pursuing his researches under many skies. He has succeeded, from the very outset, in resisting all external influences, and utterly disregarded all those methods which lead to quick and showy victory, not even accepting suggestions from men who would enjoy his art by possession. He takes his own time, working rapidly or with long pauses, and choosing his own subject. It would be quite impossible to classify his work, or place him in any school. He has no master, and tempts no imitators. Something, no doubt, he has taken from many sources. He has closely studied the early Italians, and, at one time, painted portraits with quite the fifteenth-century feeling. He has gauged the modern



A REVERIE. BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.



"AND WILL HE NOT COME AGAIN?" By E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A.

Parisian school, studied Frémiet, and admired Barye; whilst the influence of far Japan, of which magic country he loves to collect the masterpieces, does not go for nothing. Thus synthetically has he built up his art. But that is an amalgam which defies all analysis. The process of slow acceptance and rejection by which his temperament has been developed, characterizes everything that he does. Sculptor, landscape-painter, figure-painter, and, above all, *animalier*, he never works from the immediate observation; but from within, from his acquired and stored intimate knowledge. And so Mr. Swan's studio is studded with a thousand notes, some mere lines, some in colour, and here a memorandum of the outward evidence of a lion's pleasure; there the pendulum of an enraged tigress's tail; a leg muscle relaxed, a neck strained forward, a bone, a complete *écorché*, a study of the texture of long fur or spotted skin.

The tiger is, perhaps, his favourite beast; and these 'Himalayan tigers,' the male beast, the tigress, and their cubs under convoy, which creep stealthily along the mountain crests in the tender blue Oriental night, teach all that there is to know of the tiger. 'The Goatherd,' hung in the principal room, is equal in merit to his famous 'Fisherman's Boy,' and the flesh painting is as fine as 'Orpheus' in the Chantrey collection. 'Orpheus,' the silver statuette illustrated opposite, will be recognised by all students of Mr. Swan's work as the figure in last year's picture bearing that title. It is modelled with a tenderness and care which amount to love, and is the eloquent incarnation of youth and joy. The balance and pose of the figure are exquisite; the golden lyre is held aloft in high exultation, the body and long back take a deliciously elastic curve, and the pointed advancing foot gives the whole figure a swift progressive charm and glad alertness.

Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A., differs from his brother Associate whom we have just left, in the fact that he has a very large personal following. No British painter at the

present moment can with justice be called a *maestro di scuola*; but in the canvases of the students of the Academy the active working influences will be found to be those of Mr. Waterhouse first, then Mr. Tadema, and, in landscape, Mr. Alfred East. Seeing that Mr. Waterhouse is essentially a painter's painter, he has always enjoyed an astonishingly broad popularity. In 'St. Cecilia,' the important work which represents nearly two years' unremitting toil and experiment, the aim is wholly decorative, the colour superb, and the painting swift and direct; that of a man who has reached his goal. The feeling is entirely mediæval. Cecilia, it is true, was put to death by Diocletian; but it was not until centuries later that monkish legends twined themselves round her name, and she was canonized. The artist has used the precedent now frequently followed of painting the saint in the costume and habit of the days of her historians. St. Cecilia, in robes of white and purple, slumbers in a terraced garden of marble, a volume of illuminated musical manuscript open on her lap. Away in the distance, in the centre of the composition, the eye rests on the deep sapphire of the Levant with ships at anchor. Facing the saint are two angels, winged and gloriously appareled. They play sweet, but modern instruments. Tall trees, somewhat conventionally arranged, guard the sides of the picture; and the organ and other emblems are introduced into a carefully designed plenitude of roses and flowers. The effect is decorative first, then somewhat ecclesiastic; entirely remote from realism and the world of our daily life.

Mr. Boughton, A.R.A., has followed the custom too much in vogue of sending his best work to another place. A portrait of Miss Phyllis Palmer, a child in a dress of somewhat diaphanous white, standing in an open clover field against a



"IN 1816," By E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.



wild rose bush, is fresh and delicious. She saw the wild rose on its stem and left it. The tender greens are daintily reflected in the small folds of the lawn frock, and are in sweet communion with the fair, fresh face. 'Sunrise—Frosty Morning' is a poetic study of nature when she wears all the shifting beauty of an opal. A tendency to repeat in parallels, and the placing of the objects on the plain in the far distance, somewhat mars the arrangement.

Mr. H. S. Tuke, of Falmouth, who was more or less sympathetic to

she very nearly breaks down. Her Daphne is expressionless, her school-boy Apollo wants muscle. Better work is Miss Anna Lea Merritt's 'Nymph,' with pretty form, and flesh of a semi-transparent tawny gold. Mrs. Normand's husband also attempts the classic, and always on an ambitious scale; but his large canvas, 'Bondage,' hardly attains to anything more than the Academic success of a successful student. Better work is the idealist portrait of Mr. Ralph Peacock, and the fantastically cynical legend from the Persian:—

"A rose, a lily, a dove, a serpent,
A little honey, and a handful of clay."

Newlyn, repeats, to a certain extent, his triumph of last year, which secured for him the Chantry purchase. He paints flesh in the open sunshine, seizing for that purpose the only opportunity available in this country, bathers. In a secluded creek, lithe and nimble lads clamber in and out an old boat. There is lustihood in their every movement, and suppleness in the young limbs; but the picture wants the brave beauties of blue and gold of the artist's 'Blue August.' A portrait of Mrs. Col. Bolton, a subtle harmony in mauve and purple, is a work of exquisite distinction and refinement.

Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., is one of the few young painters who attempt the nude, and paints it with a modesty, simplicity, and ease which charm. His 'Daphne' lacks, perhaps, that enchantment of colour which he gave to his 'Syrinx'; but while he has taken the same model, he has drawn her with much surer and more discerning line. The alarmed maiden, with uplifted hand, opens her passage into the harbouring laurels. These are painted with much detail, the leaves reflecting the pale blue of the sky, and the flesh in cooler tones repeating these notes with a gentle reticence which is very gracious.

That Mrs. Ernest Normand should succeed as well as she does in her studies of the nude, is brave demonstration that woman's gifts are little more limited than man's. But even Mrs. Normand we prefer when she is dealing with the draped figure; and those who remember her picture, 'Doubts,' will bear us out, that it is only in painting textures that she attains at all to style. If we must have the ladies paint the nude, let them be single figures. Her touch is nice, and colour sweet; but when she comes to such a subject as 'Apollo and Daphne,'



ORPHEUS. STATUETTE IN SILVER.
By J. M. SWAN, A.R.A.

against it. These four young artists are well worth watching, because any year they may produce a really great work.

A blight for some years seems to have rested on English landscape, a department in Art in which we were wont to claim pre-eminence. It is not the time or place now to debate what, if any, influence Constable and Norwich had on Barbizon; but it is quite certain that the art of the men of 1830 is potent with our landscape painters to-day; and it is possible that they would now do well to go back to still earlier traditions. Landscapes must be racy of the soil to succeed. It is to-day with us as the drama used to be, mostly a translation



or adaptation. We have no Crome, no Constable, no Turner, no Creswick even. Recent recruits to the Associateship have not been of the lustiest; and though there are many most agreeable painters—as we hope the review of the present exhibition may prove—who are battering the gates of Burlington House with their claims, Messrs. Alfred East, M. Ridley Corbet, Alfred Parsons, Ernest Parton, R. W. Allan, Yeend King, Hope MacLachlan, Leslie Thomson, and many others—to which of these artists may we look as to the founder of the new, native, and characteristic method of vision and treatment?

It is much, we feel, if out of the group of men now painting we can suspect the birth of a national style. Mr. B. W. Leader is, and always must be, a great popular favourite. His choice of subject is always interesting and picturesque; his colour is serene and pure; and his work shows those evidences of studiousness the people love. It has been said, not without excuse, that his work engraves so well that the original canvases look like painted enlargements of his own work. All that he does is charmingly English, and his 'Still Evening' and 'Sunny Morning,' with which we make our selection, are alike characteristic of this successful painter.

'Sunny Morning' is what may be termed a sweet picture, and we reproduce it in our large plate. It is seldom that Mr. Leader has painted a picture of this upright shape, and it is not often that he has equalled this beautiful composition. This style of work is entirely his own and fully maintains his reputation. Mr. E. A. Waterlow is equally fortunate in getting the pleasant, healthy, English note into his work; and though he never approaches the poetry of nature,

he often secures her sentiment; whilst both technically and as a colourist, with a special liking for cool grey and green harmonies, he excels. We produce his 'Sussex Homestead' (p. 166), though his 'Golden Autumn' is a better if less

characteristic example of his work. 'The Thorn,' by Mr. Alfred Parsons, is better work than anything he has sent into the Academy for years. Everything leads up to the great white bush; but there is nothing to show it. The church and village tree embowered are delicious.

To Mr. J. Hope MacLachlan we look for poetry; but he never sees either land or sea, except by moonlight, when his ships glide by, and his shepherd, in the heart of his moorland flock, sleeps under a marvellous opalescent sky. Mr. R. W. Allan cannot make up his mind whether he will adhere to his own rather precise Caledonian art, or give himself rein. Meanwhile, his 'Toilers of the Sea-coast' hangs in the balance and on the Academy walls, succeeding by the thoroughness of its blues. Mr. Alfred East is the poet amongst them. It is not the topography, but psychology, of Nature that he paints in such wonderful dreams of misty colour as 'Autumn Haze,' or the more positive elms with the golden plumes which decorate his 'Midland Meadows.' Mr. Ernest Parton cannot wean his fancy from the ladylike birch. Mr. M. Ridley Corbet is Italian and poetic in all his work; and Mr. David Farquharson, a very fine painter of spacious landscape, but who paints Devonshire quite in the spirit of the Lowlands, has been ill. Mr. Niels M. Lund, whose small picture, 'The White



ECHO AND NARCISSUS. BY S. J. SOLOMON.



ENGLAND'S CANALS, KENNET AND AVON BY DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.

Hart,' the Academicians have espied and favoured, is poetic and charming in colour; and Mr. Stritch Hutton shows great power in painting golden evening light in 'The Golden Hour.' But it is to Mr. David Murray that we turn most hopefully. He is a Scotsman who has long since learned to find both subjects and clients in the South.

He first made his mark by painting, in Picardy, very blue studies in the vein of Corot, whose art still stamps his works, even though they grow so English. His best picture this year is hung so as to command a range of galleries, a compliment

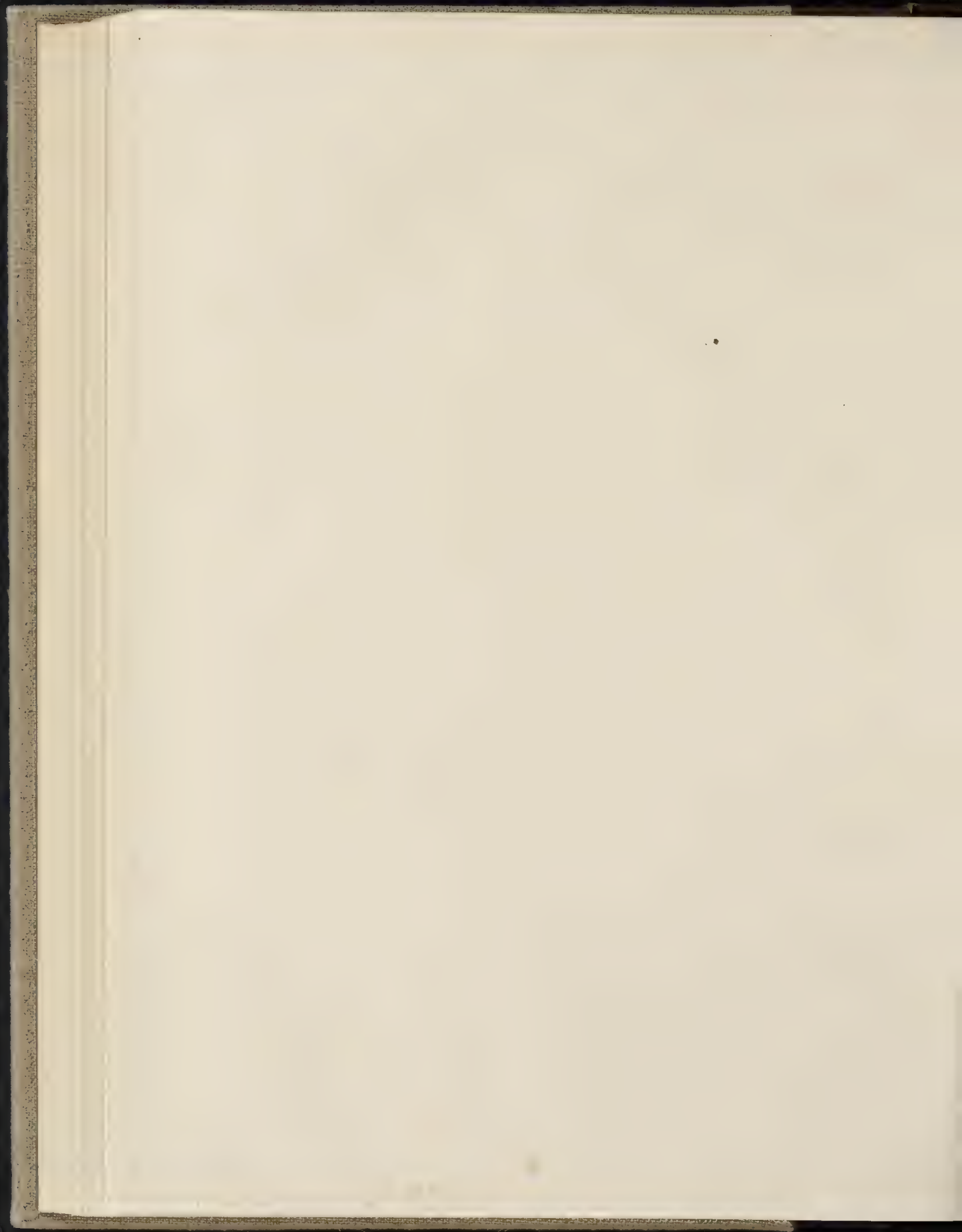






H. W. LEADER 1895

THE OLD MILL
AND THE CHURCH
IN THE DISTANCE



the committee rarely accords to landscape painters. It is called 'The Angler.' In the centre of the canvas stand three tall Corot poplars, and through and above these gracefully decorative trees we see the angry purpling sky, shot with yellow points of light, which are mirrored in a pool in the foreground where a man fishes. The figure distinguishes the landscape; nothing more. It is the sort of detail the old masters introduced. 'England's Canals, Kennet and Avon,' and 'Summertime,' are perhaps in more playful mood, but 'England's Canals,' which we reproduce, is the work most likely to be permanently pleasing. 'Ariadne in Naxos' by P. H. Calderon, R.A., is this artist's single contribution. It comes remarkably well in black and white. It is in fact difficult to understand why Mr. Calderon's well-drawn figure pictures are not more often reproduced. 'The Ten Virgins,' by James Clark, is another good work for engraving (see p. 181) as the colour, being a little hot, is sobered in the monochrome production.

The good portraits in the Academy can be counted on the fingers. Mr. Luke Fildes, as is natural, has painted ladies, both with dogs; and both on the lines last year selected for the Princess of Wales. Mr. J. J. Shannon's best work, a manly portrait of Lord Granby, hangs high. Mr. J. S.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

Verrocchio's 'Colleoni,' at Venice. But this has not satisfied his industry, and a statue of 'Echo,' a very exquisitely modelled figure of a girl of about fourteen, reveals the delicate promise of charm of young and slender limbs. The head and uplifted arms are thrown back in graceful lassitude, so that the statue has the curious quality of seeming to be on the point of vanishing, just as echo itself grows fainter and fainter. He also sends some very marvelously faithful portrait-busts of Mr. Ridley Corbet, Mr.

Sargent has two portraits of Mr. Coventry Patmore, the lesser the better, a beautiful picture of Mrs. Ernest Hill, and Mr. W. Graham Robertson. In all these cases he has painted, by the simplest means, an eloquent likeness of the sitter, without bravura or dash, and in a quiet, very refined harmony; and not, as in the case of Miss Rehan at the New Gallery, made his subject merely the keystone of his decorative scheme. Mr. John Lavery's 'Lady in Black' and 'Lady in White' seem to be the only representative pictures from the members of the advanced Glasgow School.

Mr. Onslow Ford, A.R.A., and Mr. Harry Bates, A.R.A., have both been employed on huge equestrian statues. Mr. Bates on one of Lord Roberts, and Mr. Ford on the monument to the late Lord Strathnairn, 'Sir Hugh Rose,' a statue designed on the lines of



HARVEST. REPRODUCTION OF THE PICTURE BY G. C. CLAUSEN, A.R.A., WHEN UNFINISHED. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. BOUSSOD, VALADON & CO.



A LADY IN BLACK. BY JOHN LAVERY.

Briton Riviere, R.A., and Mr. Orchardson, R.A. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., submits a recumbent bronze figure of the late Bishop Harvey Godwin, which is intended for his tomb in Carlisle Cathedral. The deceased prelate slumbers in regulation mediæval pose, in full canonicals, crozier by his side, and mitre at his feet, and hands joined in prayer. The big lawn sleeves are beautifully treated, and the long, straight folds of the gown are full of a quiet dignity. To turn from all the alluring potentialities of picturesque costume to the more direct portraiture and the commonplace of evening dress, must have been a trial to Mr. Thornycroft; but his life-size statue of the late Lord Granville, which is to stand in the central hall of the House of Commons, is the very man in marble. From a dignitary of the Church to a darling of the stage is a swift transition; but springing up close to the sleeping prelate we find a modern English dancing-girl, of the Letty Lind or Sylvia Grey type, 'The Joy of Life,' one hand uplifting her accordion-plaited skirts—the folds of this are treated with a fragility one would not have believed possible in clay, and the other extended to maintain the graceful balance of her pirouette. Mr. Thornycroft is the fortunate recipient of a commission from the Government for a really important statue of Cromwell, to be placed somewhere in Westminster. At the Academy

dinner Lord Rosebery announced the decision of his Cabinet to give such a commission, and it is a good augury that so strong an artist as Mr. Thornycroft has been first selected.

Mr. H. C. Fehr's fine winged figure, rising above the world, which he calls 'Hypnus bestowing Sleep on the Earth,' is somewhat similar in sentiment to his 'Perseus and Andromeda' of last year. The base is nowadays considered an integral part of the design, and treated with great symbolic care and beauty. Nothing is so charming in Mr. Fehr's work as his sleeping figure of Psyche. 'Faith,' by Mr. Alfred Drury, is a huge piece of work, in high relief, suitable for a reredos. It represents the angel descending to arrest Abraham's uplifted hand, as it descends on the bound Isaac. As may be seen from our block, it is extremely animated and eloquent, but just a little florid.

Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., believes that it is the duty of the sculptor to assist the architect, and to this end he has designed an exquisite pair of panels, in low silver relief, to decorate a teak and mother-of-pearl cabinet; and also a beautiful portrait-bust of his wife, 'A Mother and Son,' tenderly holding her chubby, short-coated little one in her arms. Mrs. Frampton wears her dress loosely, but not, we would imagine, to the extent of justifying the caverns her husband digs in her chevelure. Mr. A. C. Luchessi's 'Destiny' is a study of a young girl, charged with allegorical meaning. From the sterner hand, however, of the Anglo-Australian, Mr. Bertram MacKenna, comes the statue of the year, to which he appends a quotation from the Book of Proverbs. She is like his last year's statue—really a Circe, an Hebraic Circe. She sits firmly established in a city, in the high places of the city, holding out the gold rose of passion to all passers, who know not that her patrons are the dead. At her feet lies pure love, his wings broken; and behind her the grim Sadic bust and head of Sin. Despite the lusciousness of a figure too lavish in love's service, the mocking, sensual mouth, and the scornful bearing of the head and neck, the whole is modelled with a severe dignity, and eloquent with a stern message.

Visitors to the Academy are greatly surprised, on mounting the stairs, to find themselves apparently looking across the



ARIADNE IN NAXOS. BY P. H. CALDERON, R.A.

central gallery into a new chamber. In the centre of the main archway they see a bright blue blind, drawn, with the sun shining through it, and flanked by two other windows, looking out into the street. A moment's consideration will convince them that they are the victims of an optical illusion, for which that brave experimentalist, Professor Herkomer, of Bushey, is in some way unwittingly responsible. The effect is produced by a huge canvas some twenty feet long, so placed that it covers the whole of that portion of the north wall of Gallery VI, visible from the vestibule. It is really a representation of the interior of the court-house of Landsberg, Bavaria, a large, bare, panelled chamber, treated with great breadth and spaciousness. Across the top of this room is placed a table, by which the Burgomaster is in the act of speaking; at his side sits the town clerk, and down the sides of the room run plain deal tables, at which sit the patient members of the Council, listening to their chief. They are all portraits, and said to be very accurate ones, painted in 1891 by Mr. Her-



PORTRAIT OF MRS. JOHNSON-FERGUSON. BY LUKE FILDÉS, R.A.

komer on his visit to his native place. It is his magnanimous intention to present this colossal work to the Burgomaster and town.

Other canvases equally large are a greenish composition by Mr. E. A. Emslie, full of figures, and called 'The Awakening,' that is to say the Resurrection, which, to the intense chagrin of the Sculptors, has been hung in the Sculpture Gallery. Facing it is a design of equal size in water-colour, of 'Melchizedek blessing Abraham,' intended for the decoration of St. Paul's, by Mr. W. B. Richmond.

To conclude our survey of the Royal Academy we may say that the Exhibition of 1895 will be memorable for the large picture by Professor Herkomer, just described, for the 'Speak!' by Sir

J. E. Millais, for Mr. Waterhouse's 'St. Cecilia'—which we shall hope to illustrate when treating of Mr. George McCulloch's collection—for the fine series of works by Sir Frederic Leighton, Mr. Stanhope Forbes' 'Smithy,' Mr. Yeames' 'Defendant and Counsel,' and, finally, for Mr. J. M. Swan's silver statuette of 'Orpheus.' R. JOPE SLADE.



THE PARABLE OF THE TEN VIRGINS. BY JAMES CLARK.

*. We are requested to state that 'A Sunny Morning,' by B. W. Leader, R.A., which we give as our frontispiece, will be published as a large plate by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co.

THE PARIS SALONS OF 1895.

THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSEES AND THE CHAMP DE MARS.

EVERY year at the same epoch, fashion has decreed that after the Concours Hippique, the period verging on the first of May belongs by right to the painters. And with the exception of the Strikes, that seem at present to lay equal claim to these approaching dates, the Palette monopolises all attention. Nor should we complain of this annual enthusiasm if those that provoked it would only show us the use of it all. But mature consideration of the last large exhibitions of pictures, and more especially of the present Salons, leads to the conclusion that really this national event, this Fourteenth of July of colour, might without difficulty be spread over a space of two or even three years. The majority of artists, will be the reply, already complain of their lack of outlet. Nevertheless, if we were to recapitulate the number of small exhibitions that succeed each other in the clubs and in private galleries, one would arrive at the conclusion that there is scarcely a day on which the public is not solicited to visit an exhibition of some sort of paintings. This is the seat of the real evil. The public ends by tiring of this unlimited panorama, and by degrees deserts even the large annual shows.

One painter first spreads on the canvas the contents of all the tubes he owns, and proceeds vaguely to draw upon the surface, and by this means you attain the *Quatre saisons* of M. de La Touche. Another thinks that the only aim of decorative art is to work over a large area, covering a vast expanse which permits of selecting any subject of the open-air life of the fields, and subsequently drawing it to scale. Above it write 'Summer,' 'Eternal Nature,' or 'Halycon Days,' and behold you have a picture by M. Friant.

One season the fashion is for nude subjects of the fleshly school; you need only pose your model in a full light and lay on your colour with a heavy hand and undue regard to the expense of pigment. Then again, perhaps the winter has been a tiring one, a series of uninterrupted dinner-parties and dances. A rest and change is demanded, so mysticism comes to the fore. Instantly the same artist varies his treatment of his subjects by attenuating their forms and increasing the dimensions of their eyes. He then proceeds to adorn the divinity with heavy bandeaux of hair that conceal the ears, and behold you have the requisite dish the public palate demands. I will not



PRAYER IN A MOSQUE. BY J. L. GÉROME.
By permission of Messrs. Knoedler & Co. Copyright, 1895, by J. L. Gérôme.



BULLETIN OF A FRENCH VICTORY IN 1797. BY GEORGES CAIN.
Copyright, 1895, by Georges Cain.



"THREE TIMES A DAY," BY H. BRISBOT.
Copyright, 1895, by H. Brisbot.

call it a picture by M. Picard, but it is akin to the productions of a hundred painters all for the moment holding the same convictions.

A great artist, a thinker, and a scholar, has adopted a low-toned scheme of colour with special regard to a particular beat of light. The homage that is due to Mr. Whistler's genius must be paid in full. "What can be simpler?" exclaim the crowd of painters that are in search of the highway to fame—"let us set to and paint Whistlers!"

And the next year, just as it happens to-day, there are nothing else but Whistlers (save the mark!) signed various names from various countries. And what is particularly regrettable about the occurrence is, that the *ensemble* is really not a bad one, which remark is by no means intended as a paradox.

I only wish to express that, with the exception of some few works that skulk in through the narrow door of favouritism, that no one could really take violent exception to this avalanche of canvases all so frankly commonplace, which, nevertheless, exhibit undoubted skill, great facility for the assimilation of ideas, and a profound knowledge of their actual method and technique.

But beyond such considerations as these, there is little, lamentably little, sincerity of which to boast.

Besides, it is time the ancient hulk of the Palais de l'Industrie should be demolished, since its decay seems to reflect upon the painting it shelters. Here we have the inundation, the refuse, the surfeit that overflows its banks into frames whose dimensions augment an-

nually, as the measure of interest they enclose, declines. Formerly we used to say "Où vont les vieilles lunes?" we might now exclaim, "Where do the new canvases go?" So long as the unsold production remained in the domain of reasonable proportions, we could easily imagine them figuring on the studio walls, as each exhibition returned them, to fill up the gaps their absence occasioned. But now that the smallest anecdote that could easily be related in the space of eighteen or twenty inches of canvas, is spread over some eight or nine square feet, what must the unfortunate artist do whom necessity compels to paint acres of canvas in order to attract the wandering eye of the casual visitor? The attics for storing canvas doubtless receive the overflow of this disturbing mania for mammoth production.

And what is the result of this disease that has made such rare havoc this year?

'Une symphonie rouge et or' by M. Louis Bérour, whose chief merit consists in being essentially vague; a decorative frieze, 'Les exercices physiques' by M. Bouis, where despite the action the painter sought to attribute to his subject, his individuals appeared to have been turned into stone at the very moment they should have been most animated; a 'Serment des Gaules' recalls the method of M. Munkacsy's 'Arpad' with its wooden horses and raised pikes; a 'Salomé' that M. Chalon must have met at the Place Pigalle, or the Boulevard des Batignolles; a 'Maria de Padilla' seen across a pictured image of 'Carmen,' and I will pass on, since it is more charitable to leave them in the shadow of obscurity. M. Ehrmann, not to leave the largest canvases, exhibits a panel, 'Les lettres, les sciences et les art au moyen âge,' that we understand the Gobelins are copying for the National Library.

If the great manufactories of tapestry only have such pictures to look at as models, and the library is to be graced with these festive subjects to soothe the reader in his studies, for choice I should install myself in the room where M. Titto Lessi has placed his 'Bibliophiles.' At any rate, there one is not troubled by such imaginations as that of M. J. P. Laurens, with his fortification of a besieged town in 1218, under the aspect of a stackyard encumbered with beams, masts, and rectangular deals. For historical painting, the



GENERAL COUNT GILLEY IN REFUGE IN A PEASANT'S HOUSE AT ANDUZE, 1815.
BY DE CORDOVA.



THE CHRISTENING. BY P. GIRARDET.
Copyright, 1895, by P. Girardet.

author of 'La Muraille' has created a dream that M. Viollet Le Duc would have been proud to own.

Let us leave these tedious matters as soon as possible, and refresh ourselves with a little wholesome, comforting dose of Nature.

Alas! pure landscape is nowhere to be found. The wooded undergrowth assumes the aspect of a coloured photograph; the mountains only serve as pedestals for allegories, and the plains have no documentary interest other than to recall battlefields and episodes of *chouannerie*, or some sort of scene with labourers resting after the harvest.

Nature no longer speaks to the painter unless to serve as a background. Marine work is more worthily represented. Whereas at the Champ de Mars the ocean is reserved especially for sunsets and moonrise, in delicate schemes of grey, yellow, mauve, and green, the Champs-Élysées preserve the traditional fishing episodes. In the background boats are shipping seas, the ropes are massed, the scales of fish glistening; whilst genial sailor faces smile at the public whilst manipulating their great oars.

M. Tattégren's exhibit in this note is a happy one. Thanks may be offered up that the "Benedictions of the sea" are less plentiful this year. But from the Breton coast our painters bring back a host of legends which take place in tempestuous times, when the despairing wives of sailors cross themselves at the sight of a heavy sea.

1895

M. Emile Adan only sees in stormy weather an opportunity to group on a cliff the fisher-folk of the ballets of the Opéra Comique. In his 'Femmes de Pêcheurs' were all the elements of a good little picture. The atmosphere was true and well-rendered. Why must he spoil his whole work by a desire to be "pleasing"? which is positively puerile in such cases. The influence of M. Bouguereau is doubtless responsible. This latter continues the course of his habitual painting, with its appearance of confectionery.

Neither do we find anything novel in the work of M. Bonnat, except the sympathetic features of the new President of the Republic. M. Jules Breton has shown the subtlety and delicacy which we look for from him in the 'Dernières Glanes.' M. Munkacsy has succumbed to the influence of M. Béraud's colour. As for his picture, 'Avant la Grève,' illustrated overleaf, it is a work which is solely interesting for the realistic drama in the subject.

Although M. Joseph Bail confines himself equally to a blackness of vision, he takes away from the heaviness of his picture, 'Bulles de Savon,' with great dexterity, and the transparency of the water is well given. A similarly delicate touch is to be found in Madame Frédérique Vallet's work, 'Cherchant la Pose.' The chrysanthemums that the model holds in her hand are treated in a very low tone, and with perfect accuracy.

I would specially allude to the 'Lied' of M. Eugène Lomont. The effects of light and shade are distributed with an exact sense of proportion; and, despite a certain dryness, his work may well pass as amongst the best in the Salon.

Edouard Détaillé, with his usual patience and care, has applied his rigorous technique to a large canvas representing their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught. The love of minute detail is once more apparent in this well-constructed picture, in which, needless to say, the likenesses of the Princes are strikingly perfect.



THE LATEST NEWS. BY A. H. LAISEMENT.
Copyright, 1895, by A. H. Laisement.

Mr. Orchardson figures on the line with two paintings, the portraits of 'Sir James Thornton' and the 'Salon of Madame Récamier,' a most refined picture, where all the values are

3 B

exact and the grouping is beyond reproach. The colouring is discreet and harmonious, and Madame Récamier, although seen from a rather too modern standpoint, is a fine piece of work that is infinitely refreshing in the midst of so many unsuccessful essays.

The noteworthy impressions at the Champ de Mars this year can be summed up thus briefly:—The aforementioned influence of Whistler in portraiture, the great strides made by artists of other than French extraction, considerable research with regard to attitude and position, absence of nude subjects, and, finally, absolutely no sense of the spirit of decoration in work that claims to appertain to this particular branch. M. Puvis de Chavannes is, perhaps, the only one who makes an exception to this last statement. M. Roll, who is invariably sympathetic and sincere, has sent an immense panel, entitled 'Les Joies de la Vie,' where he has elected to express the pleasures that appeal to his positive fancy. What has he found? In the foreground several nude figures, in the middle distance three musicians in modern dress, and beyond, vague forms that stray through the woods; whilst on the opposite side a group of singing figures revolve. Where is the decoration in this? Where the genuine decorative sentiment?

No; in all truth there only remains M. Puvis de Chavannes, who has always maintained his place in the truly decorative note, and one refrains from criticising certain defects in this last composition of his, with the vivid recollection of previous masterpieces which this great artist has handed down to posterity.

If I cite the painter of 'La Source de Ste. Claire' immediately

both exalted and felicitous, I esteem his talent too highly not to infallibly recognise his true personality. M. Lagarde has realised the mystic charm of cold twilight. He has felt all the poetry that is whispered by the great trees shivering through the hoar-frost, and he has expressed his sentiments like the true poet-painter. His method is careful—nothing is left to chance, and his pictures are in every way complete. His landscapes are impregnated with the tranquil composure and blue vaporous mist that characterize the painter and emanate from his work together with its whole harmonious charm.

I must not omit to mention, by the same hand, an infant 'Moïse,' by a stream dominated by a colossal sphinx, representing the brutal power of centuries of Paganism; and still one feels that this insignificant atom who glides on the waters, has a great part to fulfil face to face with the huge monster, apparently immutable, presenting an ineradicable appearance of symbolical authority.

Whilst with M. Lagarde the sensation is derived from the subject, with Sir Edward Burne-Jones, on the contrary, the subject is entirely subservient to the idea. I have not the presumption to appear to introduce the author of the 'Mirror of Venus' to the readers of THE ART JOURNAL, but will merely enumerate his works, which consist this year of a replica of the famous 'Love among the Ruins,' and a portrait of a young woman most exquisitely modelled.

After passing the work of M. Aman-Jean, who has apparently sacrificed, this year, the dreamy idealism of his models to a larger share of realism, you come to the plastic painters,



THE LAST OF THE GLEANERS. BY JULES BRETON. Copyright, 1895, by J. Breton

after that of the 'Bois sacré,' it is certainly with no malicious intent. Without denying the influence that M. Puvis de Chavannes has exerted upon M. Pierre Lagarde, an influence

noting in parenthesis the enormous progress of the foreigners in general and the Americans in particular. The school of M. Bouguereau, which for a time had apparently attracted the

latter, has now been entirely abandoned by them. They must be congratulated on having adopted a much more virile manner, and to-day they form a group of strong painters issuing from

vaporous humidity with the sun of Provence, brilliantly illumines the country by his choice, stopping by a road or a village hard by the well of St. Madeleine. M. Dauphin does the same

service for the old port of Toulon, for which he evinces a marked predilection.

M. Couturier has devoted himself to life on the sea-shore and 'Abandonné' is a sad aspect of a sailor's life, as impressive as a catastrophe forced upon an impotent spectator.

A small portrait of M. Stetten imposingly represents M. Le Bargy as Charles Quint; and M. Mathey's portrait of the Duc D'Orléans brings us on to the sculpture, where we find the best piece of work in the whole of the Champ de Mars, 'Le Projet d'un Monument aux Morts,' by M. Bartholomé. Up till now, this sculptor was only known by his small separate works, and it was impossible to foretell, from what had gone before, what a majestic monument he was to produce this year. The dominant note

is the extreme simplicity of line, which differs from the architectural formulæ usually adopted in such instances; no over-weighting of frieze, cornice or ornamentation which usually surcharge individual monuments raised to the memory of the departed. No: a large rectangular surface vaguely recalling Egyptian architecture. In the centre a square opening, disclosing a woman, whose body, lightly bent backward, advances with faltering steps, leaning on the shoulder of a man at her side. Both are walking towards Eternity, that wall behind which lies infinite mystery!

On the left a row of mourners, men, women, and children in heartrending attitudes, surrender themselves to the abandonment of earthly despair. One realises their agony and lives through their anguish, beholding passing away from them those that Death has touched with his icy finger, and that slowly march to the tomb. It is of a striking intensity and the most profound sentiment, whereby the artist has created a glorious and magnificent masterpiece. Even the direction of the lives point to a consoling symbolism. The expression of sorrow *descends* towards the earth, whilst those who enter the unknown regions *ascend* towards the tomb. It is, in addition to being a superb work, the creation of a Christian and a believer; this is summed up in the motive carved upon the base of the monument.

Here the corpses of a man and a woman sleeping in the stone bask in a calm serenity before the angel of light, who spreads his sheltering wings over them. M. Bartholomé's work is worth the whole of the rest of the Salon of 1895 put together, and it refreshes us in its perfection and makes up for all the commonplace, useless work which one has to struggle through.

Let us mention, before leaving the Champ de Mars, the influence of the English contemporary school of house decoration, and the continuous efforts towards artistic novelty in the direction of works of Art, amongst which there is nothing especially striking.

JEAN BERNAC.



BEFORE THE SHRINE. BY M. DE MUNKACSY.

our studios equipped with a solidly modern and artistic education completed by the undeniable influence of Mr. Whistler.

The Americans have no more to learn from us, and from the assimilation arising from the contact with our artists, we hope to see the birth of an American school, which up to now has been conspicuous by its absence. Amongst those whose work merits more than a casual word we must mention M. Alexander, who sends no less than ten studies, in each case the carefully studied attitudes being carried out with a boldness and decision rarely to be met with. His colour is very much like Mr. Whistler, but the author of 'Alethea' pays none of that attention to expression that characterizes the painter of Lady Meux, but his art is purely dominated by the sense of line and silhouette over which he has attained complete mastery.

M. Gari Melchier's work is of the more tranquil order. His delicate Art approaches the painting of M. Boutet de Monvel, but is more consistent and stronger. His Dutch types—half fisher, half workman—have the calm steadiness of the inhabitant of the Norwegian fiords. His picture, 'La Famille,' is well thought out, carefully arranged, and healthily composed by simple methods.

M. Hawkins—now a naturalised Frenchman—surprises us from time to time. I should not be surprised if he occasionally astonished himself, possessed as he is by an imagination that frequently carries him away from his original intention; but from the varied revolutions of his fancy we obtain a mixture often strange and even confused, but never commonplace. From this point of view he is eminently interesting. In his portrait of 'Madame Séverine,' the well-known Socialist writer, his complexity has stood him in good stead. He has been enabled to express in the face of his model her mystic tendencies, her charitable nature, her artistic refinement, and, above all, the womanly charm of this interesting individual.

Anecdotic painting is represented by M. Adrien Moreau, who gives us the spirit of 'Une Réception sous le Premier Empire'; whilst Monsieur Guignard takes us through the mists of Holland, and M. Montenard, whilst dispersing the

A NEW BOTTICELLI.

FOR a very considerable time two pictures of Botticelli's, a 'San Sebastian' and a 'Pallas,' were missing. He was definitely known to have painted them, records and descriptions of them existed, but they were apparently lost and for a long time no trace of them could be discovered. Eventually, however, the 'San Sebastian' was found in the Berlin Gallery, where it had been catalogued as by Pollaiuolo, and now, within the last few weeks, the 'Pallas' has also been discovered, in one of the reception rooms of the Pitti Palace of Florence, hung in an obscure corner and a bad light, unnoticed and forgotten. How long it had been there, ignored by those who lived in the Palace and by the numbers that frequent royal apartments, it is impossible to say, but not until Mr. William Spence, an English artist who has lived for many years in Florence, lingering some few minutes in the room whilst visiting the Duke of Aosta, happened to notice the picture, and was struck with the idea that it might be the missing Botticelli, was it brought once more into the light. Mr. Spence thought at first that it was merely a copy of the 'Pallas,' but on a second visit and nearer examination he was convinced that it was actually the original painting, and communicated his discovery to Professor Enrico Ridolfi, Director of the Royal Galleries of Florence. The news spread instantly, and the valuable picture was taken to the Director's room at the Uffizi, from whence it is to be hoped it will soon be removed to the public galleries, for the benefit of those whose appreciation of the pre-Raphaelite school is greater than that of the august persons who have hitherto enjoyed the sole right to see it. The reasons why it remained so long unnoticed may perhaps be found in the fact, thinks Mr. Spence, that the 'Pallas' is hardly the sort of picture that would be chosen to decorate the rooms of a Grand Duchess, and that those who had the arranging of the Grand Ducal apartments took care to place it where it would be least seen and least in the way. Moreover, it is only within the last twenty years that the rage for Botticelli's paintings has come up; and before that time, had any one recognised the picture, they probably thought it not worth mentioning, and the Director of the Galleries has no right to visit the

royal apartments unless expressly commanded. The picture is large, the figures life-size. A young and beautiful woman, representing Pallas, in a floating white dress and ample mantle, occupies the centre of the canvas. Instead of being confined beneath the customary helmet, her hair falls luxuriantly over her shoulders, crowned only by branches of olive, which also wreath her arms and body, forming a sort of breastplate. At her back she carries a shield, fastened by a ribbon which passes under her arms, and in her left hand she holds a long, golden, richly inlaid halberd of the Quattrocento, the end resting on the ground. With her right hand she grasps the hair of a centaur, who, though armed with bow and arrows, submits with an expression of despair on his

face. Immediately behind the centaur is a half-ruined pillar or part of a building, with mutilated carvings and capital, while the background is a landscape with water, on which a ship is anchored. Vasari records that Botticelli painted for Lorenzo dei Medici, called 'Il Magnifico,' a Pallas which was an allegory adumbrating that prince's virtues and qualities. The Pallas represents the wisdom of the Medici (*sapienza Medicea*) subduing disorder and violence, as personified by the Centaur, and inaugurating an era of artistic and commercial peace and prosperity. It is supposed, for good reasons, that Botticelli painted this picture in March, 1480, after Lorenzo had returned from Leghorn and been successful in obtaining the alliance of the King of Naples against the Pope. The ship in the picture may even, perhaps, be intended for the one sent by the



PALLAS ATHENE. FROM THE LOST PAINTING BY BOTTICELLI, RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE PITT PALACE.

King to convey Lorenzo to Leghorn. Botticelli at this time had already painted his masterpieces, 'The Allegory of Spring,' and 'The Birth of Venus,' and the Pallas has many points of resemblance with these famous pictures, placing it beyond all doubt that it is an original work by Botticelli, and one, moreover, painted in his best period. It was a fortunate thing for the Art world that Mr. Spence happened to linger in that ante-room, and the Italians themselves were the first to acknowledge their indebtedness to the foreigner for being the means of thus providing such a valuable addition to the known works of Botticelli.

HELEN ZIMMERN



NOTES ON RECENT ART BOOKS.

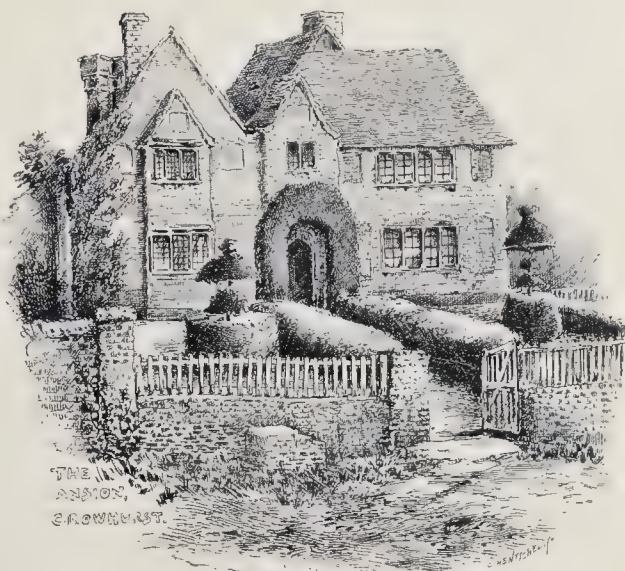


THE books of histories of counties are amongst the most popular publications of any kind. When they are done with pains and knowledge it must be said they are very interesting, and when to all this are added really artistic sketches from the places described, the work is almost irresistible, and, in any case, certain to sell and to give pleasure. "SURREY HIGHWAYS, BYWAYS, AND WATERWAYS," written and illustrated by C. R. B. Barrett (Bliss, Sands & Foster), possesses all these elements of success, being filled with delightful sketches, curious anecdotes, and very precise—sometimes prosaic—information on the heralding of the olden residents. Crowhurst, of which we give an illustration from the book, is a favourite with the author, and his comparison of his own drawing with others done in 1822 and 1828 is doubly interesting—both topographically and artistically. Losely Park, the author explains, was drawn under difficulties, and the little gem of Great Tangle reveals a more northerly style of building than is usual in Surrey. Mr. Barrett's first book is likely to be favourably received, and we trust he will extend his rambles to Hampshire, where there is still so much to be done.

One is so accustomed to expect the "Perfidious Albion" strain in almost everything a Frenchman writes about England, that it is quite a delightful surprise to find one at least of our neighbours d'Outre-Manche, who has taken the trouble to carefully study and observe us through other glasses than those of a boulevardier. Monsieur Mourey's "PASSE LE DETROIT—LA VIE ET L'ART À LONDRES" (Ollendorf, Paris) will therefore be an eye-opener to his fellow-countrymen as well as enjoyable reading to the home-loving Londoner, who will be pleased to find that his every-day surroundings have been able to offer so much charm and interest to a thorough Parisian.

1895.

The incidents connected with the foundation of the Gallery of the Louvre are the most interesting portions of M. G. Gabillot's "HUBERT ROBERT ET SON TEMPS" (*L'Art*, Paris). It was on Monday, 18th November, 1793, "l'an premier de la République Française une et indivisible," that the Museum was opened to the public; five days in each of the ten of the Republican week were set aside for artists to copy or study, three days to the ordinary public, and, presumably, the other two days it was closed. The painter David was all-powerful in those days, and he exercised his influence brutally against all the artists and against Robert, who had been painter to the King. Robert, however, was arrested on the 29th October previously, "comme suspect," and he remained in prison, it is believed, because of David's malign influence, for about ten months. It was even said that Robert was condemned to death, and escaped only because another prisoner with a similar name was mistaken for him and suffered instead. M. Gabillot, however, proves this to have been a popular error. The volume has many illustrations.





From Barrett's "Surrey."

It is not likely that we shall ever see such a fine volume as "LE GALERIE NAZIONALI ITALIANE" (Ministero della Pubblica Istruzione, Roma) issued from our Ministry of Public Instruction. But abroad they never seem to grudge expense upon Art. This work is intended to show the state of the Public Art Galleries in Italy; in some instances additions to the galleries only are catalogued, in others a full historical description of the galleries are offered. The gem of this collection, at Parma, is the 'Madonna della Scodella' of Correggio, a beautiful photogravure of which is given in this work. Particular notice is taken of the addition to the Brera Gallery at Milan of two pictures by Francesco del Cossa, of which fine reproductions are in this folio. There is

a notice also of the fine bronzes and medals (fac-similes of which are inserted) in the Modena Gallery. A full description is also given of the Roman Public Galleries and the Italian Municipal Museums. Under the title of "Documents," a reproduction is printed of a book of accounts kept by Lorenzo Lotto (between the years 1538 and 1556) found by D. Guido Levi in the archives of the Church of Loreto.

Under the title, "IMPRESSIONI DAL VERO," Messrs. Ricordi publish, for Signor Achille Fornis, a series of sixty reproductions of Italian Landscape drawing studies. Teachers of drawing will find in these a pleasing variety to the English and French studies commonly employed.—A second edition of the "LIFE OF SIR HENRY RAEBURN," by his great-grandson, W. R. Andrew (Allen), gives the chief points of his life, and although it does not deal with his masterly methods of work and artistic influence, it is full of pleasant reading.

Mr. Horsley Hinton's "HANDBOOK OF ILLUSTRATIONS" (Dawbarn & Ward) aims at being an elementary guide, and more than fulfils its object. With seventy-five illustrations, the author's meaning is amply exemplified.

OBITUARY.

FRANCE lost in March, by the death of M. Armand-Dumaresq, one of her best military painters. He was born in Paris at 1826. Most of his work referred to campaigns in Africa and Italy, but he also painted several well-known

English subjects, such as 'The Trooping of the Colours at the Horse Guards,' and other typical scenes of British martial life. He was a staunch Imperialist, and a personal friend of Napoleon III. One of his most successful paintings was 'Napoleon the Great slumbering in a Cottage on the Eve of Austerlitz,' painted in 1869, and his last work of note was a capital portrait of General Boulanger, in the Salon of 1887. He held the official position of Draughtsman to the French War Office, and executed a complete series of drawings of all the uniforms of the French Army.



MADAME EUGÈNE MANET (NÉE BERTHE MORISOT). FROM THE PAINTING BY EDOUARD MANET.

One of the most brilliant lady artists that France has produced, Madame Eugène Manet, née Berthe Morisot, also died in March, at the age of fifty-five years. Her loss will be deeply felt, inasmuch as she was in the zenith of her powers. A pupil of her great brother-in-law, Edouard Manet, the founder of the Impressionist School, she adopted little of his style, but worked out a line of her own, very feminine, very refined and delicate, and profoundly personal. A collective exhibition of her works, held at the Galleries of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., in Paris, in 1892, was a revelation to many, and raised her reputation permanently into the front rank. She painted portraits, interiors, and *plein-air* subjects, and achieved distinction in all three. We are enabled to give a reproduction of the portrait in oils by her master and brother-in-law Edouard Manet. A French critic says of her work: "No one has rendered with grace more aerial and tender the indescribable charm of young girls, their unconventional attitudes, the beauty of their immaturity, the transparent freshness of their complexions. No one has analysed more subtly the imperceptible gradations of the most varied light and shade, massive or gently broken, clear or diffuse, sunny or misty."

Paul Chevenard, historical painter, born at Lyons in 1808, died suddenly in April at Paris. His work is little known in this country, but the leading French Art review speaks in the highest terms of his immense learning and research, and of the extraordinary fertility of his conceptions, on a scale and of a grandeur which invite comparison almost with Michelangelo himself. But his ambition seems to have o'erleapt itself, and the greater part of his designs has never been executed. "He was crushed by the weight of his imagination, without bringing it to a consummation. He studied too much—our artists study too little; he thought too much—our artists do not think enough. He was not an artist to the taste or on the scale of the men of our generation, whose Art starts in the studio, and ends in the Salon." One of his designs for mosaic will be carried into execution at the Pantheon, out of a legacy left by the artist for that purpose.

William Lucas, who, in early life, showed very great ability as a water-colour figure-painter, and was elected a member of the "New" Society—a position he resigned when the move was made from Pall Mall into the Piccadilly "Institute"—died on April 27th, after a very short illness, aged fifty-five. His career was marred by an early physical breakdown, and for many years past he has been engaged in connection with lithography. He belonged to an artist family, his father

having been the well-known portrait-painter, his cousin is the A.R.A., and his brother the Art publisher.

In the death of Mr. Edwin Ellis, R.B.A., which took place on April 19th, English Art loses a landscape painter of much power and accomplishment. He was born at Nottingham, and the artistic "call" came to him when working as a boy in a lace factory. His industry has been great, but his sudden death at the age of fifty-four has carried him off before he had even yet accomplished all that had been hoped of him.

The death of Charles Le Roux, at Nantes, where he was born in April, 1814, removes another of the survivors of the *grande école française* of 1830. He exhibited first at the Salon of 1833, and last at the Salon of 1894. His work has always been distinguished by vigour of touch and truthful interpretation of nature. He was for a time a pupil of Corot.

The friend of George Cruikshank, Charles Dickens, and others known to fame, Mr. Lambert Weston, died at Dover, in February, in his ninety-first year. He made a considerable reputation as a painter of cliff scenery, and was a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy some years ago.

Mr. Ewan Christian, architect to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and of the new National Portrait Gallery, died in February at the age of eighty-two years.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE PROSPERITY OF LIVING ARTISTS.

THE article we published last month on this subject has aroused great interest in Academy circles, and we have received a large number of letters on the subject. Most of these letters being from members of the Royal Academy are not designed for publication. The affairs of the Academy are directed by the Council, and it might be considered disloyal to discuss in public what must first be settled in General Meeting assembled.

We may be permitted to state, however, that the majority of our correspondents approve the plan. The only real objection taken is by those who consider that we have advocated the stoppage of the Old Masters exhibitions. Any one reading the

article carefully may see that the suggestion is not that the Old Masters exhibitions should cease, but that, at a time when modern Art is not in fashion, it is desirable to call public attention to the works of modern men. Our scheme only advocated a change in the character of the winter exhibition of 1896, 1898, and for 1900 or later.

It has been further said that the Guildhall collections fulfil the object aimed at; but if this is seriously put forward we can only say that, however excellent Mr. Temple's collection may be—and that it is magnificent within its wall limits we have frequently stated—the Royal Academy could set forth its own Members' works to ten times more advantage.

ART NOTES AND EXHIBITIONS.

THE exhibition at the New Gallery, in Regent Street, is specially remarkable for six new pictures by Sir E. Burne-Jones. The principal is the 'Wedding of Psyche,' a picture sure to become more popular the longer it is seen. It has been said that this work shows some decline in Sir Edward's power; but we consider that the reverse is more true, the wonderful reserve of a painter possessing such mastery being really marvellous. The small portraits of Dorothy Drew and of Lady Windsor, although somewhat colourless, are superb examples of the master. Mr. Alma-Tadema's 'Love's Jewelled Fetter,' a young girl showing off her engagement ring, reveals some unexpected qualities of colour, pure and gem-like in manipulation. Mr. Hitchcock's 'Flight' is a modern version of the Bible story, very pathetic and tender.

Mrs. Adrian Stokes' 'St. Elizabeth spinning Wool' marks the high point of this gifted lady's art. Mr. James Maris's 'Dutch Town,' Mr. Clausen's 'Resia,' Mr. Peppercorn's 'Dartmouth,' Mr. E. Stott's 'Noonday,' Mr. Homer Watson's 'Canadian Landscape,' Mr. Brangwyn's 'St. Simon Stylites,' and Mr. Padgett's landscapes, are each notable as artistic productions of the highest class.

The success of the Fair Women Exhibition is rightly followed by a collection of Fair Children. We shall not attempt to give an adequate notice of this Exhibition, but simply say that we advise every Art lover to go to examine these pictures. They range from Titian and Holbein to the painters of to-day. The Reynolds, the Romneys, and the

Raeburns are equally attractive, while the Millais, Leightons, Watts, and Burne-Jones, stand comparison with the Old Masters in an eminently satisfactory way.

After the more piquant banquets of galleries less inaccessible to the influences of modernity, the old Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours is apt to pall on the jaded palate of a critic. It is so hard to put oneself in the position of the Early Victorian connoisseurs. Still a patient search reveals much to praise, and not a good deal to condemn once you accept the standpoint of the society. Mr. Edward Hughes' 'Bertuccio's Bride' is an excellent example of a rising painter. Mr. G. L. Bulleid, in 'Sleeping Iris,' judged always according to the law of the domain, may be warmly commended. Mr. Weguelin, in two subjects, 'A Real Princess,' and 'The Marsh King's Daughter,' both derived from Hans Andersen, is remarkably good—he has quite abandoned his Dutch finish, and revels in broad washes with pleasant, if not very new, schemes of colour. Mr. Walter Crane, in 'Lohengrin,' is hardly at his best, and Mr. T. M. Rooke, in 'Herod's Feast,' not so good as he has done. Mr. Herbert Marshall has found in the Thames under the recent frost a subject at once unusual and picturesque.

The fourth Loan Exhibition of pictures at the Guildhall Art Gallery was opened on the 23rd of April, and can hardly fail to fully maintain the popularity won by its predecessors. This is the first time that a Loan Exhibition has been held in two consecutive years, and we should be glad to see these interesting shows made into a regular annual function. Mr. Temple has earned new laurels by getting together another magnificent collection, containing many old favourites that one is glad to meet again. The selection is widely catholic, and there is something for almost every one who has predilections in Art. Amongst the principal canvases we may mention Sir Frederic Leighton's 'Garden of the Hesperides,' and 'Nausicaa'; Sir John Millais' 'Jephthah,' and 'Rosalind and Celia'; Mr. Stanhope-Forbes' 'Forging the Anchor'; Mr. Lavery's 'Ariadne'; Sir Noël Paton's 'Fact and Fancy'; Mr. Orchardson's 'Voltaire'; Mr. Alma-Tadema's 'Pyrrhic Dance'; Mr. Clausen's 'Ploughing'; Mr. H. Woods' 'La Promessa Sposa'; Mr. Faed's 'Silk Attire'; and others. In addition, there is the fine portrait of his mother, by Rembrandt, from Earl Spencer's collection, and some other interesting Dutch pictures.

In the "Basses Pyrénées," as Mr. Moffat Lindner entitled a collection of three dozen water-colours shown lately at Mr. Dunthorne's charming little gallery in Vigo Street, he proved himself to be a colourist of no mean order, and exhibited a mastery of the aquarelle according to its most noble precedents. Indeed, but that comparisons are foolish, it would be easy to consider some as worthy of Turner. But it is the essentials of the school our great English master founded rather than its mannerisms which Mr. Lindner obtains. He is no mere imitator of the past, but a modern of the moderns.

The Spring Exhibition of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists is distinguished by a fine collection of the works of G. J. Tinwell and George Mason. Mr. Quilter has prepared an excellent illustrated catalogue, prefaced by essays on the painters represented.

The works of Sir John Tenniel,* exhibited at The Fine Art Society's, came as a surprise to those who only knew his drawings in the printed pages of *Punch* or "Alice in Wonderland." We all agree to admire the excellence of the wood-engraver's paraphrase; yet the originals showed a quality which justified the homage always awarded Sir John by critics, yet not, perhaps, without a shadow of doubt whether the literary aspect of his satires had not unduly biased opinion in their favour. Executed in lead pencil, the direct heir to the silver-point or the Old Masters, one's loyalty to pen-drawing was sorely tried, for this simple medium secured certain subtleties that are rare, if not altogether absent, in ink studies. Especially was this increased beauty noticeable in the portraits of Mr. Gladstone, and the typical face, that seemed somewhat stereotyped in the cartoons, revealed unexpected modifications.

Messrs. Tooth's galleries contained a number of really excellent pictures for their spring exhibition. In the place of honour hung a very fine Bastien-Lepage, 'Pauvre Fauvette,' typical in every way, and a most admirable example of a school but lately supreme. M. Dagnan-Bouveret, too rarely seen in England, was represented by 'Vespers,' a powerful study of a single figure of a devotee bearing a lighted candle, and 'The White Horse.' 'The Cardinal,' by John Pettie, R.A., served to confirm one's opinion that, despite his contemporary appreciation, full justice has hardly yet been awarded him. Mr. Marcus Stone, in 'The Honey-moon,' was in a new key, with a background recalling Cazin. Of younger men, Mr. W. H. Bartlett's 'Haute Saône,' and Mr. Blandford Fletcher's fine canvases, were, perhaps, more striking. The ninety-eight pictures, well hung, well chosen, and not too problematical in their aim, show that the tastes of buyers are carefully estimated.

The Goupil Galleries, in lower Regent Street, are filled with "A Connoisseur's Treasures." An attempt has been made, and with some success, to render the exhibition-room as like a connoisseur's home as possible, and the pictures by Mr. Whistler, Burne-Jones, and Watts, are sustained by suitable surroundings of bronzes, draperies, and carpets. A series of unique unbroken Tanagra figures of the best kind, adds great interest to a fine artistic show.

At the sale, in London, of a large collection of pictures, on March 30, there was a study for 'Trawlers waiting for Darkness,' by Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A., which was wrongly described by the auctioneer as "exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1873." This study fetched £220, being nearly four times the price originally paid to the artist. The completed picture is a much larger and more important canvas, and proportionately higher in money value.

"THE PICTURES OF THE YEAR," containing two hundred reproductions from the Academy, New Gallery, and New English Art Club, is now published from the office of this Journal. Unlike its competitors, its contents are from pictures really hung at the Exhibitions, and no rejected works are included.

We are requested to notice that the copyright of the illustration from Sir Noël Paton's 'Ancient Mariner' (page 102) is the property of the Art Union of London, who publish the whole series of designs in a large album.



A DOUBTFUL BOTTLE. BY W. DENDY SADLER.
By permission of Mr. L. H. Lefèvre, the publisher of the large plate.

WALTER DENDY SADLER,

HUMORIST AND GENRE PAINTER.

AMONG that crowd of English humorous and satirical painters which includes such masters as Hogarth, the first and greatest of the body, and Mr. Haynes-Williams, our able contemporary working in the Hogarthian strain, the only one who—avoiding politics, “Sport,” personalities, and sentimental themes—has succeeded in bringing into daylight again “the tea-cup times of hoop and hood,” as well as those of the Regency, and confined himself to the bourgeois, is Mr. Dendy Sadler, in whose honour a numerous exhibition of pictures is now open in King Street, St. James’s.

Mr. Haynes-Williams delights in those gallantries of the Assembly Rooms of Leamington, Brighton and Cheltenham, which had succeeded the braveries of “The Bath” of Gainsborough, and Harrogate’s health-giving springs. Not so with the subjects of Mr. Dendy Sadler’s canvases, most of whom actually belong to our grandfather’s later days, when George the Fourth was king.

In another way our present subject differs from his fore-runners. Gillray, Rowlandson, Bunbury, Woodward, Cruikshank, Seymour, the DoYLES, Leech, H. K. Browne, R. Caldecott, and C. Keene have followed each other into those happy shades where satire has no sting, nor sardonic wit a sigh. The cruel bludgeon and the stabbing knife, the infamous suggestions, coarse abuse of caricature itself, and the keener etching-needles of the later detraction, obloquy and backbiting, had in turn yielded to better taste, and the days when Pope himself dared not attack Hogarth were gone by. Each satiric artist became more gentle, not to say humane, than his immediate forerunners, and provinces of the satiric realm were appropriated by one artist or another, and each kept to his own.

Among those who employ types, rustical, homely, and pathetic, and who for their subjects affect the ways, amusements, and homely doings of a hundred years ago, none is

JULY, 1895.

more eminent than the artist, some of whose best pictures are reproduced in these pages. He too, like Leech and Keene,



WALTER DENDY SADLER PAINTING ‘DARBY AND JOAN’.

can lay his hand upon his heart and boast that his pencil has defamed no woman nor maligned a man. We see how faithful to nature his types are, and yet nobody needs to be pitied as the victims of Pope and Churchill are always pitied. Nor, on the other hand, are his men and women nearly so impersonal—not to say unreal—as those generalisations of character Caldecott gave us for models and patterns, so to say, of the *genus* huntsman, but not huntsmen individually at all. Besides these points of difference, Mr. Dendy Sadler's range of subjects, choice of which implies great resources, is, as we shall see, much wider than Caldecott's, while as a painter of

ridiculous side of certain enthusiasms; while Mr. Yeames has sometimes, but not too often, done admirably where modern moods, fancies, and follies were in question.

Like Mr. Marks, when he painted those prime pieces of humour: 'Toothache in the Middle Ages,' 'The Franciscan Sculptor,' and similar works, Mr. Dendy Sadler has opened new vistas in that, to us, dim and cloudy region—the monastic and civil life of mediæval times, touched its records with new light, and, with vitalising spirit, made some of the men of old to live anew. Again, like Mr. Marks, whose masterpiece is 'The Three Jolly Post-Boys,' Mr. Dendy



DARBY AND JOAN. FROM THE ETCHING AFTER W. DENDY SADLER.
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pictures in oil, each demanding months for its execution, he cannot be compared with Charles Keene, Richard Doyle, or John Leech, who, at the rate of hundreds every year, made innumerable drawings on wood by a much simpler process. It would be fair to compare a dozen Dendy Sadlers with a similar number of the works of either of the men he in art or inventive power most resembles, and in no other way can his position be discovered and established. Such a comparison would not be to the disadvantage of the living artist. As a painter he comes near, on the one hand, to Leslie, that prince of artists, humorous designers, and painters of comedy; and, on the other hand, he approaches Mr. Orchardson, a capital master, who has never attempted to cover so wide a field as Mr. Dendy Sadler, but triumphs as a sardonic illustrator of some of to-day's vices; he is still less remote from Mr. Marks, who is great in touching lightly the

Sadler has more than once revived the old-fashioned humours and quaint incidents of travel by stages, vans, and those more stately "machines," as during the last century they were called—splendid vehicles which, all gleaming in scarlet and gold, carried His Majesty's mails and about a dozen passengers besides. Not less a master of character than the famous Royal Academician we have just named, worthy to be compared with him as a humorist, and in repeatedly and powerfully touching, profoundly tender chords of sorrow, which Mr. Marks has avoided altogether, our present subject stands as much apart from him on the one side, as on the other he is remote from the elegant amenities, somewhat hot-pressed courtesies and urbane graces of Mr. Haynes-Williams's pleasant and comely realm. Our artist's exact place as a designer as well as a student of character is midway between Mr. Marks and Mr. Haynes-Williams, and, strangely



RETURNING THANKS. BY W. W. DENDY SALLER.
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enough, he is, as an artist, in a similar position. Thus, as a real master of composition, he is superior to the R.A., and not, technically speaking, quite so deft and clever as the "outsider."

to become a painter, the tyro, after some lessons from a local artist, came to London and entered Heatherly's Art School in Newman Street, where he remained till 1871. Then, going to



'SWEETHEARTS YET.' By W. DENDY SADLER.
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His touch is not so hard as Mr. Marks's, nor are the surfaces of his pictures so polished as those of the gentler *genre* painter, while, as to finish, neither of his compeers is equal to him. A better painter of the carnations than either of them, Mr. Dendy Sadler's representation of the human face and form is truer, because less adust and arid than that of the Academician; more brilliant and solid and less quaint-like than that of the "outsider," whose flesh painting, at its best, is defective in limpidity, and, above all, is lacking in the inner gold and greys of the Venetians and their follower, Mr. H. Cook. These are the general characteristics and qualities of our painter's art. How they were developed, and which of his pictures represent them best, may, with so much of his biography as the theme requires, be told as follows.

The son of a solicitor settled at Dorking, a member of a family originally from Horsham, and, if the name they bore goes for anything, of old English blood, Walter Dendy Sadler was, in 1854, born at the pleasant town so celebrated for poultry and for lime. At Horsham he went to school, and there, after the manner of many incipient artists, illustrated his primers and dictionaries with sketches and studies of a sort such as moved the ire of his teachers, who, nevertheless, thought so well of the artist that they invariably captured and preserved these exercises of a vagrant scholar. Remaining at Horsham till he was sixteen years of age, and determining

Düsseldorf, he made further studies under Herr W. Simmler, a man of note at that time and place, who, being much impressed with the abilities of his pupil, offered to teach him for nothing. Young as he was, Mr. Dendy Sadler's progress must have been very honourable; and so rapid that, in 1872, being then barely eighteen, he made his *début* in the Dudley Gallery with No. 279, a picture called 'A Partial Critic,' the pretensions of which, as thirty guineas was asked for it, must have been greater than ordinary. Mr. Dendy Sadler continued to exhibit in this gallery—a place made memorable by poor Haydon's disasters within its dungeon-like walls—till 1881, when 'A Feast Day' appeared there.

The Royal Academy first knew Mr. Dendy Sadler as an exhibitor in 1873, when he sent to Burlington House a small picture called 'The Deciding Game.' The next work of note from his hands marked his true and original sense of the domestic side of conventual life during the Middle Ages, when the brethren had to depend upon their fish-ponds for their Friday's dinners; and, in 1875, he illustrated 'Steady! Brother; steady!' the warning of a brown-frocked Franciscan to his brother monk, who had just hooked a mighty salmon and was a little flurried by his responsibilities. As the notes before us describe the picture: "Breathless the speaker utters his warning and stimulating counsel to the captor of this wily monster, and both the men are rapt, the one beginning to lose

his head lest he should lose his fish, the other trembling lest he should become a spectator of defeat." Of the fate of the third party there is no record. It was upon this work our painter's reputation was very honourably founded. It was the first of the monastic subjects, and had for its complements: 'Tis always the largest Fish that's lost,' of 1881; 'Friday,' etched in *THE ART JOURNAL*, 1885, or the sorrows of fast days, with the resentful regret of a disappointed angler, 1882, now in the Liverpool Gallery; 'Recreation,' jolly monks playing at Blind Man's Buff, 1883; 'Thursday,' which is in the Tate Gallery, and etched in *THE ART JOURNAL* in 1888, and represents some monks, mindful of to-morrow's fast, fishing in a rapid stream, 1880; 'A Visit from Brother Dominic,' 1881; 'Brother Francis, the Monastery Cellarman,' 1880; 'Brother Ambrose, the Monastery Gardener,' 1880; 'A Stranger in the Monastery,' 1883; and 'A Good Story,' in which a travelled friar relates a laughable anecdote to a high dignitary of the Church; 'Habet!' triumphant fishers from a convent rejoicing in a capture, was the latest of that category of monks fishing which is here referred to, but by no means, as we shall soon discover, the latest of our artist's piscatory subjects. When we consider that 'Steady!

As time went on we find the artist devoting more and more attention, energy, and skill to secondary parts of his compositions, besides the landscapes, and including interiors of extraordinary richness of character and opulent in accessories of furniture, *bric-à-brac*, and what-not, all of which are in keeping with the themes of the pictures. The results of this extreme care, and the research it implies, are manifest in our blocks, which reproduce treasures of details and include the shapes of the wine-glasses, decanters, cupboards, and wine-coolers in 'Darby and Joan,' 'Tis Fifty Years Since,' and 'Returning Thanks,' as well as such extreme *minutiae* as the pattern of the bandana handkerchief (veritably Indian as it is) on the knee of a guest on our left of the last-named group of feasters, and the portraits of Darby and his Joan when they were (it was about 1760) young enough to sit to Mr. Gainsborough at his fine house in Pall Mall. Ever pathetic, the ideas of Mr. Dendy Sadler recall by such means as these the days when Darby was a young bridegroom and Joan a fair and blooming bride. There are sympathetic touches, too, of the subtler sort in making the likeness of the young lover look tenderly and ardently towards the portrait of his charming mistress. She, all compact of happiness, and hardly conscious



'TIS FIFTY YEARS SINCE.' BY W. DENDY SADLER.
By permission of Mr. L. H. Lefèvre, the publisher of the large plate.

Brother; steady!' was the work of a youth of twenty-one years of age, who had already exhibited six pictures in public galleries, two of them being at Burlington House, it is easy to imagine how rapid the painter's progress had been.*

* The most important of the six examples here referred to were, besides 'A Partial Critic,' which was in the Dudley Gallery in 1872, 'Safer than the Bank,' 1874, and 'The Deciding Game,' R.A., 1874. Mr. Sadler did not contribute to the Society of British Artists' Exhibition until 1878. 'The Postillion's Wooing,' a highly

of her charms, looks down because he gazes at her. The very dog leaping at her knee is significant of their faithful and

characteristic subject capably painted, was in the first-named gallery in 1875, and was followed by 'When we were Young,' 1877, with which the artist opened that which may be called a retrospectively pathetic series of subjects, such as the title of the picture suggests, and illustrated a new and deeply-touching element in his mood of thought, or rather, in his sympathetic fancy. His latest work at the "Dudley" was 'A Feast Day,' 1881.

happy loves, while the still blossoming winter of their lives is aptly alluded to by the chrysanthemums piled in a silver vase upon the table.

Except the veracity and aptitude of the expressions and attitudes of all his figures and the appropriateness of their actions

obtrusiveness of the black frame behind the lady's head* in 'Tis Fifty Years since.' With regard to the excess in question, and its results on the breadth and simplicity of his pictures generally, it is right to say that the large collection of those which are now on view in Mr. Lefèvre's gallery proves that time by reducing their higher keys of light and colour, is actually harmonizing the works, and, by thus massing their tones and tints, improving their chiaroscuro.

Having thus, so far as his choice of their subjects is concerned, referred to Mr. Sadler's piscatorial comedies, an important section of his artistic "output" which is not represented in the blocks attached to this essay; and, in general terms, described his methods of painting, his technical aims and their characteristic successes as well as that which seems to be their only shortcoming which is worth considering, the reader's attention may now be asked for the pictures which the blocks before him represent. These subjects belong to those categories of Mr. Sadler's productions which followed the piscatorial group, which is indeed almost a regular sequence. The second group may be



OLD AND CRUSTED. FROM THE ETCHING AFTER W. DENDY SADLER.
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to which we shall come presently, no elements of Mr. Dendy Sadler's pictures are more interesting, quaint, and fresh than such details as the above. They are important, too, with regard to his system of painting, and, as concerns his technique, that is, his handling and remarkably accurate views as to finish, which are quite characteristic and original, they may be said to rule. Accordingly, as only a precise, crisp, and very firm touch, brilliant and searching handling and the utmost attention to the effect of light, could succeed in treating multitudinous details of the kind in question, it speaks for itself that our artist must needs work with touches, handling, and light-rendering of an exacting and exact kind. Not a picture of his painting but affirms thus much, from the modelling of the foliage in his background of 'A Doubtful Bottle,' which is our headpiece, and including the lustre of the glass and silver equipage on the table in 'Darby and Joan,' the somewhat worn and faded state of the old-fashioned Brussels carpet on the floor in that work; the reflections of the room and its appurtenances in the convex mirror in 'Over the Nuts and Wine,' and the extraordinary crispness of the fast-fading hydrangeas in those big tubs which are conspicuous in 'A Doubtful Bottle.' So stringent and self-exacting is the art of Mr. Dendy Sadler in regard to these technical qualities that his productions often suffer through his unrelenting methods, and his exactitude tends to become metallic while his unflinching concern for details such as the above gives to his works some excess of hardness, and goes far to reduce their homogeneity as well as to weaken that unity of their colours and tones which is essential to good chiaroscuro, so much prized by artists. As examples of that superfluous stringency to which we refer the student may, if he has the picture in view, notice the over-definition of the stripes of the wall-paper and the partial

described as the jovial one; the third as the pathetic one. Of late years the painter, so ample and diversified are his resources, has entered upon a fourth and humorous sequence of subjects which chiefly deal with the follies and weaknesses of men and women, and does so in a thoroughly good-natured way to which even those men and women themselves can hardly object; while some of the number might be expected to be grateful to the genial satirist who, not unkindly, has held before them that mirror of humour in which they may "see themselves as others see them." Our present limits forbid more than the names of the leading examples of that new category which is now referred to; these include 'The Widow's Birthday,' R.A., 1889; 'The Widow at Home,' 1890; 'Where the Widow lives'; 'Scandal and Tea,' 1892; 'The New Will,' 1893; 'A Meeting of Creditors'; 'A Breach of Promise,' a capital instance; and, lastly, the unusually large 'London to York,' which shows how travellers by coach halted at country inns. It is now in the King Street Galleries. The artist's contributions to the current Academy belong, one of them to the jovial sequence, the other to that which is pathetic. They need not delay us now.

The earliest of the jovial series is the 'Old and Crusted,' of 1888. Here three "old boys" are seated in the garden of a country inn, trim, sunlit and glowing with old-fashioned flowers, while their host, himself an antiquity, brings to them, with a delightfully reverential air, a magnum of wonderful port, which, to use the phrase of the late Laureate's "Will Waterproof," was then "As old as Waterloo," and deserves the honours due and paid to it. The reader will notice that the very dog is not only old and rather lazy, but of an old-fashioned breed;

* The print enclosed by this name is Lucas's 'Salisbury Cathedral,' after Constable.

the glasses on the table belong to his younger days, and so do the very flowers that bloom in the garden. The sequel to this picture is 'A Doubtful Bottle,' which, painted in 1891, gives with infinite humour the reception of that questionable wine by three *cognoscenti*, two of whom follow the manifest opinion of their leader, who, holding the wine to the light, is ready to condemn anything. The apologetic and protesting vintner in his shirt-sleeves is a first-rate instance of the painter's insight and sense of fun. The garden and house are charming, apt, and quite historical.

To 'Darby and Joan,' painted in 1889, the reader has been already referred as one of the most tender of the artist's pathetic and anecdotic designs. The companion, though not the sequence to this picture, is the still more pathetic 'Tis Fifty Years since' (R.A., 1894), the most tender of all Mr. Sadler's sardonic pictures in which a second Darby gallantly offers his arm to a second Joan, a somewhat infirm old lady, as witness the crutch-stick on which she leans

Another very pathetic picture, having for its subject an incident of

"Love that never found its earthly close,"

is 'The Sweethearts' (R.A., 1892), where we have, in a shadowy garden—part of Penshurst Place, in Kent—two ancient lovers, not as yet nor ever to be wed, seated *vis-à-vis*, with a weather-beaten sun-dial between them, which stands in the path and—a point of the subtlest sympathy—is, like the pair, deserted by the almost sunken sun, whose latest beams linger, so to say, for a moment upon the old dial's form, and upon the crest only of the gnomon of that dial which declares that "the day is done," and silently records its blank "Nevermore." In 'Over the Nuts and Wine' (R.A., 1889), it is only needful to point to the fan of the lady of the house, fallen to the floor when she left "the gentlemen to their wine"; to the half-empty decanter, the Gainsborough upon the wall, the Chippendale chairs and the convex mirror and its hovering eagle. The story-telling old "beau,"



OVER THE NUTS AND WINE. FROM THE ETCHING AFTER W. DENDY SADLER.
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while rising to accept her spouse's courtesy. Her grateful looks, brimming with the kindly memories of half a century's love, are of Mr. Sadler's best. Notice her gown of old brocade—assumed, of course, in honour of this the golden anniversary of her wedding, her peculiar cap and its lappels of invaluable lace. The aged butler waits in an inner room, ready to attend at the repast which is to celebrate the anniversary here so sympathetically illustrated.

withered and be-wigged, belonged to the Regency. The champagne glasses are empty, but there is port in the other glasses. 'Returning Thanks' (1892) tells its own story so successfully we see at once the speaker, who is "on his legs," is a bachelor; that the farthest guest on our right is really deaf than he chooses to admit; that his younger neighbour, who plays with a fruit-knife, is a little bored by the speech, as, indeed, though less obviously, are some of his companions.

F. G. STEPHENS.



THE SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE.

THE SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE.

NO! the Sweet Waters of Europe are not beautiful. The waters are the reverse of sweet, for they are as luridly sallow as those of the Thames between London and Westminster Bridges. The stream is narrow, and the hills on either side are destitute of vegetation, and browned and disfigured with a gunpowder magazine and the unsightly chimneys of manufactories. Still there are certain hours of the day when the Sweet Waters of Europe are lovely. In April, for instance, when the meadows on either side of them are white with snowdrops and golden with jonquils, when you can pick linen-baskets full of violets and primroses under the old plane-trees.

Then on Friday afternoons in May, living poppies come and group themselves on the green, when the Turkish women spread their carpets and enjoy the sunshine, and under the plane-trees a line of broughams ranges itself, from the windows of which the great ladies of the Imperial Palace peep out at the passing crowd from the folds of their snowy yashmecks. Alas! it is only thirty years ago since instead of broughams, their Highnesses and Excellencies displayed themselves on the costly cushions of their arabas, and eunuchs in full Oriental costume rode backwards and forwards on the finest of Arab horses, and jealously guarded or pretended to guard the fair forbidden fruit these monstrous ugly wretches have in charge. Now the eunuch sits on the box like any other footman, white or coloured, only he wears a fez, and you receive a shock when your friends assure you that the ladies wear under their feridges tailor-made gowns from Redfern, and the latest fashions from Paris.

Still the Friday crowd at the Sweet Waters of Europe is amusing, and as you sit and sip your coffee at one of the innumerable booths, generally under the direction of a sly Armenian, you get many quaint glimpses of Oriental life. Watch, for instance, that rather good-looking young Bey who goes as near yon fine English-made carriage as he can. Your cicerone, who knows everything, will tell you that he is Izet, the rich son of Hamed Pasha, whose father, you know, was the Grand Vizier Abdul Aziz, disgraced on account of a palace intrigue, in which a Sultana and an eunuch were mixed up. "Izet is a good-looking boy, is he not? He is really

the son of an Armenian doctor; but, of course, no one can verify that, can they? Turkish women conduct their love adventures so cleverly. At all events, Izet has a rich grandmother, an Egyptian princess, and she has arranged a marriage with one of her nieces. That is why Izet goes so near that brougham with the white horses. I know the eunuch on the box. He belongs to Fatmé Hanoum, and that is Sale Hanoum, the fiancée, who is leaning out of the window, the girl with the very thin yashmek. You can quite see through it all. She is very pretty. Now, notice, she has dropped a rose. Watch, watch. Did you see? Izet has picked it up, unobserved, of course."

"Who is that fat old woman with the crushed strawberry feridge, who is walking across the pasture now with the younger woman in a green satin feridge?"

"I cannot say, for sure. Of course, you cannot tell one Turkish woman from another when she has got her yashmek on; but I warrant it is the fat wife of Mahomet Ali Pasha. She is a most abominable old person, and has been married six times. Two of her husbands died, three she divorced, and the last (she is a widow) everybody in Stamboul declares she poisoned, by administering to him a cup of coffee full of ground glass. The poor creature suffered agonies (I knew him very well) for about six months, and then died of a mysterious disease. My wife knows that old woman and visits her, so I can vouch for the truth of that story. Do you see that young man there, walking with the tall Englishman, who is one of the directors of the great bank? Well, he is a Greek. He came from Smyrna some years ago, without a penny in his pocket, and now he keeps his carriage. Then, you see the Englishman keeps his wife. Do you see that carriage there, the one with the brown horses? Well, if you could look into it, you would see Saïd Pasha, the ex-Grand Vizier, a very clever man, far too clever for his present Majesty's liking. But I must leave you for a moment. I want to speak to that fat black man who is approaching." And so my excellent gossip goes and shakes hands with the most diabolical old eunuch I ever beheld in my life, Suleiman Effendi, who has been in the employment of his Majesty, and is now on the retired list, and lives, strange to relate,

with four wives of his own, in a great house the Sultan has given him at Yenikiu!

And I, too, get up and shake hands with the Countess S., the very charming wife of a distinguished diplomat, who is always under the escort of one of the Secretaries of the French Embassy. But presently, almost suddenly, the crowd disperses as if by enchantment, and the Turkish women are hurrying home. Sunset is at hand, and, swallowing my last cup of coffee and rejoined by my friend, who has abandoned the eunuch, we get into the *caïque*, and Hamed rows us slowly home. It is now that the Sweet Waters of Europe assume their enchanting aspect. I thought them hideous coming, now I think them lovely. The strange atmospheric effects of this most peculiar climate have suddenly transformed everything from dross to gold. The ugly brown hills are of a violet and pink; the factory chimneys stand out like columns of ebony against an opaline-tinted sky; the muddy Sweet Waters, as they join the salt of the Golden Horn, are rippling with discs of gold; the very rushes that rise out of the waters have become emerald spears; the sky, in which the sun has gone down so rapidly, is of such a vivid orange, shading off to such infinitely dainty tints of blue, amethyst, and ruby, that I defy even Turner, were he living, to transfer them to canvas. *Caïque* after *caïque* glides swiftly past, the mandolin's tinkle and the nasal long-drawn cadenzas of Eastern music, agreeably attenuated by distance and by the growing silence of twilight, sound almost pleasantly. Now come a huge black barge full of women, muffled up in their *yashmeks*, listening to the story of some negress crouched on her heels on a bit of carpet in front of them, lifting up her shrill voice so loudly that, were you a Turk, you could listen to her story even at this distance. A steam launch passes full of Europeans, then follows a coal barge, then literally hundreds of *caïques* full of

outline of Constantinople, now designed in purest indigo, contrasting vividly with the splendid and slowly deepening shades of orange, which shall, before we land, have faded away to the palest lemon colour; now the lights will begin to appear in the windows, and as we reach the head of the bridge we find the crowd diminished, and, as we cross it, we only see a few belated women hurrying home to their harems, or galloping past us the carriage of a Pasha or a minister, surrounded by an escort of some dozen roughly-clad men on horseback. The little sentries, on their wooden stands, present arms to their Excellencies, and the four old gentlemen in nightshirts, who take the money at either end of the Bridge, look almost picturesque in the fading light, and their voices sound cheery as they wish us "Good night." We enter the grand Rue de Galata, and begin our ascent of Steep Step Street, disturbing the dogs as we go by, and watch the merchants putting up their shutters, and notice the Jews going into their synagogue, until at last we arrive at the foot of the great Tower of Christ, and turn into a narrow street, which recalls a similar one in Genoa—so narrow, indeed, that people might even shake hands from window to window of the lofty houses on either side of it. Then out into the Petit Champs, past the Club of Constantinople, to our brightly-lighted hotel which overlooks the public gardens, where the band is playing for the benefit of Cook's tourists, and the Greeks and Armenians, and all the odds and ends of Christian Europe, assembled at the sempiternal Intermezzo. Over the way is Stamboul, which has already retired to rest, and looks like a city of the dead, wrapt as in a shroud in the shades of night. The stars above are shining brightly, and the moon has risen serenely on the Golden Horn. After the *table d'hôte* we will go, if you like, to listen to Verdi's *Otello*, which they are playing fairly well in an out-door theatre oppo-



THE BRIDGE OF GARA KEUY, TAKEN FROM YÉMICH, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Turks, the women in one *caïque*, the men in another. All the little cafés on the shore are lighted up with Chinese lanterns, and the Armenian and Greek women sit upon the parapets of the wall and smoke their cigarettes and laugh aloud, and clap their hands and call out to their friends in the boats, and are answered by them, and on and on we go past Eyoub, past Ballater, and under the Second Bridge in front of the grand

1895.

site, which stands in what was Alphonse Karr's favourite haunt, Le Petit Champs des Morts—The Little Field of Death.

During the last siege, and at a critical moment when the fate of the Byzantine empire hung in the balance, Mollah Alsamedin dreamed a dream in which he beheld the spirit of Eyoub pointing out to him the exact place where his mortal

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remains lie concealed, and its discovery on the following morning raised the spirits and inflamed the fanaticism of the Turkish soldiers so that they felt certain of victory now that they had discovered the bones of the champion of Mahomet. After the capture of the city Mahomet II. built the Mosque of Eyoub, and no Christian is allowed to enter it or even to dwell in its vicinity. The chief of the Mevlevi Dervishes, who bears the title of Chelibi Effendi, and who resides at Konieh, comes thence to invest the Sultan, and it is a very gorgeous spectacle indeed. At least it used to be so, but Sultan Abdul Hamed, when he was invested, reduced its magnificence by at least one-half. I know an old gentleman who saw the investment of Abdul Mejid. That was a sight worth seeing, for the Sultan rode on horseback from the Old Seraglio surrounded by all his Court, and the trappings of his horse were of pure gold, and the horse-cloth was embroidered with thousands of pearls. The ladies of the Court followed in arabas or golden waggons glittering with tinsel and drawn by white bullocks, whose huge curled horns were adorned with bright blue beads and little bits of looking-glass, and all sorts of charms against the evil eye. The mob which lined the streets could see the jewels glittering under the yashmeks, and could admire the eunuchs' costumes of crimson velvet and cloth of gold, and the Pachas with aigrettes of diamonds in their fezes, and all the Orientalism of it, which, like other things that are beautiful and picturesque of this sort, by his modern improvements man is fast improving off the face of the earth. Very little Orientalism remained when Sultan Abdul Hamed was invested, on the 7th of September, 1872. Still there were halberdiers even then, with green feathers in their turbans two yards high, and whose dresses were of scarlet embroidered richly with gold, and the Sheik-ul-Islam wore his green cloak, and the Ameer their turbans of cashmere, and the ulemas their snow-white turbans, and the crowd was enormous, and the Turkish women in their best feridges looked like poppy beds growing on every available space in the innumerable cemeteries, big and little, which rise in terraces one above the other, and line the streets of this city of the living and the dead.

But these things have passed away or are passing away, and I fear that ten years hence there will be about as much costume to be seen in Eyoub as in Whitechapel, inasmuch as the modern Turk buys up all the second-hand clothing of Europe, and wears it whether it fits him well or not. Short trousers, displaying the full hideousness of side-spring boots, an ill-fitting frock-coat, no cravat or collar, and on his head a common coarse fez, completes your modern Effendi's costume. Why cannot these people accept what is good in our civilisation without casting aside the elegant and comfortable garments of their ancestors, so suitable to their climate and habits, and infinitely superior in every way to the frightful dress of modern Europe, which is, I hold, a disgrace to our much-vaunted æsthetic progress?

A sweetmeat shop, however, consoled me, for it was a genuine Eastern sweetmeat shop, just such a one as you might imagine Zobeyede and Aminé to have visited when they went the rounds of Bagdad with the Porter on that famous morning when they met the three Kalenders, sons of Kings; and yet every one of those sweetmeats have I seen in villages in Norfolk—Turkey rock, white and striped with red, and tasting of peppermint, and bull's eyes and cocoanut paste, and hard-bake, even toffee. On perceiving these things I began to speculate in my mind and to say to myself how came they

here? and then I came to the conclusion that the question I ought to have asked myself was rather how came they *there*? Now all over Constantinople you will see these homely sweets for sale, but you cannot buy them for love or money between England and the walls of Stamboul. Did the English Crusaders in the twelfth century learn the receipts of making these "sweeties," and introduce them into old England? I bought some Turkish rock—not that sickly, sticky stuff they call Turkish delight, *Rahat Lakoum*, and which is only fit to eat when you buy it at the foot of the Second Bridge of Hadji Baba, sweetmeat maker to his Most Godlike Majesty, Sultan Abdul Hamed—but the real article, fragrant of peppermint, crisp to the teeth, and melting in the mouth. The sweetmeat merchant was a fine old Turkish gentleman with a white beard, who wore a turban and a long caftan of black stuff lined with fur. He was not a particularly courteous old person, for he did not seem to exactly like my presence at Eyoub. I suppose he thought it was a sacrilege. But he took my money willingly enough.

From the summit of the great cemetery at Eyoub you obtain one of the noblest views in the world. The foreground consists of the cemetery and its majestic avenues of cypress-trees. Then come in the second distance the white outlines of the dome and minarets of the mosque at Eyoub, the dusky roofs of the old-fashioned houses of the sacred village, and the innumerable cupolas of the tombs of the great ones of the Turkish earth who sleep beneath them. Then comes the grand outline of the Byzantine walls of Constantinople, and beyond them, stretching to the Sea of Marmora, the city itself, with its domes and glorious procession of mosques, extending from the Golden Horn to the Sea of Marmora. Galata, with the Tower of Christ, and Pera, with its embassies, its church towers and its cypresses, rises to the left, backed by a long line of barren hills dotted with little white obelisks, erected to mark the spots where the arrows of certain sporting sultans have fallen. The Golden Horn winds past Pera, reflects the great palace of the Admiralty, passes a range of hideous manufactories, with their chimneys casting up smoke which ought to be consumed on the premises; past hills dotted with Armenian, Turkish, Catholic, and Greek cemeteries; past tumbledown villages with deserted mosques, Greek churches and convents; past the low range of hills which form the entry to the valley of the sweet waters of Europe, where the brine begins to mix with the fresh water, and the "Horn of abundance" is met by a rather attenuated stream which has a greater reputation for beauty than it really deserves. From the heights of Eyoub you get the finest sunset effects, I should say, in Europe. I have seen the Golden Horn suddenly become golden in very earnest—orange. And I have seen the outline of Constantinople assume exactly the colour of an amethyst, against a sky rich with every tint that Turner has ever lifted from his palette—opaline, rose, ruby gold, emerald, aqua marina, topaz—nay beryl and agate, for sometimes the feathery clouds have been as rich in tawny colours as the fairest cairngorm you could pick up north of the Clyde. Constantinople, seen from this height, is worthy of its fame, and one realises the astonishing beauty of its position, and wonder what it might have been had Greek civilisation continued, and the city had submitted in course of time to the civilising influences of the Renaissance. But let us be just to Turkish genius; Stamboul undoubtedly owes to the Sultans its fairy-like and unique outline of dome and minaret.

RICHARD DAVEY.



THE THREE JOLLY HUNTSMEN. FROM THE PLASTER CAST BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT, COLOURED BY THE ARTIST. IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. WESTLAKE.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.*—II.

WITH A SERIES OF UNPUBLISHED ILLUSTRATIONS.

AFTER Caldecott went back to town from Preston, and during the rest of the summer and autumn, it was plain to all his friends that he was working against the pressure of ever-increasing physical weakness. In the winter he came South again; and when, early in 1879, I was starting with Madame Moreau for Rome, friends wrote to us from England suggesting that we should, if possible, meet Mr. Caldecott at Mentone. They were anxious that he should have companions who could be trusted to look after him a little, on the long journey which he, too, was then intending to make. In his letters at that date, whether to me or to others, there was no trace of depression or discouragement. "Caldecott writes," said one correspondent, "in pretty good spirits from Mentone. He is quite the man of the day, for his children's books have been immensely successful. He tells me of a picture he has been painting and thinks of sending to the Academy"; but to my inquiries after this work, Mr. Caldecott replied, in the note accepting our arrangements for his journey to Rome, "Picture, indeed! I have been wasting my time lately over a canvas which I have daubed upon, and if you had seen it a week or two ago, you would have helped me to its abandonment, or to, perhaps, a decent conclusion. I have put what paint upon it I have time for at present, and in a few days—when it is dry—I shall roll it up and send it to England out of my way—a little time, some future touching (though I want to waste no more time on it) and a coat of varnish may improve it. Don't break your journey so early on your way as here on my account. If you will allow me, I will be ready to join your train at this station. The picture you can advise me about when in London, where I hope to see you during the coming season. I shall not be able to take advantage of your opinion now, by further working upon it, although I should be glad to hear what you say—and what you say might upset me and prevent me proceeding with my travel in a pleasant frame of mind, or in going on with my proper work—much of which I have about me—not visible but in my head, maturing, ready to be stuck on paper

when ripe, or when time says I must pluck it, ripe or not. . . . Please let me know as soon as you decide by what train you travel, and I shall look forward with delight to its arrival here." And with the usual kind messages to "friend Moreau" the letter ends.

When he met us at the station at Mentone we were both greatly distressed by the change for the worse in his looks, and during the journey, though he was always cheerful, and ready to be entertained by every novel scene or person, he spoke to us very gravely about his health, asking us whether

*So we listen to the bees who
are nearly thro' the wall of the dining room
watch the opening sun-flower, sniff
the odour of the pines, & get quite
hot by counting over wild composites,
and, as it seems thus, in the most
sleepish way R.C.*



SKETCH OF MR. AND MRS. CALDECOTT AT THE END OF A LETTER.
IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. WESTLAKE.

* Concluded from page 142.

we were not afraid of undertaking too heavy a responsibility. More than once he repeated to me, sometimes with an air of jest and sometimes rather sadly, the doctor's warnings as to the necessity for great caution in making certain sorts of physical exertion, walking fast uphill, for example. The little we could do to spare him we did; the devoted Moreau carried a seat after him always in the Vatican galleries, and wherever else it might be possible, and never failed to have wraps ready against sunset or any other risks of changing temperature; whilst an old connection of my father's family, Sophia Raincock, one of the oldest residents in Rome, exerted herself to get orders and permissions for everything that he wanted to see, so as to save him trouble.

Signora Sophia—the friend of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, of



THE FARMER WENT TROTTING ON HIS GREY MARE: THE START. FROM THE DRAWING BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. IN THE COLLECTION OF LADY DILKE.

Gibson, of Marianne North, with her forty years' store of Roman experiences; her contempt for all conventions, save her own; her lavish generosity and niggard squabbles over halfpence; her profound conviction that the new Rome, with its King and Court and Cabinet, were mushroom rubbish—was herself a living embodiment of the past. We could have found no more characteristic type. She seemed to harmonize in her own person all the extraordinary discrepancies of the place. Attired in whatever *roba di studio* she had happened to find ready to her hand, she would go forth to the most unlikely places in a guise which besought ridicule, and, by the surpassing dignity of her beautiful manners, command the most abject respect. "Est-elle folle, ou très grande dame?" once whispered, behind her back, an uneasy Paris shop-assistant to the old maid who had accompanied Signora Sophia to the "Bon Marché."

Mr. Caldecott "took to" the Signora just as he had taken

to "friend Moreau," and their views as to the "barbarian" in Rome were somewhat similar. The nearest thing to anger which I ever saw in him was provoked by our adventures in the Forum one sunny afternoon, when it was full of visitors. We had begun well. Under the Arch of Titus we had encountered an English architect explaining the structure and the reliefs by which it was decorated to an admiring wife and daughter. As we had some slight travelling acquaintance with them he addressed himself also to us, and we stood by and suffered him—not gladly, but in silence—until he bade us see, in the classic goddess of Victory, bearing her palm before the advancing legionaries, the angel of Christianity putting to flight the powers of darkness. This allegorical subject, said our lecturer, had

been executed by the Roman sculptors at the express command of the Emperor himself. The palm, he added, was a touching allusion to the events of Palm Sunday. Then, in the rashness of our comparative youth, we spoke, drawing on our own small stores of historical and archaeological learning. I am afraid that we were even guilty of a date or two; but we had better have remained dumb, for though we troubled the blissful ignorance of the daughter, we only shocked the mother; and as for the instructive father, his attitude towards us, as I now recall it, brings to mind another painful adventure of mine which occurred in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons. I was there asked by a young neighbour, one evening, how Mr. Bradlaugh (the attack against whom was then being led by Lord Randolph Churchill) could be sitting in the House. I replied that Mr. Bradlaugh was

sitting, according to a custom obtaining amongst unsworn members, on the front cross bench under the Clock, which I understood to be a spot from which strangers were excluded; but which was not reckoned technically as a part of the House. To this, somewhat to my surprise, the girl retorted with much unnecessary heat, "You're mistaken, that is the House. I am a friend of Mr. Forster's,* and I know better!"

Still hotly asserting that he "knew better," we left the friend of Titus, and went on our own way, but, as we traced the course admirably planned for us by my good friend, Signor Barnabei, the distinguished Roman archaeologist, we continued to encounter troops of tourists—wholesome, if stupid, English; noisy, smart Americans; heavy Germans with plaids and Bædekers, and, just here and there, a wandering student of the tombs. My companion grew more and more

* Then Chief Secretary for Ireland.



THE FARMER WENT TROTTING ON HIS GREY MARE: THE FINISH. FROM THE DRAWING BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. IN THE COLLECTION OF LADY DILKE.

silent, and looked so sad that I began to think that he was suffering and said so, supposing that he had better go back at once to the carriage, where Moreau and the wraps awaited him. He admitted that he was tired, but, he added, "It is not that which depresses me. It is the sight of these people. I was thinking of the money that is wasted in bringing them here to stare at things they know nothing and care nothing about. Opportunities they can make no use of are thrown away on them, that they may go back and say they were amused with Rome, and I remembered the young fellows slaving at home, to whom such a chance would mean a new life."

The next day, walking up to the Capitol—even very slowly and with frequent pauses—was such a painful effort that Mr. Caldecott almost gave way, and asked me again if I were not afraid to be alone with him, adding that he had been

told that he might die in making any unusual exertion. After a rest he rallied, but, on our return home, as we thought he was decidedly less well than on his arrival in Rome, we urged him to see a doctor, who ordered him off to Florence the next day. It was impossible for us to leave with him, but we hoped that the more bracing climate would enable him to regain lost ground quickly. We were, therefore, unprepared to learn that after a brief rally our friend had been laid low by a sharp attack of illness. The letter which brought us this news, also announced his convalescence, and was headed by a pitiful sketch of himself at the worst—gaunt and worn sitting up in bed to receive the doctor—a sketch which I afterwards recognised doing duty for the figure of the dying father in 'The Babes in the Wood.'

I have often noticed how those who happened to be with

him at the moment wove themselves into his fancy. In Paris, where he joined us after leaving Florence in May, he was turn-



THE FARMER WENT TROTTING ON HIS GREY MARE: THE RETURN HOME. FROM THE DRAWING BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. IN THE COLLECTION OF LADY DILKE.

ing over in his mind the illustrations to that doleful story. As he wanted to dress the actors in some costume which should not recall previous work, we looked up some little late sixteenth century clay figures in the Louvre, which served his purpose. Moreau is there, however, masquerading in the garb of the old nurse, and there are quaint touches of her ways and gestures in a similar figure in 'The Queen of Hearts,' which recall her as vividly as this word picture given in one of his letters—"Is Moreau quite well?—twinkling as to the eye, blushing on either cheek, and philosophical as to temper." Frequently, too, his own figure recurs—just as he sits to himself in his sickness for the dying man in 'The Babes in the Wood,' so we find him figuring, in brighter days, as 'The King of Hearts,' with his bride as Queen.

In the course of the summer he settled at Wybournes, near Kensing, a change by which his health greatly benefited. "Perhaps," he wrote on November 7th, 1879, "it will interest you and friend Moreau to know that I have a little old house in a remote part of Kent. It is rather a nice house—about one hundred and twenty years of age—curiously arranged as to its staircases and its cupboards, possessing a drawing-room—pleasant—about half a story above the ground. On the ground-floor two parlours (one of them nicely panelled), an old-fashioned little garden—with a flight of stone steps from the drawing-room down to it. About ten acres of land—on the land is the cow of a neighbour tethered at the charge to him of two shillings a week. I have a good mare, a dachshund and a husband and wife to look after me. I get in my furniture very gradually. One of my chief objects in taking this place was to have place and opportunity to study the lower animals—such as horses, dogs, cows, etc. I have plenty of room for the prosecution of such study, and during the next summer and autumn I expect to reap benefit therefrom. During this winter and spring I shall be little here; but chiefly in town—at 5, Langham Chambers, W. I will write and tell you of the work which I hope to be at in a month or two. This would be a grand abode for landscape and animal students, and if things go badly with me, I shall take such in to board and lodge."

In the earlier part of the same letter, he dealt at some length with his own work, saying, "I wanted you to have a copy of 'Breton Folk' because I wanted to have your opinion on it. . . . If you do review it, I shall be thankful to read what you write—if you do not, kindly say a few words in a letter. What you have already said gives me joy and hope; but I like you to go into details, you know. Your remark that 'people may tell me that there is less character than in some other work, simply because *this* is really more *just*, only at first sight less comical because more human,' comes at an opportune moment. Du Maurier has discovered 'less character' in some things which I have recently done, and has caused me to think very seriously on the subject of character and individuality in drawings of daily life. In the things in question I thought I had kept each individual distinct without much exaggeration; but I begin to suppose that I may be mistaken, and as I hold that in that kind of drawings the types and individualities should be clear and distinct and recognisable, I have a feeling that I must gird up my loins, or I shall not reach the goal."

"It may be good," he goes on to say, "to pause and consider whether this apparent diminution of distinctive and typical character (if existing) is caused by a desire for greater breadth of general treatment and for simpler—perhaps

abstract forms and play of line in the details of a composition, and whether this may lead to something better or worse."

In answer to this letter, which shows him, as do many others, rating a sincere interest in and appreciation of his talent at far too high a value, I wrote frankly, telling him exactly how his work then impressed me; and this must have pleased him, for (February 5th, 1880) he returned again to the same subject. "I assure you," he says, "that your remarks, comments, criticisms, and reflections, were very welcome indeed. Welcome, because I think you take a friendly interest in my work, and because many of them were really practical—you gave instances, pointed to certain designs to explain your meaning—and I do like criticism to be minute and searching, I mean criticism for myself, for me to gain benefit from. General remarks are all very well for general reading; but to help an artist you must put your finger on the exact spots that require cauterizing; but persuade him to apply the caustic, and (it seems to me) be not in a hurry to apply it for him. I dearly love to have the weak places shown to me; but you are very lenient with me, you praise much. . . . The notice writers, reviewers, and critics (the latter are few in number) have dealt very kindly with me this winter. And I have received many letters from unknown people congratulating me on the success of the picture books, and begging me to read 'the accompanying poem,' or 'tale' or 'ballad,' and if I think it suitable for illustration by my charming pencil—as the private circle of friends of the author does—will I undertake to furnish the necessary designs, etc. . . . I am being urged by R.A.'s, A.R.A.'s, and such-like people to devote a portion of my time to painting in oils. Considering the quality of his work, old F * * * surprised me the other evening by the sense of some of his remarks, and by his appreciation of certain work which is much admired by me. One R.A., however, says, 'What's the use of aiming at having a picture hung on the walls of the Royal Academy when you are so fertile of pleasure-producing designs in black and white with little labour? What do you say? I should like to devote half of my time to pen-and-ink things, and the other to more serious and completer work.'

In this same letter he told me of his approaching marriage, saying, "Let me have your good wishes, and beg for me the prayers and the blessing of friend Moreau." He added, too, good news as to his health. "The doctors," he said, "have spoken very well to me. . . . and I walk sometimes in the country seven or eight miles easily without turning a hair."

A dear old friend, M. Victor Florence Pollet—a fine artist and no less fine a critic—had spent part of that winter (1879-80) with me in the South, and I took the opportunity of showing him something of Mr. Caldecott's work. I had often before carried over to friends in Paris specimens of English art; photographs, for instance, of designs by Burne-Jones which had been warmly appreciated by men as different from each other as Gérôme, Cervex, Gustave Moreau, Meissonier, and Puvis de Chavannes; to whom they were shown by his "vénéral maître et ami Victor Pollet." The originality and whimsical spirit of Mr. Caldecott's designs so delighted my old friend, that at his request, when I came on my way to the South again in the following autumn, I brought with me and left with him, as complete a collection as I could make of his children's books and other illustrated works. By M. Pollet these were enthusiastically shown to artists and critics, and the consequent success which they obtained is noted, I find, in a letter written by their author, from Wybournes, in the following spring. "I am glad to hear," he says, "what you

say of my books, and M. Pollet and others." Later, too, he wrote from Florence (24th Feb., 1882), "In the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* for January, Alfred de Lostalot has a beautiful article on coloured books for the young, published in England. He speaks properly of Crane and K. Greenaway, and attempts it of me, but can't do it satisfactorily to himself, so has to give five small cuts as specimens of my style. The others he does not illustrate. This is flattering, is it not?"

In the same letter he also acknowledged the receipt of a coloured reproduction of a drawing by Albrecht Dürer in the Albertina, saying, "I am much obliged to you for the German tinted print of a figure. I think it is useful to have—at least to see—to see what is done in that way. I like the colour—brown key lines with delicate flat tints. I should like to see more like it." More like it, unfortunately, I could not obtain, though I tried, knowing how anxious he was always for anything that might suggest fresh lines and new methods. He had just been elected spontaneously a member of the Institute of Painters in Water-colours; his celebrity and success had brought forth a host of imitators, and would-be rivals were pressing at his heels, against whose efforts he had to maintain his position. "I sent you," he wrote in a later letter (Broomfield, 27th Dec., 1883), "two little new Picture-books last week, and I hope you have received them, and borne with them for a few minutes. The Frog seems to be considered up to average of spirit of amusement. Each Xmas finds itself provided with more and more Children's Books, Toy Books, Xmas numbers, etc., and in time my publications must be shouldered out by force of mere numbers. Not that I consider the newer claimants *much* inferior in quality to



My dear Mrs Pattison

SKETCH OF THE THREE JOLLY HUNSMEN. BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT, 1881.
IN THE COLLECTION OF LADY DILKE.

myself! At present enough people seem to enjoy my books to make me think of continuing them. I get letters from unknown (to me) folks referring to them, and the designs are found worthy of being pirated, and the very colour of the covers, the exact size of the pages, the dimensions of the cuts, and the tint of the printer's ink are reverently and flatteringly imitated. To some extent I have hitherto restrained my fingers from following the dictates of my fancy when planning out these little books, and developing their stories; but I sometimes think that I shall be forced to launch out further into the sea of extravagance, in order to escape other people's foam and bubbles. Doubtless, in such case somebody would dive under me and come up smiling and puffing and blowing and attracting all the attention, as would be the due of the boldest and expertest swimmer." The phrase which here occurs as to restraint of fingers, will recall to every one who knew him well, the instinctive way in which some of his most delightful

work was produced—the outcome of that unconscious memory of which he talked to me at Grasse. His letter headings, which, as his wife truly says in a recent note to me, "were often so admirable!" are a case in point. Underneath the fine miniature drawing of 'The Three Huntsmen,' which is reproduced on this page, and which heads a letter to me written in March, 1881, Mr. Caldecott wrote, "This is not meant for anything in particular. It is only a pen-wandering. I had almost no idea of start with—therefore I cannot be surprised that I have finished up with suggesting so poor a one. At the same time I hold that many finely conceived (according to critics) works owe their being to accident; but ought I not rather to think that the spirit of the worker rushes into the tool—magnetises matter—and produces or suggests, at least to the maker, somewhat surprising—because unconscious—



THE DANCING MAIDENS. FROM A GOUACHE DRAWING BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.
IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. WESTLAKE.

results? for these accidents only happen to certain endowed persons. Do not think, however, that I believe in a man scoring vaguely about with a pencil, as one in the right path. An artist of my acquaintance tells me that if he has put down an ill-considered or random line, to begin with, he cannot move in the right direction until he has got rid of it. This is as it should be, I suppose."

Again and again in his letters he recurs to points of this character—to the necessity for "serious" study, to his value or the opinion of those who take things seriously. Wherever he might be, as far as his health permitted, work went steadily on. From Florence he writes, 24th February, 1882: "We know plenty of people. Some of them, too, it is a delight to be acquainted with. I think this city is not at all a bad place for an artist's winter sojourn—a delicate artist will not do amiss if he can keep warm and unneuralgic and unbronchitical during the trying part of the winter. I am busy with several books for next Christmas—two are more important than my late attempts. I dabble a little in basso-relievo, in oil-paint, and in water-colours." And from Frensham, December, 1883, in the following winter, he wrote to me of "little drawings for the *English Illustrated Magazine*—some to illustrate a little paper of R. Louis Stevenson's (which did not require illustrating)—it is not yet printed. Dabbling in oil and water-colours I find to be amusing at times and irritating at others—my success, so far as exhibitions and buyers go, cannot be complained of. Agnew's have been patronising me. . . . To-day I have a letter from a strange northern gentleman, asking me if I can design a series of bas-reliefs to represent 'civilisation,' for the decoration of a silver cup and its base. . . . He wants to present such a cup to a friend, and has 'taken council with the three artists of *Punch*. Each of them said the same thing: 'He was afraid the work was beyond his powers, but he was sure you could do it.'" This is flattering of the three, is it not? . . . Fancy doing a £500 cup! If one could do it, it would be interesting; but I do not suppose that it will be found to be in my way. Such work requires much time and labour, and some amount of skill!"

In the same letter, Mr. Caldecott drew a picture of his life in the country so bright and joyous that one felt as if there could be no shadow on his days. "We have been living at Frensham—beyond Farnham, in Surrey—since we last saw you, and have found the country charming and the climate healthy, and some of the neighbours pleasant and hospitable. Hook, R.A., and family, two or three miles from

us. Mr. and Mrs. Allingham, eight miles. Other artists and literary people within reach—if we want to reach them. The Tennysons about twelve miles off (occasionally)—we have been to see them once. Now I have given you some . . . details of our doings; but I have not yet told you that I take a day or two a week for the purpose of hunting the fox, hearing the news, and viewing the country—all at the same time, and I really believe it does me good."

In the little sketch now reproduced from the letter written to Mrs. Westlake—for whom he had recently executed the distemper drawing of dancing maidens, also illustrated, which is one of his most graceful compositions—we see Mr. Caldecott and the wife who was his constant companion engaged in one of these periodical rides to "view the country." I always felt as if his marriage had given me two friends instead of one, and it is with Mrs. Caldecott's sanction and by her wish that I have made so large a use of the letters from her husband which are in my possession. In going over them, I find that messages from her, even before we met, were never omitted; she included Moreau also in her friendly greetings, and one of the last notes which came to me from him ends with the joint postscript: "please thank the kindly Moreau for her thought of us and for her blessing." As I continue to turn the written page, nothing strikes me more than the constant solicitude for others which is shown in every line. Few are the references to the fears which encompassed the writer's own life, but frequent are the questions as to my work and my well-being; for his friends—even long absent—were always sure of his keen and affectionate interest in their smallest concerns. There was, indeed, no more dominant characteristic of his nature than his perfect faithfulness, his loyalty, and the total absence of that self-regard which destroys the rectitude of most men. A perfect honour was his birthright.

Circumstances which kept me in the country during 1884, and a prolonged absence from England in 1885, prevented our meeting during those last years. The spirit and gaiety of his letters and his Art made one almost forget the deplorable physical conditions against which his gallant spirit made so brave a stand. Thus it was that the news of his death in Florida, in February, 1886, brought with it all the pain of an unexpected shock, as well as the sense of irreparable defeat. The world's store of loveliness had been made the richer by his life; but the lives of those who loved him are left for ever the poorer through his loss.

EMILIA F. S. DILKE.



WHERE SHALL WE GO?" LETTER HEADING BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

THE ILLUSTRATION OF BOOKS.*

SECOND LECTURE.—THE EQUIPMENT OF THE ILLUSTRATOR.

THREE special qualifications are absolutely indispensable to the artist who desires to become an illustrator.

First, in order to make the least important illustration, the student must have a sound training in drawing; and if he has worked in colour, so much the better, for in the near future colour work will play a very important part, even in the least costly form of books and papers.

Second: the student must thoroughly understand the use of the various mediums, oil (in monochrome at least), water-colour, wash and body colour, pen and ink, chalk, etching, lithography, and he must have ability to express himself by almost all these methods. A knowledge, too, of the appearance the drawing will present after it has been engraved on wood or metal, processed, etched, or lithographed, is absolutely necessary, because the illustrator will be held responsible for the result on the printed page; even though, as is very possible, the fault is that of the engraver or printer, the public certainly will condemn the artist alone. Therefore, the editor or publisher will not employ him. The engraver will blame him, if only to save his own business reputation. The printer will in any case take away many valuable qualities which the drawing possessed. But for the incompetency or inability of engraver and printer the artist will be held accountable, and he must therefore understand engraving and printing well enough to be able to place the blame where it belongs, if not on his own shoulders.

To be able then to obtain good printed results requires a knowledge of the reproductive arts on the part of the illustrator, almost equal, in theory, at least, to the practical skill demanded in drawing.

Third, but most important of all: he must possess the ability to discover the vital or characteristic motive of an author's work, and so set it forth that the public may see it too; and the ability to do this well is without doubt the real test of an illustrator.

Nothing is more difficult. The artist must please the author. Therefore he should, if possible, know the author personally; at least he must be in sympathy with his work, and interested in it, else a difference arises at once—jealousy between author and artist, nearly always the fault of the author, who really resents the presence of the artist at all, is the cause of half the failures in illustration. No artist would think of dictating to an author the fashion in which the latter should write his story, but every author, and not a few editors, try to tell their "own artist" how it shall be illustrated. To a certain extent this is right, and it would be altogether right if only the author and editor knew anything of art; but frequently they do not, and the less they know, the more they dictate.

It may be safely said that not once in a hundred times is the author satisfied with the illustrations, especially if they are made to decorate a story. Even the designs intended to illustrate a descriptive article seldom please a writer, simply

because the author has no comprehension of the limitations of graphic art.

If the illustrator creates a type or a character in the story, the author considers that he has been ignored; if no type has been created, he rightly says the story is not illustrated. Still, with descriptive articles the case is somewhat different. If the illustrator knows the author, he may undertake a journey, if to a foreign land for example, with him, and a most delightful piece of collaboration may be the result. Or the author having visited the spot (sometimes he writes about it without having done so), may make out a list of subjects, and the artist may pick and choose from them, going to the place described, and obtaining more or less satisfactory results. It is in this way that most of the better known magazines obtain their illustrated descriptive articles, but even by this method the artist and author usually disagree as to what should be drawn, the matter being looked at from two entirely different points of view. Or the artist may be asked to work up into drawings, from photographs, views of a place, or portraits of people never seen by him. A few illustrators are most successful at this work; in most men's hands, it would be but the veriest drudgery, but it becomes, by their skill, interesting, attractive, and truly artistic.

However, in most cases such drawings, even by the most skillful men, lack the go and life which is obtained when the work is done direct from nature, or at least without the photograph; and every true artist prefers nature to any photograph. There is nothing in the world more difficult to work from than a photograph; one is confused by endless, unimportant, unselected details; the point of view is never that which one would have chosen for one's self; and the result, save in the rarest instances, is dubbed photographic even by the artless.

The most awful misfortune that may occur to an illustrator is to be compelled to use the photographs or sketches made by an author; here almost certain disaster awaits the artist. The author who cannot draw, but will sketch, is terrible; the author who can photograph is impossible. Both are sure they could make the illustrations if they had the time, and the artist who is compelled to illustrate them could write the story or do the description, he knows, if he but took the trouble. At least, that is the view they hold of each other. The result is almost certain failure. Such people should contribute solely to the journals of actuality, where neither art nor literature finds an abiding place, and where the photograph and the personal paragraph are supreme.

Despite all these drawbacks, and many more, people struggle to become illustrators.

Another qualification, at least in magazine and journalistic work, is promptness and reliability. If an editor gives one a commission, it should be completed within the specified time, and the time should be mentioned, if the matter is of importance. The illustrator who does not fulfil his contracts is as unworthy of confidence as the author, engraver, or printer who fails in his engagements. The illustrator will gain or lose in a publisher's or editor's estimation as he carries out or fails

* Notes for a Course of Lectures delivered at the Slade School, University College, London, 1894-5. Continued from page 138.

in his promises. I may remark that in my experience it is not, by any means, the artists of eminence—no matter what their reputation may be in other paths of life—who do fail. A magazine or paper must be brought out by a certain date, and it is the duty of the artist to help, not to hinder, the editor.

Still another qualification for the illustrator is education; no ignorant person may become a decent illustrator; he need not possess a University degree—few do—but he must be able to understand vital or dramatic or pictorial points. To arrive at this understanding may necessitate much study of literature at home, and the visiting of many lands.

How can one illustrate a history of Napoleon, for example, without reading everything possible about his life that the author read, and without visiting the various countries in which his life was passed? In short, the conscientious illustrator goes through exactly the same process as the author when collecting his materials; with this difference: the author is, in most cases, the final judge of his own work, and of his artist's efforts too. It is amazing, considering that an illustrator has to submit to having his work judged by editors, rejected by authors, spoiled by engraving, injured by process, and ruined by printing, and all this may happen to good as well as bad work, that armies of young people are rushing into an overcrowded profession, and every Art school by teaching illustration is encouraging them to do so.

Seeing, then, that such is the case, my object is to endeavour to give my reader a start in what I believe to be the right way, if possible; at least, in the way that, up to the present, the best work has been done. That is, briefly, by drawing well, by working carefully, by expressing ideas plainly. Good results can only be obtained by those who regard illustration quite as seriously as any other branch of the fine arts, who know the good work that has been done in the past, and, working on the right traditions, suit their work to the requirements of the present.

There are many more points to be noted, not least of which is that an illustrator must learn to keep his temper. From the first drawing he submits, until he takes to painting in despair, his work will almost surely be misunderstood, his motives doubted. If he works in the style affected by his paper, that is in the style which the editor considers appeals to his subscribers—for papers are published for gain not love—he will be asked by the critic why he does so. If he dares to be original—to follow his own ideas or inclinations, he will be told to efface himself and work like the rest. If he sketches, he will be accused of shirking his work. If he elaborates, he will be told he is ruining the proprietor.

His only consolation is that he, personally, seldom sees the editor; he prepares himself for the ordeal, and as the editor has to encounter a constant succession of irate, contrite, emphatic, and even furious artists, his life cannot be an altogether happy one. Still, he flourishes—and so does the illustrator.

But there are compensations. One may be asked to illustrate the works of a deceased author, when one may treat the volume, with due regard for the text, almost as one likes, and discuss the results with the editor. In this case the artist will almost certainly do his best, and if he has the true illustrative spirit, he will study the period, the country, the manners, the costume, and, if let alone to produce the work in his own fashion and at his leisure, he may create a masterpiece. This, however, depends entirely on the artist. It is in this way that the

great illustrated works of the century have come into existence, without hurry, without worry. After all, the pleasure of work has been almost the only reward which the artist has gained. It seems to be enough to attract crowds, but I doubt if the business side of illustration means much to the student.

Better still, the artist may make his series of drawings and then get a writer—an artist in words, one of those people who talk of impressionism in letters or impasto in poetry—to turn out so many yards of copy. With what a grace he does so, and with what glee the artist pounces on his lines! If it were not for the ever-present editor, the author's lot would then be almost as bad as that of the illustrator.

Best condition of all under which work may be produced is when the illustrator is his own author—when he tells his own story or writes his own description. It requires that one shall be doubly gifted. Much may be learned by practice, but to be really great in this way has as yet scarce been granted. However, a few very talented artist-authors exist.

It is equally pleasant to work for those magazines which treat their illustrations as independent works of Art, no less important than the text.

Equally pleasant, too, is working for the weekly illustrated press, though how long this form of publication will last is doubtful, making drawings which will be printed of a large size, showing really the ability of the artist. It is good when the editor is an artist or man of sympathetic artistic intelligence—and there are such in the world, even though people wanting in these qualifications are sitting in similar places.

It should be recognised that illustration, at its best, is equal in artistic importance to any other form of artistic expression, and that in every country, save in England, illustrators rank with any other artists. Here, one is forced to take to painting to gain admittance to the Royal Academy, though most of the distinguished members of that body won their reputations—and live on them—not by colour, but by the despised trade of illustrating. Critics, even the best of them, will tell you that an illustrator is just a little lower than a painter. It is false if the art of the one is as good in quality as that of the other; else Rembrandt's etchings are inferior to his paintings, which is absurd.

But to-day many illustrators, in fact the mass, do not take themselves seriously. They squabble and haggle, they hurry and push. They are as much shopkeepers as your out-of-work painter. Others must have their stuff in every paper. The portraits and eventless lives of others appear in every magazine, especially if the portrait is done for nothing and a few drawings are thrown in. Others borrow the superficial qualities of the popular one of the moment, whether his game is eccentricity, mysticism or primitiveness, three excellent dodges for hiding incapacity or want of training.

Not that there are no good men who do find their means of expression among the primitives, or who are really mystic, or truly grotesque. But for every one of these there is an army of frauds.

But all the while good work is being done. You may not see the real artist's name in letters a foot long on every hoarding, or his productions in every book that comes out. Once in a while, however, he does an article, or even a drawing and then the mystics, the hacks, the primitives, and even some few of the public, buy it and treasure it up.

Therefore be serious, be earnest, and if you can't be, if you think illustration but a stepping-stone to something better, leave it alone and take up something better. You may never

succeed in that, you will certainly fail in illustration. There is still another point, the financial one; in this illustration approaches architecture. Ruskin said somewhere, probably by accident, for it is so true, "never give your drawings away, tear them up or keep them till some one wants to buy them." At the present time the profession is so crowded at the bottom that some shopkeeping editors have profited by this to reduce their prices almost to nothing, literally, by threatening and sweating, obtaining the work of mere students and people who are without money or commercial instincts, though they may be possessed of artistic ability, for next to nothing.

In the case of painters, it is said, "Send us a photograph or make a little sketch of your picture, and we will put it in our paper, and think of the advertisement you will get."

What you who want to be illustrators must think of, is the folly of the painters who give their work to these people for nothing; would a writer give his story for nothing, or a poet his sonnet? And when these editors say they can get such an one's drawing for so much less, tell them to get it; they will come after you on their knees later, if you have anything in you, or their papers don't come to grief in the meantime.

Of course, there can be no hard-and-fast rule about remuneration; but the labourer is worthy of what he can get, and it has only been within the last few years that the clever dodge of swindling the public by bad photographs and worse art, of sweating artists by employing hacks and students, has been practised, for the benefit of two people: the grasping editor, and the still more grasping proprietor.

In connection with this matter, let me read you an extract

from a letter recently received by me from a great living illustrator—it is unnecessary to mention his name—and read at one of the meetings of the Society of Illustrators.

"It has for too long been the case that the unsuccessful practitioner of other arts has turned to illustration of a baser sort as a last chance of earning a living. I daresay he has a right to a living, but in these days of cheap and nasty illustrated journals, the low standard of work he brings, as a rule, to a branch of the artistic calling always considered by me a dignified and important branch, I do not believe in recognising or encouraging; and it certainly seems to me that a certain distinction should be made between men who take not the slightest artistic interest in their work, and those who conscientiously endeavour to do it well and honestly.

"I have seen the abnormal growth and prosperity of cheap and nasty illustration, to my great regret; I suppose that so long as there is a large market for it, men will be found to supply it, and evidently this is the sort of thing finding favour to-day. The standard set up by the *Cornhill* and *Once a Week*, and by Menzel and Meissonier abroad, seems to be out of key with the present taste. It must be that ignorance of good work is responsible."

Ignorance, I may add, which, if on the part of the artist and editor is intentional or deplorable, is, in the case of the public, but the result of the blind being led by the blind.

Therefore, and finally, try to do good work, and when you have done it demand to be well paid for it. If you haven't the moral or financial backbone for this, go and chop wood or paint.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

MONTICELLI.

OF the many cabals and conspiracies which go to make or mar a dead man's fame, none can be said to be as fatal as the conspiracy we call a silent one. Manifestly, abuse provokes, malice challenges, lies beget controversy; only silence is as unanswerable, as inexorable as the grave. To "smell faults" in a brother, particularly a gifted brother, is, as we know, a mere human failing; to pass by on the other side, may be to take part with the great army of the torpid and the indifferent. It may be urged that few, in these days of outrageous meddling and scribbling, suffer the wrong described. But are not these precisely the men we can least afford to lose? Why, for instance, should we in England so long have ignored that original genius Georges Michel, the great forbear of the Realistic (wrongly called Romantic) movement in painting, the inventor, as he would seem to be, of the naturalistic landscape of to-day? Why should Monticelli, one of the greatest colourists of his time, be all

but tabooed by French criticism, and go a-begging for a paltry biographer? In the case of Monticelli, the painter's extravagance, his carelessness of drawing, his vagueness of



LA FÊTE DE PAN. BY MONTICELLI. ENGRAVED BY C. DIETRICH.
FROM THE PICTURE FORMERLY IN THE POSSESSION OF MESSRS. LAWRIE & CO.

expression, have been suggested as a solution of the riddle. The reply is the reply of the eternal Philistine. It smacks of all officialdom; it recalls the attitude of Mr. James Whistler's critics, who opined, if I remember, that he was not a serious painter because he hung—or dried—his canvases on the garden wall.

Now Monticelli did not make even this poor bid for publicity. He never hung them at all. He never exhibited. Careless alike of the public and the press, he was scarce noticed by contemporary critics and wholly misunderstood by the bulk of his fellow-countrymen. Imagination and an impassioned sense of colour are at no time the strong points of the Gaul, hence it is easy to see that what was fervid, exotic and fantastic in the great colourist, went to build a barrier, and an insurmountable barrier, between himself and the great French public. A vagabond in fancy, an original, an irreconcilable, the painter readily recognised the fact, and seeing with lengthening years that the multitude was little likely to come to his way of thinking, amused himself by maliciously and capriciously mystifying it. To this end he refused to explain himself in his art. He absolutely refused the vulgar explanation called "finish." "I tell you," the artist said in writing to an intimate, "I tell you I paint for myself and for myself alone." This note of defiance touches the heart and root of Monticelli's mystery. It had its origin in a curious aloofness and detachment from the ambitions of the ordinary ruck of painters, in a righteous belief in himself and a righteous determination to be his own man. A like resolve is often imperative. For if it tend to aid and abet artistic mannerisms, it should be remembered that it permits a painter to express himself (if not to explain himself), and in expressing himself "to keep"—in Mr. Walter Bagehot's happy phrase—"his own atmosphere."

Monticelli, in truth, is so much master of this condition that he imposes his atmosphere upon us. There is something so large and glowing and capacious in his temperament that he has glamour enough to convert the prosy. To approach the least significant Monticelli is in very deed to enter an enchanted garden, to brood in the shade of far-reaching trees, to breathe airs blown as from heavy-laden flowers or the robes of some exquisite woman. Charm and surprise dwell with him, caprice is his very own. With him rocky ravines are peopled with dreaming loves, his magical closes with enticing fair who sport in their reveries and muse in their sport. It is with his four inches of canvas, into the best, and what is not always the same thing, into the most joyous of companies that the painter takes us—into a world sparkling as a jewel, langourous as a love-song, and satisfying as the end of a fairy tale.

Do we ask more of the painter of 'The Decameron'—of a painter, moreover, who, unlike the famous Florentine author, died professing his æsthetic faith? The strait-laced, it is true, have read a moral in Monticelli's uncertainty of line, have seen portents and warnings in the doubtful equipoise of too many of his fantastic figures. Equipoise, did I say? The painter's moral equilibrium has been called in question, and

so weighed in the balance by excellent folk as to be found hideously, deplorably wanting. It is urged, in fine, that he drank. Suppose it is admitted? Did not Frans Hals incline to strong waters, and was not the great Van Ostade (to tread no nearer on modern susceptibilities) famous as a wine-bibber

and a tipster? In thinking of Monticelli we must be quit of our timidities, our fine respectabilities, as we must be quit of them when we think of Morland. "Talent," says Renan, "is in sort a vice," and the heavy-laden air, the strange world of phantasmagoria in which the Provençal painter wrought and had his being may well have made his life not only an adventure, an escape, but at moments an exotic emotion.

Adolphe Monticelli was born in Marseilles on October 24th, 1824, of parents so humble as to claim no other distinction than that of bringing the erratic artist into the world. The father was a gauger. To the Lycée, nevertheless, the boy was sent, and here, like other boys, imbibed just that smattering of the classics we politely call an education. More potent, however, than any such "advantages," was the

youngster's passion for music. It set him to work on the violoncello, an exercise, we are not surprised to learn, which attracted the attention of his family. Among its members was an uncle who was a musician, and a bit of a painter as well as a musician, and hence qualified to discover wherein lay his nephew's more dominant powers. Sent to the École des Beaux-Arts, the boy prospered. He even took medals (one, curiously enough, for a stiff piece of drawing in a study from the nude), when he competed at Montpellier and Nîmes. In truth, Monticelli's amazing facility in his craft was, in a measure, his from the first, a circumstance which lost him that tempering, as it were, of the raw material; that fine, if uncomfortable, lesson which opposition and adversity teach.

The painter's early lines were cast in pleasant places. A local reputation gave him a standing even before he set his face in the direction of Paris. He could sell his pictures, pamper the "Pasha" in his nature, and generally live at his ease. Handsome, luxurious, and with prodigious appetites, Monticelli, at this period, affected impossible clothing, even satin and velvet, as did Richard Wagner, and posed as a dandy, and as I have said, an irreconcilable, a Byronic combination then in high favour. Furthermore, in Paris, he took a studio near that of Diaz, a studio soon to be visited by the most lovely of European Sovereigns. Given the circumstances, it was inevitable enough that the young man should have imagined himself in love with the Empress Eugénie. It was in the nature of things that the Ex-Empress should figure in his canvases, now in the splendid apparel of some Florentine dame, now in the millinery of some last-century shepherdess, and again, as one critic has wickedly suggested, in the more diaphanous clothing of the rainbow, though it was not in the nature of things that the artist should have been recognised, even to the small degree implied in a trifling commission from the Emperor.

For, like Maupassant, Monticelli was "ni marié, ni



ADOLPHE MONTICELLI, 1824-1885.



MORNING. BY MONTICELLI. ENGRAVED BY C. DIETRICH.
FROM THE PAINTING IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. A. ANDREWS. EARLY PICTURE.

décoré, ni Académicien." He was, it must be remembered, a dreamer, an eccentric, and, as such, no more fit for Courts, or at least for Courts more substantial than those outside the mysterious and enchanted ones of his dreams, than he was made for the ordinary public. Yet corruption belonged to the times. What was febrile and vicious in them could not, indeed, spoil the artist, for this middle period of the painter's career we know to be his best, but it could, and did, wear the man. Paris, under "the incubus of the French Empire," lowered the moral currency of the painter no less than it did thousands upon thousands of his fellows. It prepared the way for disaster, for the retribution of 1870, ending, for Paris, in the Commune, for the artist, in a swift impoverishment of powers, in isolation, in estrangement, in death—sixteen years later—in a Marseilles garret.

With power so great, and an end so obviously inglorious, it is perhaps not wonderful that much that is erroneous concerning the man should have been put about. Monticelli's history is rife with contradictions. The critics have quarrelled over it, and, admitting its vagueness, have in a manner al-

1895.

lowed the matter to go by the board. And, in truth, a Provençal hero is a difficult one. In Provence the lively fiction so often becomes the accepted fact. Yet, uncertain as we may be of many details in the artist's life, we are certain enough of its bent. We are certain, for instance, of his love of liberty—and by liberty I mean the ardent personal kind extolled by Samuel Johnson rather than that prated of by pedagogues—as we are certain of his hatred of the restraints, cabals, jealousies, and parochialness common to academies and academic bodies.

What we find in this trafficker in gorgeous mysteries, this inventor of phantom genre, is, indeed, the Fantasio of painting, the Romanticist run mad. To exhibit, to work regular hours, to bind himself in any way or shape to a

patron: these were for him the impossibilities, nay, the inconceivabilities of existence. One admirer, we know, more hopeful than the rest, actually bound the artist over to a term of work in his—the hopeful admirer's—house. An easel was set up, the commissions started, and all went merrily till the third or fourth day. On that morning (whichever it was) Monticelli was found to have decamped, taking French leave in a letter containing the explicit, if somewhat unceremonious, line: "The bird cannot stay in the cage." Such quips, though they be the quips of a Provençal, have only one result in a prose world. We hear of the artist being put to the ugliest shifts. There were moments in which Monticelli found himself not only without resources but without a roof. It is said that he sold his pictures on the pavement, and, in the national



LA POURSUITE. BY MONTICELLI. ENGRAVED BY C. DIETRICH. FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. A. ANDREWS.

disaster of 1870, footed his way to the South. That he crossed the Prussian lines and gained Marseilles never again to retrace his steps we all know, as we know that the riot of his later painting was part and parcel of the riot of his life.

Yet of Monticelli's previous and more sober work (the work of his second manner) in the house at Montparnasse, when he had thrown off the yoke of Diaz, few but Mr. Charles Dowdeswell have touched on. It is a matter for regret. For even this elusive Provençal had his sane and sober moments. In them he could look at Nature frankly, as we know by certain of his realistic studies. In them he could observe, could experiment, and was only enabled to take hold of his astonishing later methods by periods of strenuous effort. It has been demonstrated that he worked in the studio of Ziem; that he had a prodigious admiration for the Barbizon school. A sense of the fundamental defects of his own opulent and riotous art were obviously typified in his admirations. For Raphael and Ingres were the idols of the colourist's youth;



PRÈS DU CHATEAU. BY MONTICELLI. ENGRAVED BY C. DISTRECH.
FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF A GLASGOW AMATEUR.

that other master of line, Jean François Millet, the hero of his maturer years.

Roughly speaking, the painter's work may be divided into three periods. The first shows the artist as a capable, though not as an especially original or distinguished draughtsman, and while still bound by tradition, somewhat formal and timid in his technique. It was a period, however, in which he experimented much in glazes, working almost wholly in transparent colours, while he gradually acquired that opalescence which characterizes his later and better work, even so much of his often imitated impasto. An early picture in Mr. A. Andrews' collection, called 'Morning,' illustrates the painter's passion for essays of the first-named sort, while a second and a later panel on the same walls is notable for the masterly handling of the landscape, a handling which is said, and no doubt rightly said, to have influenced Cecil Lawson in his final methods of painting. This panel, it may be mentioned to students of Monticelli, is so serrated or worked on the surface as to represent the coarse texture of canvas, showing that the painter, who notoriously loved the transparency of wood, was no less sensible of the subtle charms of surface.

Monticelli's second manner shows the colourist at his supreme moment. While spontaneous in conception, and to an extraordinary degree loose in method, the hand is still cunningly under restraint, the motive is alluring, spell-like, the colour-schemes are at once glowing, luxurious, and exhilarating. The pictures reproduced in these pages, the 'Femmes au Bois,' 'Près du Château,' in the possession of a Glasgow amateur; 'La Fête de Pan,' in the possession of Messrs. Lawrie; and the later work, 'La Poursuite,' in the collection of Mr. Andrews, all fairly represent the artist in his sustained moments. The 'Fête,' 'The Princess,' 'The Ball,' 'The Festival of Isis,' 'A Summer Afternoon,' lately seen in the Cottier collection before its dispersal in Paris, belong to his best period, as does more than one landscape. The painter's third manner shows the riot of prodigious dreams, of genius run to the vague. In it is to be found something of the bravado of the artificial, the enfeebled effort of a man intoxicated with his own improvisations, the hallucinations of a man

enwrapped in some too sensuous, yet wholly grandiose, ideal. For the rest, this manner, which may be called Monticelli's third, or later Marseilles manner, is noticeable for its almost ferocious impasto, and with all its undoubted *verve* and freedom, for its tentativeness, its inconclusiveness.

Not that Monticelli's so-called faults are all his own. The painter's imitators have been legion. Spurious Monticellis exist on every hand, and in too many instances the defects of the forgeries have been laid at the great colourist's door. Moreover, the careless habits of later years permitted the painter to part with his canvases for trifling sums, and when he had — as it were — merely thrown an idea upon them in the

roughest, if the most suggestive of sketches. That these fantastic indications were greedily seized upon by a host of little peddling picture-makers, and "finished" for the great ignorant public, is certain beyond any manner of doubt. To snatch a canvas red-hot from the artist's hand, and so carry it home, became one of the methods, perhaps the sole method, of obtaining an untampered Monticelli in his later days. It was a means employed by the late Mr. Daniel Cottier, Monticelli's Scottish enthusiast, and by the critic, M. Paul Guigou; and thanks to the love and enthusiasm of these two men the world has lately had the means of coming to a better understanding of the master. Daniel Cottier's part in the enterprise is indeed no inconsiderable one. He spent half his life in pushing, and dogmatically pushing, Monticelli's claims, in buying his canvases, and finally, in his collection, gave Art lovers a glimpse of the painter in his soundest and less mannered achievements. That M. Paul Guigou understood, and has proclaimed the subtler qualities of the painter he called by the name of friend, is manifested in a sentence in which he says:—

"Monticelli's work does not impose the artist's arbitrary

conception on us, but gently and caressingly invites (as music does) each individual mind to contemplate its own ideal"; and again:—

"Merely by the subtlety of his colour, Monticelli can re-integrate a country, a century, a civilisation. A happy instinct teaches him the mysterious affinity between certain colours and certain emotions."

Monticelli's art, in truth, while it gives us the emotion lent by certain sumptuous and imperious colours, gives us no less actually the colour of such emotions. His art is simple emotion, and as emotion exhibits the strength and weakness inherent in a man to whom outside council is naught, and to whom the dictates of temperament is everything. To look at a panel by Monticelli, to come in any way under his spell, is, in truth, like giving ear to the swelling rhythm of Mr. Swinburne's velvet verse. There is the same glamour in both artists, the same impetuosity, the same fine fury, the love of Art for Art's impelling sake. In both artists is to be found, and found to a superlative degree, the quality we call atmosphere; in both, the seduction of magical envelopments, a Pagan delight in delight. For is not Mr. Swinburne, above all things, a colourist; and has not Monticelli just that sense of harmony we demand in lyrical expression? This magic of the poetic environment is certainly the painter's, as it is his to suggest *motifs* so spontaneous as to recall the essays of the Japanese, the essays of the master Hokusai, in their subtlety, swiftness, and completeness. I say completeness advisedly, for a canvas is complete when it conveys what the artist has meant it to express. A modern prophet has proclaimed this conviction in still bolder terms, by declaring that a picture is finished from the beginning. And in the sense of an imperious initial conception, and in an unswerving adhesion to its dictates, Monticelli's hastiest panel is finished, for, though vague to distraction, there is no sort of stoppage or hesitation in it.

Such impetuosity, added to learning, is rare. 'Tis a pity! For who, if not such an one as this astounding improvisor,

have we to give the lie to those doldrum-mongers, who would have us believe that we live in a prosaic day? In these things catch-words count for much. They are all but paramount; though the foolish catch-words, which tell us that science is alike killing poetry and emotion, can readily be answered, by a reference to what this belaboured age of ours has otherwise produced. The 'Peau de Chagrin,' 'The Angelus,' are self-evidently the products of a strenuous and virile Romanticism, and it is precisely here, in the great Nineteenth Century revolt of the Romanticists, that Monticelli must not only deserve, but thereafter find a place.

As a colourist he ranks with the Venetians, and in his finer efforts has a witchery, a mastery, a glow, which belongs to few other painters of his time. His place, in sooth, cannot be questioned. And this the author of 'The Festival of Isis' and 'Cupid's Garden' knew. At his lowest, Monticelli had the conviction of the enthusiast, the sense that he would finally triumph, though the triumph might not arrive in his own day. That he died before that day, that he died at the age of sixty-one in a garret, with a bed, an easel, and two chairs for all outward and visible belongings, may seem in some eyes an untoward argument. Yet already the panels which erewhile sold for a handful of francs, command pretty figures when they come to the auction hammer. Already the Scottish and American collector has his eye on Monticelli, and brother artists, notably modern Dutch artists, contend for his work, while they nickname him "The painters' painter." Small wonder that it should be so. For even as we write fashions pass, and with fashions, the merely fashionable painter and his vogue. To have followed the multitude is to debar oneself from leading the multitude, as likely as not it is to have wearied it by long-time dragging at its heels. And here, plainly enough, is the reason why the public is so often charged with inconsistency. It is why the public, in its weariness, turns to men beyond and outside itself, to men like Monticelli, who, if in their lifetime were scarce permitted to live, are assuredly not suffered to die.

MARION HEPWORTH DIXON.



FEMMES AU BOIS. BY MONTICELLI. ENGRAVED BY C. DIETRICH.
FROM THE PICTURE FORMERLY IN THE POSSESSION OF MESSRS. BLACK & CO.



THE SACKIYEH. BY FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A.

THE COLLECTION OF MERTON RUSSELL COTES, ESQ., J.P.*

THE MAYOR OF BOURNEMOUTH.

FOUR of the pictures we have selected to illustrate this article are the work of Royal Academicians, two of whom are still in the plenitude of their powers, while the achievements of the others lie more in the past than in the present.

Mr. Frederick Goodall, the painter of 'The Sackiyeh,' above, is one of the very oldest of the Academicians, having been elected in 1863, the only older full member being Mr. J. C. Hook, who entered in 1860, and was admitted an Associate in



RIVA SCHIAVONE, VENICE. BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

* Continued from page 84.

1851, or one year before Mr. Goodall. Mr. J. C. Horsley, the Treasurer of the Academy and Deputy-President, and Sir Everett Millais, were elected Academicians in 1864.

The picture in Mr. Russell Cotes' collection called 'The Sackiyeh' is not large in size, but it is eminently characteristic of the artist. At a well within sight of the great pyramids, several Egyptian women fill their water-jugs; one carries her jar on her shoulder, and another carries it on the crown of her head. 'The Sackiyeh' is a rude machine for raising water from the river or canal. A cow or bull revolves a horizontal

until he was ninety-nine, and it would seem as if Mr. Sidney Cooper designed to rival him at least in this one particular.

'The Watering-Place' has been a favourite subject with Mr. Sidney Cooper all his life, and it has always been popular amongst his patrons. The artist is said to have discovered many copies of his pictures, and he carries out a curious system in distinguishing them. Any owner of a picture said to be a "Sidney Cooper" may send the work to the artist for verification. The painter returns the picture, having drawn in pencil a sketch of the design at the head of a written



THE WATERING-PLACE. BY SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.

wheel which turns two vertical wheels with earthen pots attached, and in these pots the water is drawn up. The poor animal and its lazy master may be seen in Mr. Goodall's topographically correct picture.

Mr. Sidney Cooper was chosen an Associate in 1845, or exactly fifty years ago, and he is the oldest living painter still actively connected with the Royal Academy, although Mr. Frith, elected a member the same year, but who retired in 1890, is also still working occasionally. Mr. Sidney Cooper was born on September 29, 1803, so that he is over ninety years of age, and is six years older than Mr. G. Richmond, who was born in 1809, and retired in 1887. These statistics are interesting chiefly because of the great age of the painter of 'The Watering-Place,' which we reproduce. Titian lived 1895.

report which he supplies. One set of figures on the report declares the number of pictures submitted in this way to the artist. Other two sets of numbers show how many of them up to the particular picture in question have been genuine, and how many, in the artist's estimation, false. Then follows a declaration as to the character of the picture submitted, either stating it to be true, or otherwise. Below these figures is a receipt for the five guineas charged by Mr. Sidney Cooper for his trouble. Of over five hundred pictures submitted, the artist declares that only about one in ten have been genuine; a circumstance which has frequently given rise to much discussion.

Our etching, 'Love at First Sight,' has been executed by Mr. H. Macbeth-Raeburn, after Mr. Marcus Stone, and the picture



THE PIGGIES' BREAKFAST. BY EMILE BAYARD.

tells its story without detailed description. In a lovely old English garden the only child of the house is seated in an attitude fascinatingly *négligé*, reading a favourite author. The father, desirous of doing honour to his young visitor—probably the son of an ancient companion—descants learnedly on the points of a certain plant. Unheeded fall the words of the old man, for the young fellow has caught sight of the daughter, and forthwith he falls deeply in love with her. It is the old story daintily re-told, ever interesting and delightful; the point being greatly heightened by the present unconsciousness of both father and daughter, an unconscious-

ness, however, which the young man will not permit at least one of them, to retain very long.

Mr. MacWhirter's picture of the 'Riva Schiavone, Venice,' is an unexpected production from the brush of the well-known painter of Scottish lochs and falls and silver birches. The water front in Venice beyond the large opening of St. Mark's Square is the busiest part of the now almost listless Queen of the Adriatic. To the left in the picture is the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, and the opening nearer the centre shows the Grand Canal. The pillars of St. Mark's are almost in the middle of the picture, the Doge's Palace a little nearer, and towering over all is the splendid Campanile.

Of foreign pictures Mr. Russell Cotes possesses many fine examples. Professor W. Firl's important work, 'Luther's

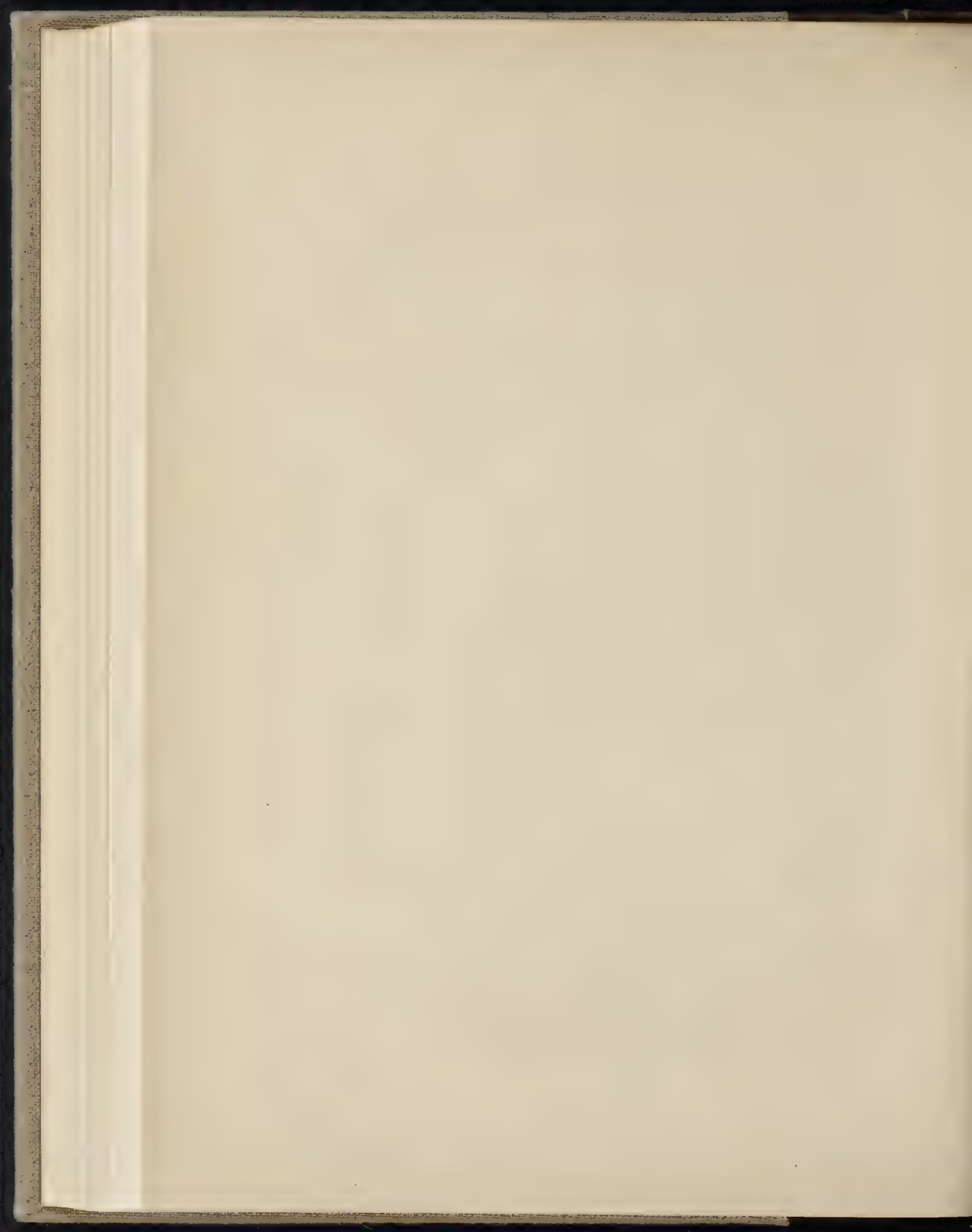
Hymn,' represents eight young girls of an orphan school joining their voices in "Ein feste Burg est unser Gott," the celebrated hymn that Thomas Carlyle translated from Martin Luther, beginning, "A safe stronghold our God is still." Simple and unconscious, the girls seem to sing with all their hearts, and the trebles and altos mingle in sweet harmony; the girl at the piano slightly inclines her head as she emphasises the passage, while the old superintendent dreams contentedly in her old armchair.

M. Emile Bayard's 'The Piggies' Breakfast' does not so easily lend itself to be described. A farm girl of more than











LUTHER'S HUNT, BY PROFESSOR W. FRIE.
With the consent of Messrs. Clifford & Co., the publishers of the large plate.



ON THE HOUSETOPS. BY F. M. BREDT.

average dimensions has given the little pigs the benefit of the remains of her milk can, and with feelings more animal than æsthetic she lingers to see them feed. 'On the Housetops,' by F. M. Bredt, is in a city not unlike Constantinople, where two ladies of the harem bask in the summer sun. A tall eunuch receives some instructions from one of the ladies, but

in such a way as to suggest he is more master than servant. Lastly, we come for the present to Mr. J. S. Noble's 'Unwelcome Visitors,' where the family of donkeys receive the group of geese, of whom one is evidently inclined to become impertinent. But the equanimity of the asses remains undisturbed, and the cackler is justly reproved by silent contempt.



UNWELCOME VISITORS. BY J. S. NOBLE.

'MARY AT THE HOUSE OF ELIZABETH.'

FROM THE PICTURE BY GEORGE HITCHCOCK.



is a peculiar phenomenon of our appreciation of Art, that we deny to modern painters the liberty we freely accord to the old masters. Being too remote for criticism, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that they, too, clothed their Madonnas and saints as pleased them; chose their types from amongst their own people, their

dress from their own time, altering, decorating, and beautifying it, unconcerned with the historical fact that Christ and the Virgin were Jews; concerned only with their art, their own temperament, their own taste. And we to-day find the result admirable and right. We cavil not when the great Florentine master—of taste, as of religious art—clothes his Mother of God and her attendant saints and angels in all the gorgeousness of his sumptuous age, and gives them all the beauty he could find in the face of the golden-haired Simonetta. Nor do we analyse our delightful sense of friendship with Holbein or any other master of the Nieder-Rheinische school. We feel there is a holiness in their Madonnas, although we know, as they did, that in reality Mary was not a florid, ugly *hausfrau*, nor Christ a German *bürgermeister*.

Why, therefore, should the work of a handful of men who are trying to treat Biblical history from the same standpoint seem new, and not to be tolerated? We are fallen from the high enthusiasm of the old masters, it is true; we are concerned with many other things than religion, which has almost become a thing apart; but, if we are not perfervid as they were, we may claim that we are as sensitive to beauty of thought, of nature, and of truth.

Hitherto we have been hampered with knowledge, troubled with the effort for technical excellence; or we have thought to get back to first principles by copying the types and draperies of the old masters, or by being severely correct as to costume and fact. None of these efforts have answered; on the one side poor imitation, on the other lifeless types, cold, uninteresting, even untruthful.

But a "new movement" has revived our interest even against our will, and the men concerned in it are willing to bear the buffets of misunderstanding and contumely, for the truth as it appeals to them.

They say, all the knowledge in the world of archæology fails to move or touch—the subtler truths slip away if we bind ourselves by the actual. Archæology is not Art, and has little to do with it. The only thing that would be valuable to Biblical art would be contemporary portraits of Christ, the Virgin, and the Saints. Not having these, nothing else matters. This is why more of the world is touched by Van Uhde's 'Christ blessing Little Children,' and left cold and

antagonistic in looking at Munkacsy's 'Christ before Pilate,' with its pseudo-Judaism and research.

There is no *naïveté* in this modern phase of religious art, as there was none among the old masters. The painters of these pictures would be the first to object to the epithet, as they do to the more severe ones of insincerity and *blague*. They have rather a very *fin-de-siècle* knowledge of the way to convey the truth they wish to insist upon.

Naturally there is everything in temperament, and what one may consider sacrilegious impertinence, to another may be consummate and religious. It is not for us to judge our own painters dispassionately as we do the old masters, the strangeness and gorgeousness of whose costume and accessories blind us to the fact that these dainty head-dresses, flowing brocades and broideries, have nothing in common with the costume of the Jews, but are only the taste and desire of the painters chosen from the fashion of their time.

But we should look at these pictures of Van Uhde, Hitchcock, Beraud, and others, without preconceived ideas of what has been in history, remembering that the great idea of Christianity is for all time, and is beyond history; and if we allow, as we should, our appreciation and judgment to agree with our temperament rather than with our education, we will find—to take a very blatant example from amongst these men—that Jean Beraud's Mary Magdalene is more "a woman in the city, which was a sinner," than the same subject by some master who clothes her in a nightgown supposititiously modelled upon ancient costumes. And if we insist upon precedent we may find Jean Beraud's prototype in Paul Veronese and the 'Marriage in Cana' in the Louvre, Van Uhde, and the others (allowing always for difference in talent and temperament), in Botticelli and the pre-Raphael masters.

We have seen the futility of classicism which produces such men as Poussin, Le Sueur, Ary Scheffer, and all the coldly correct. Let us rather prefer the holy pictures of the riotous Rubens, who gives us sensation at any rate.

Or again, why should we, fearful of being stigmatised as sentimental or old-fashioned, or anything but modern or *plein air*, continue to paint the model or dirty humanity of any sort? We have proven our knowledge, and, like all things accomplished, lost interest in the further doing of realism only, and feel an overwhelming sense of *cui bono*, and welcome revolt, whether from prejudice or from the eternal copying of nature and nothing else.

However, it is the point of view. Every artist has his admirers as he has his detractors. His soul akin to the one cares not for the strangeness of the other. Therefore it is quite right and proper that one may find more sentiment in a ballet-girl by Degas than in, let us say, an Edwin Long. It is quite useless to expect that he who misses the sweet solemnity and dainty seriousness of Botticelli or Filippino, may not be overwhelmed with the cloying sweetness of Raphael or Murillo. It is useless to demand recognition for this quality or that, from the world in general. What we

may demand is respectful and unprejudiced criticism from the taste-formers.

Much of the objection to presenting Biblical characters in any form but Jewish may be due to the racial pride of the Hebrew critic rather than to Zoilism. From the Scylla of Judaism we fall into the Charybdis of Roman Catholicism, where only the Madonna and Christ of commerce, with the ever-present tears, blood, and thorns, do duty for feeling; and Art is killed by convention.

Why must we be wearied by journeys to Jerusalem? Art, as the master says, is "reticent of habit and selfishly occupied with her own perfection." Why should we fill our sketch-books with "types," and indulge in laborious idleness collecting "material" for our pictures; and returning home no wiser than we went, manufacture religious pictures, and when we die perhaps a gallery in Bond Street, with shilling admissions, and our fellow-craftsmen will grin—a "Gargantuan grin."

Rather let us stop at home and feel the joy of the sweet

spring. All the world is love—there is sunshine and life and beauty. The birds sing, the flowers blossom, and happiness is with us; not too far off the Delectable Mountains of achievement. And the beauty of birth comes to us, and then the great birth; we look into the blue eyes of some virgin face near us, and in her face we find all that other virgin face had. As the mood is upon us, 'The Nativity,' 'The Annunciation,' 'Mary at the House of Elizabeth'; and as our talent and temperament, such shall be our picture, that in the end it will find its place for love, or hate, or oblivion. Remembering, then, that two thousand years of degradation, money-getting, and suppression are written upon the modern Jewish face, why insist that Mary must be painted from a Jewess of today, that Christ was not Italian, German nor Dutch, as all the old masters have painted him?

"O thou sculptor, painter, poet,
Take this lesson to thy heart:
That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of Art."

J. B.

RECENT EXHIBITIONS.

HERE, there, everywhere we search for the coming masters—to find, as a rule, they have been quietly working in our midst, not all the time unnoticed by the press, nor by appreciative and unbiassed critics. Mr. Mark Fisher, in his twenty-nine pictures exhibited at the Dutch Gallery, reveals

himself to be an individual painter of rare excellence. You can see them, in fancy, hanging among Corots and Troyons, Maris and Rousseaus, not the least akin to any one, yet equals of the aristocracy of landscape. 'The Moated Farm,' with its sodden fields; 'Chestnut Blossoms,' a gorgeous mass of the superb spikes reflected in a pool below; 'Winter Fodder,' 'Milking Time,' and 'A Quiet Pool' deserve each a word of appreciative comment. At first sight you may take them to be merely bright transcripts of facts; they soon reveal themselves to be far more—nature acutely seen, selected with rare discrimination, and painted as one who thinks directly in his medium, nor hesitates for the inevitable touch which shall easily and exactly record his impression. No reputation but would be strengthened by so good a show; which, if it were by an unknown man, should lift him at once to lasting fame. Those who know good work will wonder at the comparative apathy of the public, who have yet to discover a landscape painter of the first order—in Mr. Mark Fisher.



TANAGRA FIGURINE. GIRL AND CUPID.

That Mr. Phil May was an artist of rare gifts no one doubted, yet the collection of his drawings exhibited at The Fine Art Society establishes his reputation on a broader basis than one had deemed it possessed. In many of the pencil sketches for the finished pen drawings, notably in one of a broker's man, 'In Possession,' we find work that merits the often-misused term—"masterly." The types he chooses cover a far wider range than one has imagined from the drawings published here and there at intervals. Here from Newlyn fisher-folk to coster girls, celebrities to people of no importance, typical commonplace people to equally typical eccentrics, he is equally happy in selecting essentials at once characteristic and pictorial. His satire appears stronger by contrast, his style less mannered, and while the dash and spirit of his work suffer little by a hundred and sixty examples being hung side by side, his careful workmanship and really fine handling gain much by the massing together. To have evoked tributes from Mr. Whistler and Mr. Herkomer is







MARY AT THE HOUSE OF ELISABETH.
By GEORGE HINCHOCK.

S. Hitchcock

surely a unique achievement. It is pleasant to read that Mr. Whistler "takes a great delight in Phil May," and may encourage those who do not like to express admiration until a great man directs them, to bestow the well-deserved praise which Mr. May's predecessor—Charles Keene—never was awarded in full measure during his life. It is a show no one should miss, for, although of all living pen-draughtsmen Mr. Phil May loses less by reproduction, yet the difference, slight though it is, is of great importance.

Taking the collection of old English Masters at the Dowdeswell Galleries, in a round of exhibitions, where canvases fresh from the easel, in all the newest modes, distract, and at times delight, one is conscious of a certain serenity, an old-world courtesy, that adds a flavour to much work which, on its own merits, might fail to find a place in any first-rate gallery to-day. But amongst the pictures there which owe their chief charm to age, we must except a really fine Constable (seen lately at Burlington House), 'Hampstead Heath,' also a 'Brighton,' and some cloud studies by the same artist; a Wilson, 'View near Rome,' a Wheatley, 'Welsh Landscape,' a Barker, 'Landscape' (48), a Stark, 'Near Cromer,' Morland's 'Summer-Time' and 'Pigs,' Fraser's 'The Expected Penny,' several old Cromes, a portrait of 'Dorothy Duke' by Tilly Kettle, and 'Harriet D'Oyly,' a not very typical Romney. Nature depicted literally was not the ideal then in favour, and in these classic arrangements of certain facts of light and grouping, there is often a sense of style and a successful composition both in colour and plan that charms you, even if you feel that while our best men to-day are not un-



J. McNEILL WHISTLER. PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

worthy followers of the best of the older school, our second-rate painters are, with the exception of this old-world style, infinitely better equipped in all respects in observation, brushwork, and figure-drawing than their peers of a former generation.

We publish some illustrations from the collection of the Connoisseur's Treasures at the Goupil Gallery. Mr. Whistler's portrait of himself, although frequently discussed in artistic circles, has never before been published. It is a superb specimen of his art, and it may safely be said that it is a portrait of which future ages will be proud. Sir E. Burne-Jones's 'Pan and Psyche' is one of the finest of this artist's smaller works, and it is handled with a care throughout that marks it as one of his greatest pictures. The Tanagra figure is from the series of fifty really genuine pieces found in Greece, and dating from 400 B.C. The exquisite force of these figures, their charming contours and flowing folds of dress, have never been surpassed in Art either past or present.

The Art of Egypt, which is illustrated in a choice loan collection at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, impresses us (as the admirable preface to the sumptuous catalogue puts it) by its brightness and vivacity. Despite the severity of



PAN AND PSYCHE. BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, BART.

its forms, their decoration is usually polychromatic and often gay, if not actually trivial. As the cradle of the Arts, to an artist, Egypt is, perhaps, more enticing for its documents to study than for models to adapt anew; yet in much work of later periods, notably in the jewellery, embroidery, and pottery, designers of to-day might find new themes for improvisation. As the source of many well-known decorative motives scarce suspected by the average student, this collection is of inexhaustible interest. Does the common rosary of the East, the *Allah's Thumbs*, trace descent from the lotus necklace (L. C. 33)? Do the terminal figures of Roman art come directly from the Ushabtiu of the Ptolemaic period (L. 81, 82), where the swathed mummy-like form of the god Osiris is shaped in blue faïence almost precisely on their lines? Is the vine pattern on the vase of the Roman period (Q. 11) the veritable parent of the *Gris de Flandres* mugs and of modern Doulton? Whether these are mere guesses or veritable facts is not easy to decide. It is also instructive to note how similar conditions produced similar results. The glass tesserae of C. 53 look like samples of Messrs. Powell's mosaics for St. Paul's; the small vases in granite (Case A.) are practically identical with the trifles in Derbyshire fluor-spar or Cornish serpentine, which tempt the English tourist to-day. True, as the catalogue says, "mere antiquity, although it must always claim respect, does not necessarily confer distinction"; but if many of the objects lack especial merit as Art, as links in its pedigree they may borrow distinction from their offspring. It is a wonderful collection, enriched by treasures from the stores of Messrs. C. Flinders Petrie, C. R. Phené Spiers, Sir Wollaston Franks, Sir John Evans, and others, and from examples lent by our chief museums.

The first gallery at Messrs. Henry Graves & Co. was lately devoted to a military exhibition. Among the few, but very important canvases, R. Caton Woodville's '1815' was, perhaps, the finest. It is a picture not unworthy to set beside Messonier's famous series; indeed, for its broad handling and direct touch there are qualities which will appeal to many even more than the exquisite mechanical perfection of the great French artist. 'Badajos,' which hung near it, by the same artist, despite the doubtful "values" of the figure of Wellington, is a most vigorous rendering of a very dramatic episode. 'The Storming of the Cashmere Gate,' by Vereker M. Hamilton, is another huge canvas instinct with dramatic force. 'Saving the Colours,' by Robert Gibb, R.S.A., formed a worthy companion to the others, for, despite its low key and somewhat unequal textures, it told its tale forcibly and without undue sentimentality.

An exhibition of pictures by Corot has been opened in the new Musée of Paris, the Palais Galliera, near the Trocadéro. There are one hundred and forty-three examples of the master, but unhappily the great majority are early works. About a dozen out of the whole are pictures of the quality connoisseurs desire to acquire, and the remainder, however interesting to the expert, are not of the character likely to attract new admirers. The centenary of Corot is in 1896, and it has been proposed to hold a representative exhibition in Paris next year. The present collection, although styled "Centenaire de Corot," has been hurriedly got together by too-eager lovers of the painter, possibly desirous of finding a fleeting fame. It does not contain any of the masterpieces well known in Paris—such as M. Chauchard's collection—

nor any from London, nor from Holland, nor from America—for now that the duties are removed owners on the other side of the Atlantic are occasionally willing to lend their treasures. The profits of the exhibition, if any, are to go towards the monument of Corot to be set up in the Parc Monceau, Paris. However interesting the present exhibition may be, it will be next year before the fine collection really possible to bring together will be seen, and the great qualities of the first master of poetic landscape in France are adequately represented.

At the Japan Society lately Mr. G. C. Haité gave a most interesting paper on the Chrysanthemum in Art, illustrating it not merely by many previously-prepared examples enlarged for the sake of being visible to the crowded audience, but by sketches upon the blackboard to explain the various naturalistic and conventionalised forms of this flower, which supplies the motive of the crest of the Mikado. Yet despite the fact that this disc with radiating petals is usually supposed to depict the chrysanthemum, the lecturer advanced a theory, most ingeniously supported, that the real origin of the device must be sought in the sun represented with rays, much as it has been portrayed in the early Art of other peoples.

The Shaftesbury memorial fountain, despite its intrinsic merits, is not accepted as a satisfactory work for its particular site. It is dwarfed by the houses surrounding it, and difficult to discover at first glance. A pretentious and wholly hideous arrangement in lamp-posts starts up in rivalry looking from Coventry Street, and coming up lower Regent Street it quite fails to impress a visitor. Would it be possible to erect a simple but stately baldachin over it—a canopy more severe in its lines, but roughly resembling that over the great nave altar of St. Peter's? This, if high enough to allow the fountain full play, would be a dignified shrine for the work of Art, and an architectural monument imposing in its scale, and not out of relation to the houses surrounding it.

The name of Mr. W. C. T. Dobson will be found in the catalogue of the Academy Exhibition as placed amongst those of the retired R.A.'s. Mr. Dobson became an Associate in 1860 and an Academician in 1871. He was a devoted servant of the Academy, and invariably came up from his country-house at Petworth to attend all the General Assemblies. Whenever there was any question of Art commissions for international exhibitions, or other such matter, Mr. Dobson's judgment was always called into play. He made his reputation with subjects from the Old Testament, and is master of a wonderful technique in painting flesh, which reveals the colour as through a transparent glaze. He exhibited a head last year which showed no sign of age.

It is regrettable to have to chronicle the closing of the Royal Tapestry Works at Windsor, where the fine tapestries now at Windsor Castle, Osborne, and Balmoral were woven for the Queen, as well as numerous private commissions for noblemen and others in all parts of the country. It is about twenty years since these ateliers were established under the auspices of the late Duke of Albany, and the quality of some of the pieces executed stands favourable comparison with the Beauvais and Gobelins fabrics. The looms were bought by French manufacturers from Aubusson, and the coloured cartoons, many by eminent artists, realised absurdly low prices.



HASTINGS FROM THE PIER. FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.

HASTINGS: OLD AND NEW.

HASTINGS is something more than a mere fashionable health resort: it is a place with a history of at least eight hundred years. This much we know from the Bayeux Tapestry, which is justly regarded as the most authentic, as well as the oldest, monument extant of the Norman Conquest. But Mr. Cole, in "The Antiquities of Hastings and the Battlefield," claims for the town a Roman origin, and carries us a very long way indeed towards such a conclusion. He is of opinion that it was a Roman municipal town, and that it may be assumed with tolerable certainty that it was the "Portus Novus" of Ptolemy. The late Professor Airy, Astronomer Royal, held that it was on the Hastings hills that the Triumvir saw the native forces in armed array; and Cæsar describes the place he reached on landing as "a narrow inlet of the sea, shut in by heights, from which weapons could be discharged upon the shore beneath," which would tally well with the old town of Hastings. This haven was situated in what is known as the Priory Valley, the upper part of which is now the beautiful Alexandra Park.

The town appears to have acquired its name from one of the Sussex clans, The Hastings, who are described by Taylor in his "Words and Places" as "the noblest race of the Goths," and who seem to have held the eastern part of Sussex (known since the Conquest under the name of the Rape of Hastings) as an independent community. The Saxon town of Hastings became so important in 924 that King Athelstan established a mint there. Some of the coins struck here are inscribed with the name of Brid, whose descendants, under the name of "Breeds"

—*i.e.* the son of Breed, or Brid—are still resident in Hastings, and from whom the terrace picturesquely situated under the Castle Hill, and called Breeds Place, no doubt takes its name. The patron saint of Hastings was, and still is, St. Michael, whose figure is delineated on the Corporation Seal, the motto being "Draco crudelis—Te vincet vis Micaelis"—"Cruel serpent—thee the force of Michael shall overcome."

The battle of Hastings having happened in 1066, Mr. Cole thinks it probable that some twenty years prior to this the foundation of the "New Burg" of Hastings took place, on land in the valley of the Bourne, bestowed by the Confessor on the Abbey of Fécamp, in Normandy. The limits of this New Burg appeared to be defined by the East Hill on the one side, and the West, or Castle, Hill on the other; and the existing town



ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, HASTINGS. FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.

wall, which may still be traced about fifteen yards to the north of John Street and East Bourne Street, and very probably was continued along the north of George Street, as far as the Light Steps. The extent of this new town may be judged of from the fact that it had "forty-three burgesses of sufficient importance to be rated, who would, with their families, amount to more than two hundred." But it continued a "mere suburb" for three centuries; and it would appear to have been notable for little else than its salt pans, by means of which salt was obtained by the gradual evaporation of sea



ROCK-A-NORE, HASTINGS. FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.

water. One curious result of this industry was the destruction of the so-called "forest" in the neighbourhood, and the consequent difficulty of finding "pasturage" for the two solitary pigs which formed the porcine population of the manor.

The Castle of Hastings, like the town itself, is of a disputed age, but it is generally thought to have been commenced, at least, in Saxon times, and to date back for more than a thousand years. The Conqueror, no doubt, added to the original structure very considerably, and hence the order in the Bayeux Tapestry that a castle should be "dug at Hastings Chester," as the town was called in Roman times: "Iste jussit ut castellum foderetur at Hestenga Cestra." Underneath these words is the picture of a castle on the summit of

the hill, where the castle now stands, seemingly implying that there was already an older fortification there. Adjoining the castle is what is known as the "Lady's Parlour," and here it was, if the legend speaks truly, that the first tournament in England took place, presumably under the laws and ceremonies laid down by Geoffrey de Pruilly as early as the middle of the eleventh century. Henry I. used the castle as a palace, and it was from its walls that King John, in 1200, issued his claim to the sovereignty of the seas, requiring all foreign vessels to strike their topsails to his flag. The castle, after

passing through various vicissitudes of fire, water, and neglect, was only saved from utter destruction by passing into the hands of the Canons of St. Mary, the heads of a college founded by Robert, Count of Eu, its first Governor. The chapel of St. Mary, which had been buried for centuries, was brought to light about seventy years ago, by some excavations made by the Earl of Chichester, and is associated with the names of Thomas à Beckett, William of Wykeham, and Anselm of Canterbury. The castle, as it stands to-day, is a picturesque object, dominating the whole town and distinguishable far out at sea. Within its crumbling walls, the playfulness of childhood has taken the place of warlike activity; and from the admirable coign of vantage which it affords, visitors of a "frugal mind" look down upon the sports, not of the Lady's Parlour, but of the Central Recreation Ground. The West Hill is one of the glories of Hastings, and a walk along its breezy slopes is both exhilarating and health-giving. In its middle period, Hastings declined not a little, the cause being partly the cessation of friendly relations between England and Normandy, and partly the inroads of the sea upon the town.

The old town, it need hardly be said, contains the fishing quarter of Hastings, and very picturesque it is. The fish market is a comparatively modern structure, and is only interesting because of its surroundings. The real market is on the beach, where the fish are sold by "Dutch auction" as soon as landed, and the scene on the occasion of a heavy "take" is not unexciting. The Hastings fishermen are a sturdy class, and their craft are both stout and strong, in view of the fact that there is no harbour, and that the only means of landing is by beaching. East of the fish market is Rock-a-Nore, and east of that is Ecclesbourne Glen, a romantic and beautiful spot, where the study and collection of ferns may be carried on, although not so extensively as in years gone by.

Hastings boasts a golf club, in common with most towns, and even villages nowadays. The course is not exactly an ideal one for play, but it is for situation, being on the slopes of the East Hill, and commanding beautiful views both seawards and townwards. Crossing the East Hill the village of Fairlight may be reached, and hard by is the romantic Fairlight Glen, a natural gorge of great beauty, which has been celebrated both in poem and picture. But for the crowds which invade it in summer time, this charming spot, with its "Dripping Well" and "Lovers' Seat" of song and story,

might attract both the contemplative and the studious in the school of Nature, as Selborne attracted Gilbert White.

Thus much for the Old Town, and its more or less immediate surroundings. Turning our face westwards from the bottom of High Street, we traverse East Parade, Marine Parade, and pass under Pelham Crescent, perched up in the centre of which is the quaint-looking church of St. Mary in the Castle. We are now in the midst of business Hastings, and close to the Albert Memorial, which is the centre of the town. Perhaps this part of Hastings, being comparatively modern, does not possess much artistic beauty or historical interest; but

lowered into the sea preparatory to a trip. Looking seawards, especially if the day be fine, the scene is one full of life and animation, hundreds of craft of all sizes, both sailing and rowing, dotting the wide expanse of water, and bathed in such a flood of sunlight as is only to be experienced in "Sunny Hastings." Westward from Carlisle Parade is White Rock, where stands the Hastings and East Sussex Hospital, a building not devoid of architectural points, but notable rather for the excellence of its internal arrangements. The site is an ideal one for a place of the kind, catching every ray of sunshine, and completely sheltered from the north and



HASTINGS CASTLE. FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.

the handsome shops of Robertson Street would do credit to a much larger town. Near by is the Brassey Institute, a handsome pile in the French Gothic style, built from the designs of Mr. W. L. Vernon, and presented to the town by the Lord of Normanhurst. The building contains a free reference library and a museum of local antiquities, and is the home of the Hastings School of Art and Science. Here, too, is the Church of Holy Trinity, which, although barely half-a-century old, gives one the impression of much greater antiquity. It is in the Continental Gothic style, and is rich in stained glass and other decorations. Passing round to the sea front, we find ourselves in the Carlisle Parade, whence the best view of the pleasure craft of the town may be obtained. Looking eastwards, the larger yachts may be seen in the process of being hoisted on to the "stade" by means of capstans, or

east. Immediately opposite is the pier. All piers are more or less alike, and all are more or less commonplace. But the Hastings pier has this merit, that it affords from its further end a magnificent view of the town looking eastward. In the foreground, so to speak, are the pleasure craft; beyond, the fishing fleet; and above, the East and West Hills, with the Castle dominating the latter, and being dominated in its turn by the terraces of houses on the higher ridge, and by the ever-obtruding Church of Emanuel, whose square tower it is almost impossible to keep out of any view of Old Hastings.

There is a theory that all west of the pier is properly called St. Leonard's; but this is only a concession to the fashionable people, who would never dream of visiting Hastings, if it were known as such. A curious fashion has sprung up, whereby Hastings is spoken of as a "dual town," the "other half"

being, of course, St. Leonard's. But the borough is one and indivisible, and it is the "Borough of Hastings." St. Leonard's is simply the west-end of the town, and hardly dates farther back than sixty or seventy years. Its beauty is architectural rather than natural, although the St. Leonard's gardens is a charming bit—a cool and quiet retreat within a stone's throw of the bustle and gaiety of the pier and parade. The Archery Gardens, too, is a green and restful spot for the eye; while the Gensing Gardens show that even a corporation understands the art of floriculture and floral display. But St. Leonard's is mainly the "front," and certainly it is imposing, to say the least. Eversfield Place is a most effective piece of street architecture, while the noble expanse of Warrior Square is unequalled in England, if not in Europe. Grand Parade intervenes between the Square and the Marina, another fine stretch of street architecture, flanked by a picturesque little bit called the Undercliff, and intersected midway by the parish church of St. Leonard's. Not much can be said for the Colonnades, so-called; but there is an effective bit on the Lower Parade, while the pier serves the useful purpose, if it serves no other, of affording a more distant effect of the view from the Hastings Pier, already described. It commands, too, the noble promontory of Beachy Head, and the nearer pleasure resort of Bexhill; while landwards the handsome residences of the West Hill and the Highlands attract the eye. The parade extends to Bopeep, a distance from the fish market of nearly four miles, and is lighted electrically throughout in the most effective manner. If ever the idea of

joining Hastings with Bexhill, by means of a continuous parade, be realised, a marine drive of unequalled extent will be the result. Upper St. Leonard's commands magnificent views, especially in a north-easterly direction, where the eye, resting first amidst the peaceful glades of the Alexandra Park, is attracted northwards by the beautifully wooded district of St. Helen's Down, and eastward by the wide-spreading Ore Valley and the heights of Emanuel beyond. Adjoining Upper St. Leonard's is the village of Hollington, where the quaint little "Church in the Wood" has often given rise to the speculation whether the church was planted amongst the trees, or the trees planted about the church.

Hastings is unusually rich in ecclesiastical architecture, ancient as well as modern. Of the former, the Churches of St. Clement and All Saints, in the Old Town, are the principal. St. Clement's is the "mother" church, and is of uncertain date, although it is supposed to have been rebuilt about 1380. The church consists of a chancel, a nave with side aisles, north and south porches, a square and rather squat embattled tower of peculiar architecture, and a belfry of eight bells. It contains several interesting monumental brasses and other inscriptions. In the south aisle is a tablet to the memory of Captain Thomas Delves, one of the barons who bore the canopy over Charles II. at the coronation of that monarch; while the covering formerly used for the pulpit, but now discarded on account of its gaudiness, was part of the canopy used at the coronation of George I. There is an interesting record in connection with the church of a visit paid to Hastings,



THE LOWER PARADE, ST. LEONARD'S. FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.,



THE FISH MARKET, HASTINGS. FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.

on 9th July, 1643, by Colonel Morley, "the crooked rebel of Sussex," and the apprehension of Mr. Hinson, the curate of St. Clement's at that time. The Colonel's coming was notified to Mr. Hinson while the service was proceeding, and he made his escape and lay in hiding for some time, but was afterwards arrested at his own residence for "reading the King's declaration," and removed to the common gaol. The Church of All Saints also dates from the fourteenth century, and is supposed to have been erected on the site of a Saxon church. Another church in the Old Town, notable for the circumstances under which it was founded and not for its antiquity, is that of St. Mary Star-of-the-Sea, founded by Mr. Coventry Patmore in memory of his wife, "the angel in the house." It contains a beautiful altar of Derbyshire alabaster, in the early Tudor style, the gift of an anonymous donor.

Hastings is one of the Cinque Ports, and claims, indeed, to be the premier of these ancient towns. But this claim is not wholly undisputed, for Dover has ambitions which are likely to be pushed when any question of precedence arises. Such question did in fact arise in 1861, on the installation of Lord Palmerston as Warden of the Ports, but no decision was arrived at, and the point is just one upon which the "authorities," if there be any such, are not likely to be in a hurry in giving a decision. There is this point in favour of Dover apparently: that the Warden of the Ports (Lord Dufferin at the present moment) is also Constable of Dover Castle. But both ports were required to contribute the same number of ships—twenty-one—to the King's service from the time of the Conquest, and there is this point in favour of Hastings, that it is generally mentioned first in historical documents of the time, a circumstance which could not be due to alphabetical considerations. The principal function of the barons of the ports is in connection with the coronation of the Sovereign,

and it would appear that on all past occasions of the kind Hastings has occupied the place of honour on the right of the King and Queen. Further, the banner of St. Michael of Hastings has, from time immemorial, been the banner of the Cinque Ports, and the arms of Hastings are nearer the Royal Arms than those of any of the other ports. Dover might very fairly say that it is the only *real* port of the five towns in the Wardenship, for neither Hastings nor Hythe possess harbours now, while the sea has long given a wide berth to Sandwich and New Romney. But practical considerations are not of much account in determining questions of historical precedence, and Hastings will, no doubt, be able to hold her own when the next coronation takes place, which it may be hoped, however, will not be just yet, or, indeed, until the long-talked-of new harbour is *un fait accompli*.

Hastings claims to be "the second largest watering-place in the kingdom," which may or may not be an advantage. Of much greater importance are its natural attractions, and its climate, or rather climates, for it has at least *four*, ranging from the "ethereally mild" of the Undercliff to the sternly bracing of Upper St. Leonard's. Few places combine town and country, seaside and hillside, the historical and the archaeological, as does Hastings; and none that we are aware of has quite the same charm for cultured people, who desire to rest but not to rust. It is largely affected as a place, not simply of sojourn, but of residence, by persons of literary, artistic, and musical tastes, as well as by Anglo-Indians and the higher classes of retired civil servants. Its nearness to London is both an advantage and a drawback; but the genus "tripper" is a passing, rather than a permanent, feature of the place, which is wholly delightful in winter and spring, and much more tolerable than is generally supposed in summer and autumn.

R. W. J.

3 N

THE CAILLEBOTTE BEQUEST TO THE LUXEMBOURG.

THERE was a grand excitement in the artist world of Paris when, a few months ago, the will of Gustave Caillebotte was opened. Up to that date it seemed as if the rival Salons, small private sanctuaries, exhibitions "*en chambre*," the divergent schools, the multiplied groups with their ramifications and sub-ramifications, those wheels within wheels, the decorations bestowed on the one, the medals refused to others, had sufficed to agitate the hum of the busy hive. But this was not so—and when the exact terms of the painter's last wishes became universally known, there was a general hubbub, at which crucial moment the bells from one and all the artistic steeples were set simultaneously a-ringing.

Just to think of it,—Gustave Caillebotte, who was one of the first combatants in the primary Impressionist clan, had bequeathed to the State some sixty canvases, upon the base of which names were to be read, that the members of the Institute never dared pronounce without first making the sign of the cross! These were Manet, Degas, Monet, Renoir, Sisley, Pissaro, Cézanne, without omitting Millet, who was represented by a drawing and one small water-colour.

That the State would tacitly refuse to accept the gift, was the solution suggested by those dignitaries who were adorned and decorated, having waxed exceedingly rich in the commerce of bitumen applied to "ye fine arte of painting."



THE SIGN-WRITERS. FROM THE PAINTING BY G. CAILLEBOTTE.

That the direction of the National Museums should accept the donation, to afford satisfaction only to the rats of the establishment, was the expedient proffered by the more moderate.

But here again a new difficulty cropped up:—Caillebotte had, in fact, formally stipulated that the pictures were to be

hung in the galleries of the Luxembourg, that purgatory of living painters, to be ultimately transferred to the Louvre on the death of their several authors.

He added this distinct clause, that the canvases should not be accepted to be rolled up and hidden away in the attics, or despatched to provincial exhibitions. The meaning was straightforward and in no way ambiguous.

To further substantiate his testamentary intentions, Caillebotte finally asserted that if the State refused to submit to these conditions, it was only necessary to wait for better days, and reserve the legacy, until an epoch when an official commission should decide to attribute it to the fate to which it was dedicated.

The directors of the museums, without in any way despising the value of this royal gift, were nevertheless much embarrassed by the same. Plagued by this side, influenced by that, they did not know to which patron saint to address their misgivings—and it must be added that the calendar of saints is a large one in the galleries of officialism.

To take the advice of the superior commission of the Beaux-Arts was the usual mode of administration, and they took refuge in consulting their customary oracle. Amiable but dignified, as is meet for persons imbued with such a difficult function to decide, the commission assembled in a body in the studio

where the pictures left by Caillebotte awaited the administrative decision, without any outward signs of undue impatience. After a conscientious examination, the commission very judiciously accepted the bequest, to the supreme indignation of some obstinate partisans of the school of David, who upon this occasion gave way to impressionism, by wearing on their faces the ill-concealed signs of an unequivocal disgust, delineated in the impressionist manner of prismatic tones.

It seemed after this that the affair, as they say over here in legal language, had been definitely "classified"—but the end was not yet.

The museum of the Luxembourg, whose dimensions are relatively restricted, and where "the line" is still more limited by the encumbrance of a host of canvases, of which the space could be put to greater advantage, is not practically in a condition, in its present state, to receive such

an influx of pictures on its walls. This time it was the turn of the executive trustees to experience embarrassment. They found themselves, by the force of circumstance, in contradiction to the very idea of the testator, and what was the more piquant was that the moral benefactors of the legacy—I allude to the artists whose names I cited above—were in

no way satisfied to figure, by means of a sort of indirect coercion, in the museum which they considered, in their independent spirit, as a registered enrolment, which for many reasons they would only have wished to accept if solicited, and without the State in any manner whatsoever having its hand forced.

Alas for the difficulties of attempting to please every one.

Renoir, anxious, nevertheless, to do the best with his trusteeship for this delicately artistic mission, which had devolved on him, proposed to a near relative of the deceased painter to retain in his keeping, at the disposition of the museum, the works which, for the time being, could not be accommodated in the galleries of the Luxembourg.

The latter, whilst admitting the initiative action and precision of the mandatory of Gustave Caillebotte, replied with reason that he could not take the responsibility upon himself merely on the insufficient ground of want of space in the official buildings—the State would inevitably reproach him in the event of disaster or any other unforeseen cause.

It is thus probable, by the force of circumstance, that a portion of the legacy must anticipate the enlargement of the rooms, which event does not appear to loom in the near future on account of the meagre budget accorded to the Beaux Arts.

An amusing consequence of the question might arise if a certain number of canvases were sent to the Louvre after the customary abode in the Luxembourg—this double transfer would thus create vacancies in the second official museum. It is pro-

bable that a selection would then be made among the lists of the painters whose tendencies

are the farthest removed from progressive standards, and the Impressionist legacy of Caillebotte would have the unexpected result of advancing the interests of works based on utterly opposed principles. But it is highly improbable that this should take place.

This bequest, about which so much has been written, has given rise to much discussion in the present day between painters of all schools, originated, as I will endeavour to show, in an interesting manner.

It was in 1874, the heroic epoch of Impressionism. Some painters of dissimilar tendencies, recruited here; others had by a common consent, banded themselves together, after being individually rebuffed at the Salon of the Champs-Élysées. They took up their abode in close proximity to that official building, and the reception that awaited them has be-

come historical. People went there to laugh, to exclaim, to brandish protesting umbrellas at these canvases, that were then held to be revolutionary, and the public practically assumed the attitude of the jury in Gervex' celebrated picture. The critics of the day, with few exceptions, with ignorance that equalled their confiding readers, saluted this new art with paragraphs that smelt of powder and caught fire as they came into contact with the reader.

This was at a moment that was pervaded with a hysterical passion

and craving for ideas, resembling the time of Hugo and Romanticism—but that day has passed into oblivion. Nowadays, we still laugh where we fail to understand, but we no



DANSEUSE. FROM THE PAINTING BY DEGAS.



LE MOULIN DE LA GALETTE. FROM THE PAINTING BY RENOIR.

longer experience indignation. Hence the result was irrationally logical. A year later a sale took place at the auction-rooms of the Rue Drouot, and the defeat was completed.

The bids—how insignificant!—which a few far-seeing purchasers had made, occasioned unheard-of paroxysms.

If the canvases were not injured in the very teeth of the powerless hammer of M. Charles Pillet, it was only thanks to the reinforcement of police that had to be summoned. Really it is impossible not to smile when recalling these tragi-comic events.

But the exaggeration had been too violent for a reaction not to set in. This ensued, and the excessive animosity which had victimised this "avant-garde" of new painters, procured for them substantial friendships on the part of some intelligent amateurs, dealers, art critics and painters of undetermined views—amongst them Caillebotte.

To be absolutely impartial, it is necessary to realise, that at this epoch the young man was still in the leading strings of instruction, and in no way bound to follow the drudgery of those who must fight to conquer their portion of light and fame. Exceedingly rich—too rich, in fact—Caillebotte wanted to paint as an agreeable pastime, as others go in for sport, travel or yachting.

Perhaps had he remained in the studio of Bonnat, his first master, he might have sallied forth ere long with the artistic accoutrements of a man of the world whose whole æstheticism consists in washing in a few anæmic water-colours, or spreading the paste from his palette with more boldness upon some insipid or scanty subject—in fact just following out the tricks of the trade he had acquired.

But such was not the case—he abandoned Bonnat's studio

inspired with a noble fire for new experiments, and followed from that time forth the artistic fortunes of the last comers.

Owing to his simple tastes and absolute disdain of the obligations of society, the young man, with the advantage of his personal fortune, soon inspired friendships amongst the small knot of "Intransigents," by virtue of his instinctive bent for such Bohemian joys as thoughtlessly expose, to the world at large, their condition of pecuniary embarrassment whilst entertaining rooted confidence in a satisfactorily impending future. Here a slight divergence from the question in point must be permitted.

Impressionism was still unborn, and it was the part of the critics to label them with this epithet—disdainful as they held it to be—which was based upon the title "Impression," given by Claude Monet to a study of 'Sunset at Sea.' The painter of 'The Haystacks,' at this time, had brought the sketch in question back from a trip to Havre, and had

sent it to the first exhibition of the group. As it was then the fashion to select a high-sounding name for every inch of painted canvas in a frame, the artist hesitated how to label his work. Undecided on the point, he took counsel of his friend Renoir, who also, after having sought for a noble appellation, advised his friend to simply call this picture 'Impression.' Thence arose the general name given to those who wished to sound a new and unhackneyed note in the scale of Art—although it must be admitted that Manet with his link to the Spanish school, and Degas, whose pure drawing was directly derived from Ingres, have never, in the strict sense of the word, been Impressionists.

The decomposition of light was in reality only extolled and proclaimed as the principles of a school by the young Seurat, since deceased.

But the first Impressionists, as one must perforce call them, by separating the tones in no way intended to lay it down as a law, but simply employed this method to produce a more striking and dazzling vibration of the effect of light.

There is no new thing under the sun, and Delacroix' frescoes of St. Sulpice show, by their procedure, the same system of technique, the only thought being to lighten the painting, and not meaning thereby to overthrow everything existing in the canons of Art, and deny the concrete vision that the eye instantaneously receives.

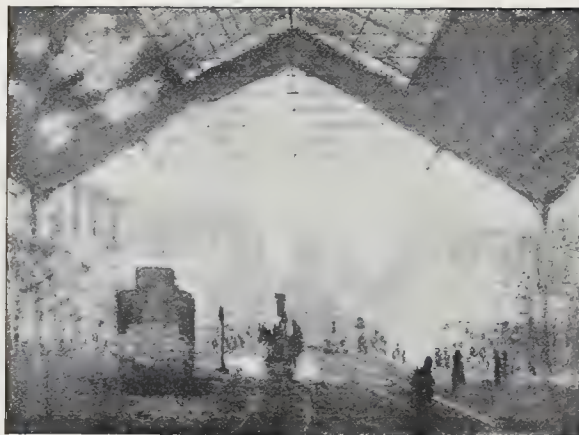
In this first group, where Claude Monet represented audacity; where Renoir—only to think of it!—expounded timidity; Caillebotte was the ardent neophyte and the generous propagandist.

JEAN BERNAC.

(To be continued.)



GUSTAVE CAILLEBOTTE. PAINTED BY HIMSELF.



GARE ST. LAZARE. BY CLAUDE MONET.

LORENZO LOTTO.*

THIS new life of Lotto has many claims upon our attention.

As the work of Mr. Berenson, one of the ablest of Signor Morelli's followers, it marks another step in the gradual advance of the scientific method of criticism which the great Italian was the first to introduce. The new science is still young, but it has already outlived the stages of ridicule and opposition, and is daily giving some fresh proof of its vitality. Morelli's system is now generally accepted by serious students; his works have been translated into English, and even in this country his opinions on the authorship of pictures are, in most cases, acknowledged to be substantially correct. Mr. Berenson's remarks in the introductory pages, deserve to be read carefully by outsiders who smile at the constant references to ears and hands or locks of hair by which we are asked to decide upon the origin and training of a painter. These trivial details are, he shows, the very points in which we detect the habits of execution that an artist naturally acquires from his teacher. It is in the least-expressive and least-noticed features that habits of execution are the strongest, and it is, therefore, not to the

face or form, but to such comparatively unimportant details as the ears, the hands, the hair and the drapery, that we must seek the clue to a painter's origin and the history of his education.

Again, Mr. Berenson deserves the praise of being the first writer who has done full justice to one of the most interesting and, at the same time, one of the least-known members of that brilliant group of painters who flourished at Venice in the first half of the sixteenth century. Until lately Lorenzo Lotto has been numbered among the scholars of Giovanni Bellini, upon

the authority of Vasari, whose statement on this matter had been adopted by all later writers, including Morelli himself.

Mr. Berenson, however, has shown conclusively that Lotto was not the pupil of the Bellini, but of Alvise Vivarini, the head of the rival school of Murano. His chapter on the works and school of Alvise is one of the most valuable in the book, and throws fresh light on the whole subject of Venetian painting. The important place which Alvise held

in Venice at the close of the fifteenth century, his position as an independent master, who was employed for many years in the decoration of the Ducal Palace, and became the centre of a group which included such renowned artists as Cima de Conegliano, Bartolomeo, Montagna, and Carlo Crivelli, are clearly proved. Very interesting too, is the light which is here thrown upon Albert Dürer's relations with the Vivarini, and the new reading which is thus given to his famous letter from Venice: "Giovanni Bellini is still the best painter, and *the sort of thing that pleased me so much eleven years ago,*" i.e. the works of the Murano school "pleases me now



ST. BERNARDINO. BY LORENZO LOTTO.
ALTAR-PIECE AT BERGAMO.

not at all" (p. 45). The honour of being Lotto's birthplace has been claimed alike by Bergamo and Treviso, but recent documents prove him to have been one of the few great artists who was actually a native of Venice, where he was born in the year 1480. The little 'Danaë' belonging to Professor Conway, lately exhibited at the New Gallery, was probably one of his earliest works; painted, Mr. Berenson suggests, when he was about seventeen or eighteen. Nothing can be more simple and childlike than this quaint little picture, in which Danaë, robed in white and yellow, reclines on a bank in a wooded landscape, while Cupid rains down a shower of gold upon her from the skies. Already, in this youthful and imma-

* "Lorenzo Lotto: An Essay in Constructive Art-Criticism." By Bernhard Berenson, Author of "The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance." (G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York and London, 1895.)

ture work, the personal and individual note is struck which was to distinguish Lotto among his peers. Like Crivelli and Barbari, Lotto spent much of his life away from his native Venice, and other cities were the chief sphere of his work.

The district of Treviso, that pleasant and joyous land of the old Venetian writers, was the scene of his first efforts, and there, between 1503 and 1506, he painted his first important altar-pieces, at Santa Cristina and Asolo. In 1505, when only five-and-twenty, he is mentioned as a "*pictor celebrissimus*," living at Treviso, and yet when he left that town, a year later, he was so poor that he had to give up his furniture and most of his clothes to pay the rent of his lodgings. All his life he seems to have been the same, a hard-worker, but an improvident man, generous and kindly to others, but setting little store by his gains, and taking no thought for the morrow. From Treviso he went to Recanati, in the March of Ancona, where he spent the next two years and painted an important altar-piece of the Madonna enthroned for the church of S. Domenico, which, like all of these early pictures, bears a close resemblance to similar works by Alvise. But, to the very end of Lotto's career, the oval of his faces, the play of the hands and shape of the feet, the elaborate architecture which frames in his groups, and the decorative use of fruits and flowers and Eastern carpets, recall the types of the Vivarini and the practice of the Murano and Paduan schools. From 1508 to 1512 Lotto was in Rome, and was actually employed in the Vatican, during those memorable days when Raphael was painting the Stanze, and Michelangelo was at work in the Sistine. A document preserved in the Corsini Library records that Lorenzo Lotto received one hundred ducats for frescoes to be painted in the upper storey of the Vatican. No trace of these works remain, but whether he ever executed them or not, he was certainly brought into contact with the great master of Urbino, whose influence is strongly felt in his works of this period. A 'Pietà' of 1512, at Jesi, and a 'Transfiguration,' at Recanati, bear marked traces of Umbrian influences. The youthful St. John in both pictures recalls the same figure in the Borghese Entombment, while in a fresco, which he painted twelve years later at the village of Credaro, near Bergamo, Mr. Berenson has discovered a 'St. George,' on horseback, which is an eminent reminiscence of the celestial rider in Raphael's 'Expulsion of Heliodorus.'

In 1513, Lotto was summoned to Bergamo, and during the next twelve years this city remained his headquarters. This was the most prosperous period of his life, a period fruitful in great works, when he first began to reveal the full extent of his powers. The Madonna of San Bartolommeo, with its angels hovering above the Virgin's throne and charming *putti* spreading a carpet at her feet, has often been compared to Correggio's youthful masterpiece, the Madonna of St. Francis at Dresden, and bears witness to the common descent of both artists from the school of Mantegna and the Vivarini. Equally modern in sentiment and movement, and even more full of spiritual loveliness, is the Madonna who sits enthroned between the Baptist and the companion saints above the altar of San Bernardino. We give our readers a reproduction of this Virgin, whose outstretched hand eloquently proclaims the glory of her Son to the listening saints, while kneeling on the rose-strewn steps of her throne, a boy angel writes down her words in his open book. Closely akin to this picture is the gentle Madonna in the Dresden gallery, which, long ascribed to some unknown follower of Leonardo, was first recognised in

1889, by the distinguished connoisseur Signor Frizzoni, as the work of Lotto, whose signature was actually discovered on the picture two years later. It was for Zanin Casoto, a wealthy citizen of Bergamo, that Lotto painted the 'Bride and Bridegroom,' in the Madrid Gallery; '*Messer Marsilio et la sposa sua con Cupidinetto*,' as the picture is called in a bill of the works which the painter executed for this liberal patron. The bridegroom, a dull, placid man, with a satisfied smile on his broad face, is in the act of putting a ring on the hand of his handsome bride, while a mischievous Cupid flies up behind them, and, with a sly glance at Marsilio, places a laurel-wreathed yoke upon their necks. The humour of the situation is evident. "The characters," writes Mr. Berenson, "are presented to us as distinctly as in a modern psychological novel, and in our minds no more doubt is left than in Cupid's, as to which of the two will be master of the new household."

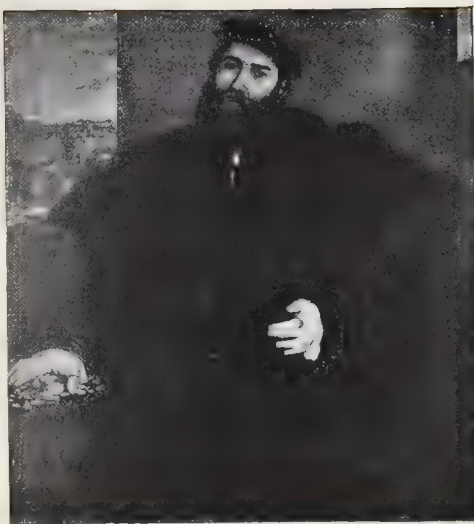
The same touch of subtle feeling meets us in the well-known 'Family Group,' of the National Gallery (No. 1067). Here the father, a man of forty, with a refined, sensitive face, sits opposite his wife at a table covered with an Eastern cloth, holding up a couple of cherries, which he has taken from a plate before him. A baby boy jumps up to reach them, while his little sister, dressed in the same rich clothes as her mother, clambers on to the table and helps herself to some cherries. Both parents look out of the picture, but none the less the impression left upon the mind is not that of a mere collection of portraits, without any bond of sympathy between them, but of a family story, in which situations are as complicated and life as full of hidden meanings as in a poem of Browning's or a novel by Tolstoi.

This intensely individual character constitutes the charm of Lotto's portraits. "They all have," as Mr. Berenson says, "the interest of personal confessions." The whole inner life of his sitters, their tastes and feelings, their hopes and fears, are laid bare before us. The same subtlety of expression and refinement of feeling mark his works, whether he paints the Dominican prior counting his gold by candle-light, or the great Venetian collector, Andrea Odoni, contemplating the antique marbles in which his soul delights; whether, as in his Berlin and Vienna portraits, he has some noble and intellectual youth for his subject, or, as in one of his Brera pictures, the sitter is some old man, whose wrinkled yellow skin and stony eyes speak of a hard and loveless old age. Even where the subjects plainly fail to inspire him with sympathy, he makes, as it were, the best of them, and is full of kindness and charity for their failings. The motherly look of the middle-aged woman, in his Bergamo portrait, redeems her face from emptiness and dullness, and the plain countenances of the Della Torre brothers, in the National Gallery picture, kindle our interest by their refined and thoughtful expressions. We are all of us familiar with Captain Holford's splendid portrait of the Venetian beauty, standing by the empty cradle, pointing to the drawing of Lucretia, and turning her passionate dark eyes upon us with a look, so full of strange significance, that we wonder what tale she can have to tell, and long to unravel the mystery of the writing on the paper among the flowers at her side. But comparatively few may know that pathetic portrait in the Borghese Gallery, of the noble Venetian gentleman, clad in black, laying one hand on his heart, and the other on a small flower-wreathed skull, which tells of a sorrow too deep for tears. The mournful look in his eyes, and the loveliness of the summer landscape, seen through the open window, alike

seem to speak of the tender grace of a day that is dead, and make us feel that for him life can never be the same again. Even more overwhelming, in its almost terrible pathos, is that other portrait in the Doria Gallery, where a man, in the prime of life, presses one hand to his breast, and points to himself with the other, as if conscious that his fate is sealed. His brow is contracted with pain; he draws his breath, it is evident, with great difficulty, and behind him a little winged genius holds the scales where life and death are trembling in the balance.

This quick sympathy with the joys and sorrows, the tears and passions of men and women about him, this tender interest in humanity, has led the artist to fill the background of his sacred pictures with the most varied and lively imagery, and to paint those charming scenes of Santa Barbara moving among the buyers and sellers of the market-place, and blessing the peasants at work in the harvest-field, which adorn the little chapel of Trescorre. Again, his love for child-life is evident in the sportive cherubs who play in the vine-trellis painted on the wooden roof of the chapel, and in the small boy who plucks at the bishop's glittering chasuble at the most solemn moment of the mass. This sympathy with all forms of happy and innocent, of sad and suffering life, may have been deepened by the circumstances of the painter's own existence. All his life Lotto was a lonely man, a wanderer from city to city, with no

fixed place of abode, and no close family ties. As early as 1513, before he went to Bergamo, he had no home of his own at Venice, but was living in the great Dominican convent of



PORTRAIT OF A MAN. BY LORENZO LOTTO.
IN THE VILLA BORGHESE, ROME.

days ago, he says that the pleasure which he feels in seeing the Emperor's satisfaction with his works would be doubled if he could show them to you and have the benefit of your approval. For he feels how much the value of your judgment is increased by the experience of years, by the gifts of nature and of art, as well as by that sincere kindness which makes you judge of the pictures and portraits of others with as much

justice and candour as if they were your own."

The influence of Titian is evident in the rich colouring of Lotto's works at this period, notably in the grand altarpiece, the 'Glory of St. Nicholas,' with its once lovely, but now ruined landscape, painted in 1529 for the church of the Carmine and in the fine picture of 'Christ and the Woman taken in Adultery,' a popular subject with contemporary Venetian mas-



THE BRIDAL COUPLE. BY LORENZO LOTTO.
IN THE GALLERY AT MADRID.

ters, which is now in the Louvre. To this period we may also ascribe the graceful Santa Conversazione at Vienna, and the curiously modern Annunciation at Recanati, with the

S. Zanipoli, and in two wills which he made at different times, he left the friars all his possessions.

Towards the end of 1526, Lotto returned to Venice, where he spent most of the next sixteen years. Here he renewed his early friendship with Palma, and became intimate with Titian, who, in after years, retained a sincere regard for Lotto, and sent him friendly messages from the court of Charles V. "O Lotto, good as goodness, and virtuous as virtue itself," wrote Pietro Aretino in April, 1548. "Titian, from imperial Augsburg, surrounded as he is by all the glory and favour of the world, greets and embraces you. In a letter which he sent me two

startled Virgin kneeling at her *prie-dieu*, and the frightened cat running away at the sight of the flaxen-haired angel who has alighted on the floor of the humble chamber.

These two last-named pictures have several points in common with a very different work, the so-called 'Triumph of Chastity' in the Rospigliosi Gallery in Rome. The subject of this fascinating picture is perhaps better expressed by its French title, *La Force qui frappe l'Innocence*. Venus and her terrified boy are here seen flying before the furious attack of a matron robed in green, who has broken poor Cupid's bow and dashed the lighted torch from his hand. With the single exception of the little Danaë painted in the painter's early youth, this is the only time that Lotto has chosen a mythological theme. Little as pagan motives attracted his pious nature, we see him here at his best. Nowhere else in his works do we find as much beauty of form and poetry of movement, as in this lovely persecuted woman with streaming locks and fluttering dress, flying through space. But at this period of his life, between forty-five and sixty, Lotto's powers were at their height. In 1531, he completed the great Crucifixion at Monte San Giusto, near Macerata, in the Marches, with its twenty-three life-sized figures, and the good Bishop Niccolò Bonafede kneeling at the foot of the cross, the grandest and most dramatic of all his works. Many of his finest portraits also belong to this period. The young man in the Berlin gallery, with the view of the Molo and lagoon in the pistance, was painted immediately after his return to Venice, and that of Andrea Odoni is dated 1527. The Borghese and Holford portraits are placed by Mr. Berenson in 1529 or 1530, and the sick man in the Doria gallery about five years later, while we know from Lotto's own account-book that he began the noble portraits of "Messer Febo da Brescia and Madonna Laura di Pola his wife, on the 19th of April, 1543, and finished them on the 19th May, 1544." Both of these, as well as the picture of the old man which Mr. Berenson calls the painter's most remarkable technical achievement, were presented by the late King Victor Emanuel to the Brera gallery.

Aretino's letter of 1548, a will which Lotto made in 1546, and an account-book which he kept during the last fifteen years of his life, tell us more about his old age than we learn of any other part of his career. All these bear witness to the gentleness and seriousness of the painter's nature, to his kindness of heart and religious spirit. Years had only deepened his habits of devotion, and his unworldliness and earnest piety were well known in Venice. "Holding the second place in the art of painting," writes Aretino in his half-ironical way, "is nothing, compared to holding the first place in the duties of religion, for doubtless heaven will reward you with a glory beyond all the praise of this world."

These deeply religious convictions may well have brought Lotto into relation with some of those earnest reformers, such as Contarini or Sadoletto, who without forsaking the fold of Christ, longed to purify the Church from her sins and errors.

Venice, we know, was at that time the meeting-place of many such thinkers, and although we have no actual evidence of Lotto's intercourse with them, the personal nature of his religion and his profound interpretation of Old Testament history render it extremely probable that he was familiar with some members of this little band. Mr. Berenson sees in the altar-piece at Cingoli, a lonely mountain village in the

Marches, a clear proof of Lotto's contact with these Catholic reformers. In this very interesting work, hitherto supposed by art-historians to have perished, and first discovered by our author, the Madonna seated in a rose-garden, surrounded by saints and cherubs, bends down to present a pearl rosary to St. Dominic. A playful *putto* scatters rose-leaves over the Saint, and on the branches of the rose-hedge behind hang fifteen medallions, containing episodes from the life of Christ and His Mother.

Each one of these scenes, Mr. Berenson tells us, is treated "with a depth of conviction, a sublimity of conception, an earnestness of piety, an eloquence of appeal, which have a kindling power such as the early Protestant preachers are reported to have had over those who heard them" (page 335). And it is a significant fact that one of the first entries in Lotto's account-book should be the completion of the portraits of Martin Luther and his wife, which he finished in October, 1540, for his nephew Mario, with whom he was then living, and who intended them as a gift for a friend of his named Tristan.

Meanwhile, the painter's relations with the Dominicans of S. Zanipoli remained as intimate as ever, and their convent was still his favourite home. In March, 1542, he finished his great altar-piece of the saintly Archbishop Antonino, of Florence, who appears throned in glory, while below young deacons are distributing bread and alms to the needy poor. The price of the picture was fixed at one hundred and twenty-five ducats, but Lotto only asked for ninety, on condition that at his death he should be buried in the convent church, clad in the habit of the Dominican order. But after all S. Giovanni and Paolo was not to be his last home. That autumn he went to Treviso, and took up his abode in the house of a friend, Zuane del Saon, hoping to find that care and family affection for which he longed, "seeing," he tells us himself, "that I was advanced in years, and of an anxious mind." But the experiment proved a failure, and, after three years, Lotto left Treviso, "for divers reasons," he relates, "and chiefly," strange to say, "because I did not earn enough by my art or my own support." A few months after his return to Venice, on March 25th, 1546, he made a second will, leaving all his possessions to the Hospital of S. Giovanni and Paolo, and directing that the thirty cartoons which he had made for the *intarsias* of the Bergamo choir stalls, on which he seems to have set special store, should be given, as a dowry, to two maidens, "of quiet nature, healthy in mind and body, and likely to make thrifty housekeepers," on their marriage with two "well-recommended young men setting out in the art of painting, likely to appreciate the cartoons and to turn them to good account."

In June, 1549, Lotto left Venice to paint an 'Assumption' in a church at Ancona, and early in the following year, having resolved to spend the rest of his life in the Marches, he sent for the pictures which he had left behind him, in the charge of Titian's friend, Sansovino. He remained at Ancona, painting altar-pieces for neighbouring churches, two years longer, until, in August, 1552, he settled at Loreto, attracted by the beauty of the spot and the presence of the famous sanctuary. On the 8th of September, 1554, "being tired of wandering, and wishing to end his days in that holy place," he dedicated himself and all his worldly goods to the service of the Blessed Virgin, and became an inmate of the Holy House of Loreto. Among the conditions named in the deed of gift, it is expressly stipulated

that he should have rooms, clothing, and a servant, "that he should enjoy the same consideration as a Canon, be prayed for as a benefactor, and have one florin a month to spend as he pleased." In this quiet retreat he spent the last years of his life, growing daily feebler, and "having almost entirely lost his voice." "These last years of the painter's life," remarks Vasari, "were exceedingly happy. His soul was filled with a blessed peace, besides which," he adds in words that sound like an echo of Aretino's letter, "they had the advantage of winning the painter eternal life, which he might, perhaps, not have attained had he remained plunged in the affairs of this busy world." The last entry in Lotto's account-book belongs to the latter part of 1556, so that his death could not have occurred until the close of the year. To the end he worked with his brush, painting not only pictures for the chapels in

the basilica, but a series of striking works in the Palazzo Apostolico. Some of these works may still be seen at Loreto, and are, according to Mr. Berenson, almost monochrome in tone, but as full of vigorous interpretation of character as the works of the French Impressionists of to-day. He describes 'A Presentation,' which was one of the aged master's last pictures, as suggesting the work of Manet and Degas, and as being, perhaps, "the most modern picture ever painted by an old Italian master" (p. 292). It is this modern note in Lotto's personality—that quality on which Mr. Berenson is never tired of insisting—which, above all, commands our attention and claims our sympathy. "His spirit is more like our own than is, perhaps, that of any other Italian painter, and it has all the appeal and fascination of a kindred soul in another age" (p. 344).

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.



THE DEAN CLOUGH MILLS IN 1806.

THE MAKING OF TAPESTRY AND BRUSSELS CARPETS.

A VISIT TO THE DEAN CLOUGH MILLS, HALIFAX.

TO attempt to describe the routine of a great industry, in a way that should interest the unlearned, without unduly irritating the expert, is an extremely difficult enterprise. On the one hand lies the danger of laying too great a stress on the noise and energy displayed, or in dwelling too much upon the picturesque effects of light and colour, that is on the merely unusual aspect of the scene to an outsider; while, on the other hand, you may easily fall into the dull clutch of statistics, and revel in figures and facts of the highest importance to the expert, but almost meaningless to the average reader. Between these two extremes, with a keen eye to the artistic principles involved, lies the ideal course doubtless, but one more readily grasped in theory than in practice.

Not only does a vast factory give a fresh idea of English energy and English brains, it opens up a clearly widening horizon, that lays bare the whole world to your eye. You begin to realise that the raw materials to be provided, and the buyers for the finished product, need a globe to supply sufficient quantities of either.

It is always with a new surprise that one discovers that a
1895.

single step into an unfamiliar sphere of action, changes all sorts of things heretofore accepted, vaguely, as part of the order of the universe, into vivid, tangible, and exceedingly interesting facts.

Before a day at Messrs. Crossley's great mills at Halifax, carpets were to me—as they possibly are to you still—merely interesting for their artistic beauty, or, perhaps, only as somewhat costly items in the home expenditure that entailed renewal more frequently than one could wish. After the visit, not only do carpets in future become objects worthy of keen study, but you feel tempted to make them the test of civilisation—to ransack ancient history to show that their use marks the first step in separating the mere shelter from the home, and to glance ahead in visions until every kraal or ingloo shall own the supremacy of modern ideas tangibly made evident by carpets on their floors.

When, however, all the arts are your rivals in the adjacent pages, and you have to spin a dull yarn on a subject which interested you little but a short while ago, then it requires no small faith in the subject to proceed.

The phrase "to spin a dull yarn"—which has inadvertently

slipped in—ominous though it be, is also in keeping with the subject; for, as we shall see, the first operation after the sorting and cleansing of the raw work, is the spinning of a sad-coloured yarn, which ultimately becomes a gorgeous textile worthy the steps of a throne, or even, in its humblest varieties, a fabric that adds warmth and comfort to the house.

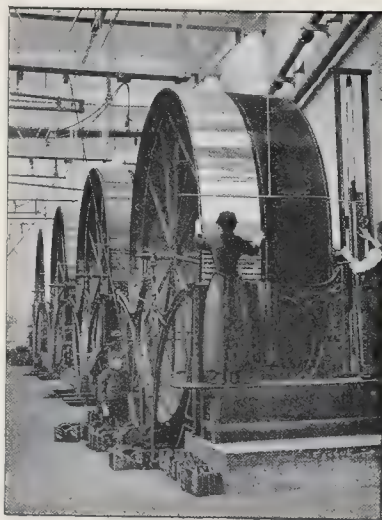
It is a superb valley, just out of the town of Halifax, wherein the Dean Clough Mills have been built. The huge structures almost dwarf the hills on each side, for half a dozen buildings, each the size of a Charing Cross Hotel, some of them containing ten stories, rising to a height of a hundred and twenty feet, are big enough to enter into serious rivalry with nature's masses. It is not unpleasant to discover once again that mere size and strength absolutely devoid of any conscious effort after beauty, yield as the result, if not positive grace, at least absence of actual ugliness. For these demure walls and high chimney-shafts of cool grey stone are not vulgar, and offend the esthetic sense far less than many a modern building, whereon the architect has wasted thousands of pounds' worth of poor ornament in a vain quest for beauty.

As you enter the courtyard, and pass with a courteous cicerone into the basement of one of the mills, you see masses of wool as colourless as the East End itself—grimy and drab—being slowly washed in huge vats. After being plunged into boiling water, wrung out, and re-plunged again and again, at the third washing it emerges looking near the proverbial colour of wool that has been washed, if not actually whiter than snow. In the next basement you find this washed wool is being combed by special machinery, that separates the fibres into a fluffy mass, which again takes a bluish-grey colour. Then you see this grey fluff tossed upon

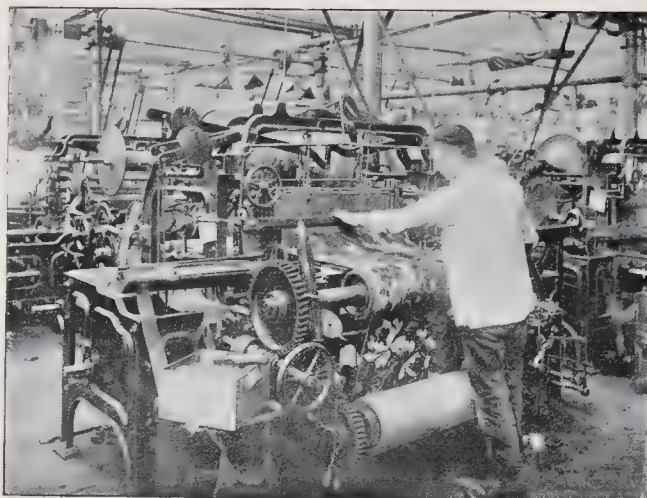
another machine, whence, after passing under several rollers, it emerges to be caught up in a fan-shaped film, which, contracted to a point, is drawn through a tube. From this tube it reappears a loose rope of creamy yarn, to be wound on great wheels by a most ingenious contrivance. Then you follow it through various stages, wools of various qualities being mixed and separated, until the loose ropes, say an inch in diameter, are divided into firm and comparatively fine threads, and the wool has become "yarn," ready to be dyed or coloured in other ways, and woven ultimately into its final shapes.

At this point, however, the future progress of the yarn diverges sharply into two paths—one leading to the so-called "Brussels" carpets, the other to the "tapestry" variety. For Brussels the wool is dyed in self-colours, which are mechanically disposed in their allotted positions in the fabric. In tapestry each separate thread is dyed in an infinite number of colours, occurring at prearranged intervals. The Brussels yarn is, roughly speaking, merely a mechanical substitute for the needle of the embroiderer. The tapestry yarn, dyed each fraction of an inch in a different shade, is not so easily explained by comparison with more familiar methods.

If we take Brussels to be a rough parallel of the once-popular Berlin-wool work, where every new colour requires a fresh needleful of wool, we shall understand the broad principles of its method. But for the method employed in weaving tapestry, there is hardly any domestic needlework which offers an analogous treatment. Possibly, the curtains made



THE DRUM.



WEAVING A TAPESTRY CARPET.

up of strings of coloured beads, where the pattern upon the whole deep fringe is formed by the various colours of the beads, occurring in ordered sequence on each thread, is the nearest familiar object one can remember to serve as

illustration. To take this farther, suppose we imagine a tiny fringe of nine beads, three strings with three beads on each (Fig. 1, p. 241); on the first and last strings one red, one white, one red bead; on the central string three white beads. Hung side by side, the effect is that of a white cross of five beads, on a ground of red—four beads. Replace the imaginary beads with points, as they are called (stitches we should style them), and you will see (Fig. 2) the broad principle of the variously coloured thread yielding the points of colour, just in the right order to produce the pattern. This principle, which governs all machine-made "tapestries," must be grasped before it is possible to follow a description of tapestry-carpet making. Replace the imagined square of nine points by a square of eighty-one, that is, nine each way (Fig. 3), and imagine four colours in place of two, and you will be on the way to understand it more fully. If, on reference to Fig. 3, you note the first "thread" to the left consists of colours, this may be called A.B.C.C. A.A.A.B.D.—in this order—the second in this, B.A.B.B.C. A.B.D.D., and so on. You will then be ready to plunge deeper into the mystery of pattern production by this ingenious method of preparing the thread, so that it yields the required colour at each spot of its appearance, as it runs parallel with the selvedge of the woven carpet.

But the more closely you follow the practical working out of this simple theory, the more it amazes you. In our imagined square, of nine, or even of eighty-one points, the thing seems child's play, but to grasp the fact of a thousand and thirty-eight of such particular coloured threads, each many yards in

length, set side by side, and each so perfectly adjusted to its neighbour that a clearly defined pattern results, is almost beyond imagination. To realise a square of such points $1,038 \times 1,038$, that is over a million stitches (1,077,444) all correctly placed

to yield each its proper unit of colour, is impossible, and (to use an overworked idiom) imagination boggles at the attempt.

Indeed, as you try to keep cool and study the quite simple method, that by mere dint of multiplication becomes more and more improbable, you feel it easier to take refuge in a paradox, and say that the thing is impossibly simple in idea, and simply impossible in practical working. Yet it goes on; day after day, through endless complications, with no apparent effort on the part of any of the workers to understand why it all comes right in the end.

Even when you have mastered more or less clearly the triumphant results of all this complex calculation, you fall to wondering at the faith of its inventors, and the greater faith of those who first embarked money in an enterprise which, indeed, promised fortune in the end, but must have looked chimerical when it existed only as a scheme on paper.

To return to the factory. Having decided to follow the course of the yarn for tapestry, we go at once to its "dyeing," as it is called, although painting, or still better, "ruling" the threads with coloured dyes, would suggest something nearer the actual process.

In a large room which, like all the huge apartments of the Dean Clough Mill, is most excellently lighted and ventilated, you see a row of huge machines on the left side, each with a huge

wheel that looks like a big working model of the Earl's Court roundabout. These drums, probably twelve feet in diameter, are the most conspicuous features of a machine that, on closer inspection, reveals most ingenious appliances for accomplishing its several purposes. Each drum is first

covered with an oil-cloth, which is in its turn covered with threads laid side by side, as close as those on an ordinary reel of cotton, and naturally, like those, encircling the axis of the wheel. This is the thread to be dyed in various colours along its

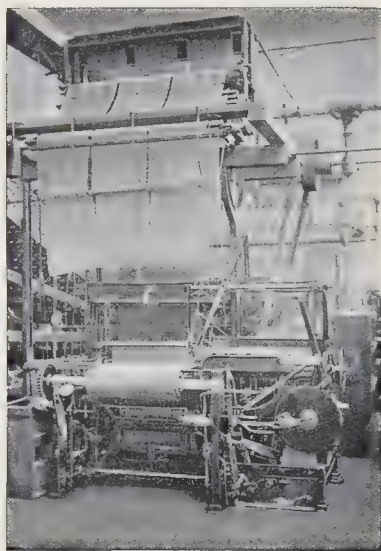


AT THE SETTING MACHINE.



PREPARING PATTERN CARDS IN THE PAINTING ROOM.

length in the way I have tried to explain, and as it appears in the photograph reproduced on p. 238. A moment's study of a piece of carpet will enable you to realise that to form each spot of colour, each "point of its mosaic," a loop of the yarn is required, so that each "point" of colour in the flat thread is about three times as long as it appears to the eye in the finished carpet. In other words, if the "point" of colour in the carpet be one-ninth of an inch square, the yarn must be about three-ninths to provide sufficient for it. The so-called dyeing is really machine-ruling—the threads being ruled (whether with a roller or brush the rapid movement prevents our ascertaining) in lines of colour—so that all the threads on the drum (which supply one single thread only of the pattern) are simultaneously coloured at any given point. To the left hand of the man who guides the machine is an upright board, known as the print-board, which bears the number of



A JACQUARD LOOM FOR BRUSSELS.

every colour in white paint; parallel with this is a strip of coloured pattern—on a larger scale—of the design he is to carry out. The print-board is numbered one to six hundred and forty-eight, and as the worker runs it up and down by a pulley, he sets in motion a little carriage running on rails before the drum, which (out of sight) rules the colour he requires across the thread at the point indicated on his board. So he turns the drum until it has ruled all the repetitions of the particular colour he needs, when a boy substitutes the next colour, and so on, until the threads, once white, are now completely dyed, looking, as we see them in the photograph, like a striped fabric wound round the drum. When this ruling is completed, one single thread of the hundreds required to build up one single pattern is ready for being woven into place, or rather is ready to undergo certain other stages before it finally reaches its destined end. It is needful to repeat that each "drum" supplies but a single thread after the process just described is complete. For an ordinary 27-inch width, about 200 threads are employed, for a bordered

square four yards wide (a special manufacture of this mill) 1,038 are needed. This apparently requires 1,038 separate drumfuls of thread; but as the patterns are mostly "repeating designs" or symmetrical, probably a lesser number suffices. But as each "thread" running the whole length must needs be prepared in this way, one may reckon at least 200 for an average pattern. All this, for the preliminary dyeing only of wool, to weave into a fabric retailing at a few shillings a yard, and, moreover, to prepare but a single design of the many thousands manufactured by Messrs. Crossley. One has to hark back to such facts to realise that you are not witnessing the fanciful schemes of an enthusiast who cares little for the cost provided he prove his scheme to be workable, but the daily routine of a huge business that is carried on profitably and for eminently utilitarian ends.

When all the yarn on one of these wheels is duly coloured, it is taken off in a huge skein, and steamed with the double purpose, apparently, of fixing the dye and removing the superfluous pigment, which is apt to form hard ridges at the junction of one line of colour with its neighbour. This steaming of the yarn is followed by washings in cold water. The hanks of wool, merely a greatly enlarged variety of the skein familiar to fancy-workers, are now apparently hopelessly mixed together. True that each bears a label; but they all look so much alike to an unpractised eye, that you wonder how they are ever re-arranged. For the moment, however, the interest in the progress of the raw material is lost in the picturesque effect of the men who are cleansing it. Protected with light colour oil-skin aprons, which have taken brilliant stains from the dyes, glistening with water, which splashes them from head to foot as they handle the limp ropes, of vivid hues, blotched in great patches of reds and greens, yellow and blues, they yield a subject which might well serve as the motive of a great picture. One can imagine what a canvas Mr. Sargent or Mr. Stanhope Forbes would make of the scene. For here no effort would be needed to secure the picturesque. A transcript of the literal facts, set down in a masterly way, would give you a perfect feast of broken colour.

To return to the direct subject: when these skeins are washed sufficiently and dried, the yarn is wound off by special machines, on to bobbins. A huge room is devoted to this stage of the process. Here (as indeed throughout the mills), one is struck with the huge number of precisely similar machines, each with its staff of workers, acting with automatic precision side by side; the endless vista of whirling reels, each contributing its little clattering note to one general uproar, as it whirls round until it has received its appointed quantity of yarn.

Thence to another stage which is peculiarly unlike any other industry, carried out by a separate group of machines in the setting room. The work of this room consists of setting the threads side by side in the position they are destined to occupy in the finished carpet, a sort of dress rehearsal of the final process of weaving. Here each of the two hundred yarns that supply the width of an ordinary carpet, is adjusted to its fellows on a most ingenious machine. The two hundred bobbins are placed on the machine, each yields its thread through a tube whence it is pulled out and fastened to a roller at the other end of the machine. This roller with its two hundred yarns is run out to a certain length, when the threads are drawn taut side by side like the strings of a grand piano,

only practically touching each other. Two women (one at each side) take each thread separately and move it if necessary to its proper place. The rapid way in which they scan the hundred threads each supervises until their hands meet in the centre, the fact that although the design is near them for reference, after the first few lengths of thread are adjusted they depend entirely on memory, and the certainty with which they revise the position of their threads, is not to be described. As you watch, a length is passed, it is rapidly wound on a large roller at the end, where it looks like a rolled-up striped window blind, and a fresh portion of the pattern is pulled out to be treated in the same way. It is a pretty sight to see each worker (who, as the illustration shows, p. 239, looks as if she were playing a harp) seize the thread, and now and again pause to re-adjust some erratic yarn, until, in less time than it takes to write this bald account, she has collated the hundred strings.

After this comes the final phases, where you see the big tapestry looms gradually unrolling lengths of finished carpet before your eyes. How it is done may be gathered from a close study of the machinery, but is much too complicated to attempt to describe here, or even to understand from the photograph. What you see is a roll of undoubted carpet—ready apparently for immediate use—growing line by line under your eyes. Then you become aware of a series of wires (at the unrolled and constantly growing end of the carpet) rapidly passed along its whole width. Over these, the two hundred yarns are looped, and each wire, with its two hundred loops, is tightened close to the carpet, adding one more line of pattern. Several of these needles are always covered, but the one nearest the worker is pulled away to the right, and shoots back rapidly in front of the others, to be covered with the yarn and stay there until it, in turn, has become once more the front wire, and repeats to take the farthest place once more.

A still more sensational effect is produced by the machine for the velvet pile varieties, when each of these wires possesses a knife at its left end. This, as it finally retreats, cuts the pile, when the loops, thus released, spread out instantly into tufts of wool, yielding the "cut" effect peculiar to velvet piles, whether tapestry or Wilton. It is the poetry

of machinery—this final transformation of threads and yarns to a finished fabric. There is hardly a moment's probation; the long threads of the warp are clothed each instant with a new line of woof, and the carpet grows under your eyes.

"What is the total output?" I ask my guide. "Over six miles daily," is his reply. Six miles—enough to make a path from Charing Cross to Turnham Green—daily! for one 1895.

single firm—albeit the largest in the world—is a statistic that staggers you. You believe it, of course, but you do not realise it, all the same.

Then the last room is rapidly visited, where the finished carpets are carefully scanned for imperfections. As the picture below shows, girls are employed to criticise and, if need be, correct the result. Here a loose yarn is snipped close; there a needle full of the right-coloured

yarn deftly works a few points to replace those missed by accident in the weaving. Finally, the carpets are rolled by an ingenious machine, which measures each separate yard, and prints a mark accordingly on the back, and so to the packers, who tie the rolls and store them, for dispersal, ultimately, to the four quarters of the globe.

This, however, merely completes a rapid survey of one section of the mills. For Brussels, you retrace your steps, and enter a huge basement not unlike a Turkish bath, the air is full of steam, that reflects all colours, as if it were rehearsing the *Götterdämmerung* under Wagner. The yarn of Brussels is dyed in self-colour. After the magic of tapestry, the accepted miracle of the Jacquard loom seems almost commonplace. You follow each process and hear of facts and figures, but it is too elaborate to make clear in a paper of this length, and appeals more to those interested in machinery. Ultimately you reach the big looms, each as large as an ordinary house, with huge tiers of perforated cards aloft, and at the back 18 frames containing 6,500 bobbins, *i.e.* reels wound with coloured yarns.

In tapestry the coloured yarn is all, roughly speaking, on the surface; in Brussels, although for "five frames" 1,280 "ends" are used, only 250 come to the face, the other 1,030 being woven together for the back. Thus the material is softer,

thicker, more durable and consequently, more expensive. Designs for Brussels carpets are theoretically limited to five colours only, but practically it is possible to obtain others by a system called "planting." In other words, although one combination of the five colours must always

come to the surface, the frames need not be filled with the same colour, but arranged so that other shades appear; but as the threads which run parallel with the length are continued on the surface or in the back throughout, it is evident that any attempt to vary the colour by this "planting" must occur always at the same distance from either selvage of the carpet. To explain Brussels fully without a number of diagrams would



THE FINAL OVERLOOKING.

be impossible, and as its weaving is merely a modified form of the Jacquard loom employed for numberless other fabrics, it may be omitted here with barely a reference, although it is represented in the mills by an enormous number of looms. Those employed for weaving the great "squares" four yards wide, are the largest in the world, and, I believe, only to be found in this particular mill. Although this machine has been so hastily dismissed, it is, perhaps, the more important of the two.

At the right of the main gateway stands a huge pile of buildings containing the offices, show-rooms, and a fine suite of studios wherein over fifty artists are always engaged in the preparation of new designs. Of course, these are not all employed in inventing fresh patterns, but a large number of really inventive artists are engaged, and these display a high degree of skill in planning new arrangements of conventional and naturalistic motives, and above all a fine sense of colour.

The assistant colourists and draughtsmen are employed in completing the sketches of the chief designers, and copying them on larger scales, to be cut up into the various slips supplied to the workers. To describe the system of these various working patterns would take up pages of our space; but as every dot of colour in the pattern has to be carefully represented on them, there is little wonder that a huge firm, which boasts of some eight thousand designs in tapestry and six thousand in Brussels, not to mention Axminster, finds sufficient work for half a hundred artists.

The designs of these carpets range from the most beautiful and elaborate to those demanded by colonial and savage tastes. The former include original patterns of great beauty, and superb adaptations of old Eastern designs that always retain their charm to people of taste. The export classes include marvellous pictures of dogs and bicyclists, portraits and landscapes for distant colonies, and wonderful national pictures for Bulgarian and Russian buyers. The home market is catered for in all sorts of fabrics. Here is a sumptuous red carpet for one royal palace, and here a Scotch tartan to order—for another royal palace—that would kill an art critic in a very short time were he condemned to see it beneath his feet. Here are exquisite plain-coloured carpets with most dainty borders in French Rococo and Renaissance styles, chiefly for America, and still more beautiful patterns in what we may call the "Morris" and "Liberty" styles. In short, all tastes are provided for; but as "all tastes," taken collectively, are

apt to be mostly bad, Messrs. Crossley deserve special praise, for their designs are mostly good. Indeed, the best of them may be safely placed among the best of English carpets; and those, as all artists know, are far and away the best modern carpets in the world, for their colour is obedient to the finest Oriental tradition, and their forms range from ingenious rearrangements of Persian and Indian motives to new ideas that are not less good, but entirely nineteenth century in inspiration and execution. Of course much floral design of ultra-realistic character is demanded and supplied; but even that is good of its sort, and thanks to Mr. Marchetti's (the chief director) artistic zeal, even in the cheapest qualities a constant effort is made to raise the taste of purchasers by giving them first-rate patterns even in low-priced goods.

As you leave, with a feeling of regret, you realise that a former visitor to the mills was well within the limits of bare truth when he wrote, "the task of visiting one room (each stage of the many processes) is not so light that a lazy man would care to accomplish it in a single day. Lifts are everywhere and instantly available; bridges at giddy heights span the gulf between mill and mill; but for all that one receives the impression of being hurried about in a vast city."

Here, as elsewhere in the world, we find one man controlling vast numbers; and one man ultimately responsible for the success of enterprises involving the largest issues. Mr. Giulio Marchetti is to-day a most worthy successor to the first John Crossley, who in the small mill, illustrated at page 237, in 1802 set afoot the now gigantic industry.

Statistics, avoided as far as possible, insist on being quoted briefly. The site of the mills covers 16½ acres; the area of floorage is 28 acres, 135,000 square yards; 5,000 workpeople are employed, besides 50 artists and 50 clerks. There are 50 boilers, and 18 large steam-engines, besides 30 smaller ones, and a gas-engine, yielding a total of 4,698 horse-power. It takes 110 tons of coal per day to keep this vast power going, as well as 20,000,000 cubic feet of gas per annum. There is a large plant for electric lighting. The looms are about 1,000, and 82,766 spindles are used in preparing the yarns. The wages amount to £3,500 weekly, for 5,000 hands, and the daily output is at the rate of six miles of carpet three-quarters of a yard wide. With the repetition of this final fact, you leave, feeling that carpets at that rate of production in one mill alone, albeit the largest, demand an epic rather than a scrambling essay, to do full justice to the subject.

G. W.



PART OF THE DEAN CLOUGH MILLS TO-DAY.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.*

By J. E. HODGSON, R.A., LIBRARIAN; AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WILLIAM OWEN, R.A.,

WAS born at Ludlow, in Shropshire, in 1769. His father was a clergyman, in so far, at least, that he had gone through the ceremony of ordination, but having committed the imprudence of marrying into a very respectable Gloucester family, before patronage had given him the means of living, he abandoned the ministry and devoted himself to bookselling. Young William was educated at Ludlow Grammar School, was admitted a student of the Royal Academy in 1791, and at some time probably previous to that date, attracted the favourable notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds by a copy he made of 'Perdita.' He is also, more or less conjecturally, supposed to have been a pupil of Catton. These facts are given by Allan Cunningham, who seems disposed to hang a veil of mystery over the early years of the future R.A. What is perfectly certain is, that in the Somerset House exhibition of 1792, there were two works, a landscape and a portrait, by William Owen, then aged twenty-three, and from that time forward he was a constant annual exhibitor.

He often painted fancy, quasi idyllic scenes of rustic life such as the 'Cottage Girl,' of which we give an illustration; but his chief occupation was portrait painting, and the vast number of works of this class he left behind him shows that patronage was never wanting. He used to com-

plain, however, that he only got the leavings of his three most formidable rivals, namely Hoppner, Beechey, and Lawrence. Hoppner was court favourite, and was in some mysterious way connected with the court, having first opened his little eyes upon this complex world in the precincts of St. James's Palace, where he made his appearance as a not very welcome surprise to certain parties not mentioned in his history. Owen said of him, that when he was at a loss, the prince would sit to him and help him to sell the picture. Sir William Beechey, according to the same authority, sat with the feathers of prin-

cesses fanning his brow. Whilst the indictment against Lawrence probably included the possession of inordinate good looks and gentle manners, as well as a general tendency to flummery and humbug, which excited the wrath of Owen. But in spite of these hindrances he was able to hold his own, and the long list of distinguished men who sat to him shows that he enjoyed a popularity of a decidedly substantial kind.

In 1810, the year of Hoppner's death, and probably after that event, Owen was made portrait painter to the Prince of Wales, and three years later "principal portrait painter to

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent," at which time he was also offered knighthood, which he declined. He had been elected an Associate in 1804, and a full Academician in 1806.

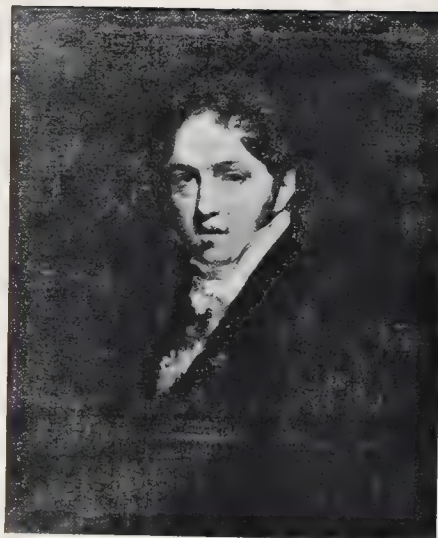
As a painter we must place him quite in the first class; he had acquired, possibly from that early copy of 'Perdita,' something



THE COTTAGE GIRL. BY WILLIAM OWEN, R.A. ENGRAVED BY M. STAINFORTH.

* Continued from page 146. See page 256 for a notice of the death of Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., the joint author of these articles.

of the rich, unctuous, yet crumbling method of laying on the colour which is conspicuous in Reynolds. Owen's execution



WILLIAM OWEN, R.A. BY HIMSELF.
FROM THE PICTURE BELONGING TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

was truly admirable, and had it only been guided and controlled by a more subtle and watchful sense of colour, his reputation as an artist would have stood very high. In his lifetime he was accused of being too literal and of not rendering his sitters at their best, but this we think could have been only very partially true. It may be conceded theoretically that the world loves truth rather than falsehood, but with relation to the visual presentment, the artistic simulacrum of individual humanity, it were more true to say that the world shrinks from perfect truth, and very much prefers the sort and degree of falsehood which was supplied by the courtly Lawrence and by Beechey, fanned by the plumes of princesses. Owen probably fell short of their standard, but if he refused to conduct his sitters into the inner recesses of that paradise, in which a certain class of persons love to dwell, he certainly planted them on its outskirts, else they had forsaken him and turned to other and more complaisant guides. And this the world never did, but, on the contrary, maintained him in affluence until the close of his career in 1825. In the last five years of his life he had fallen into a state of utter debility, from which he was relieved, we are almost inclined to say mercifully, by the mistake of a chemist who mixed a poison in his dose.

JOHN CHARLES FELIX ROSSI, R.A.,

Was born in 1762 at Nottingham, where his father, a native of Sienna, practised medicine: he was apprenticed to a sculptor under whom he worked as a journeyman. This occupation awoke in him the consciousness that he also possessed original talent, and aroused his ambition; so he betook himself to London and became a student of the Royal Academy. In 1785 he was awarded a travelling studentship, and went to Rome for three years.

When he returned he found patronage awaiting him. Those would seem to have been halcyon days for sculptors: and the huge masses of monumental marble which adorn or encumber the naves and transepts of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, testify not only to the gratitude of the public, and of admiring relatives, but also to the complacency of the Deans and Chapters of those days. There seems to have been no rule or sense of fitness in the matter; influence, as we presume, backed by wealth and some colourable show of achievement on the part of a deceased warrior, naval or military, sufficed to secure a commanding place in the Metropolitan Cathedral, where relatives were left free to pile on marble and mix up fact, allegory, and heathen mythology so long as their purses held out.

Of the unfitness and paganism of many of these monuments we need say nothing, but their ridiculous violation of common sense makes them the legitimate property of the satirist; they remind us of the celebrated statues in the groves of Blarney—

"Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air."

But Millikin's verses, which were purposely ridiculous, are in reality not more absurd than Westmacott's representation of a British officer falling on the field of Waterloo, with nothing on but a Greek helmet.

Rossi executed several large monuments in St. Paul's, one of which is to Captain Robert Faulkner, R.N., who was killed on board the *Blanche* frigate during the fight with the French frigate *Pique*, on the 5th January, 1795, at the age of thirty-two. It occupies a position under the dome, corresponding to Flaxman's monument of Nelson on the other side of the nave, and is of almost equal dimensions. Captain Faulkner



HENRY THOMPSON. BY SIR M. A. SHREE, P.R.A.
FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

is represented falling into the arms of Neptune, who is seated on a rock amongst sea-weed and star-fish, whilst Fame

approaches from behind and crowns the dying hero with a laurel wreath. The British naval officer is very scantily clothed; wears, in fact, quite a minimum of clothing. He carries a shield on his left arm and a broken Greek sword seems to be dropping from his right hand. To us it would appear that a marble tablet, with or without Neptune, somewhere on the walls of the nave, would have been a quite sufficiently adequate national recognition of the services of Captain Robert Faulkner.

However, Rossi was in no way to blame in this matter; he executed a commission given to him, and in doing so, as it appears to us, put in his very best work; at least his best in St. Paul's. It would be too hard a saying that bad was that best, as Rossi was scholarly, and exhibited a certain vigour of chiaroscuro, but he had a hard manner, and was deficient in invention, in design, and in the feeling of grace.

An opportunity makes a man, it has been said, and we doubt if Rossi, without the great monumental commissions, would have succeeded in charming the public by his artistic gifts; indeed, as it turned out, when those commissions ceased he produced no more, though he lived to old age. He was elected an Associate in 1798, and full member in 1802. He died in 1839.

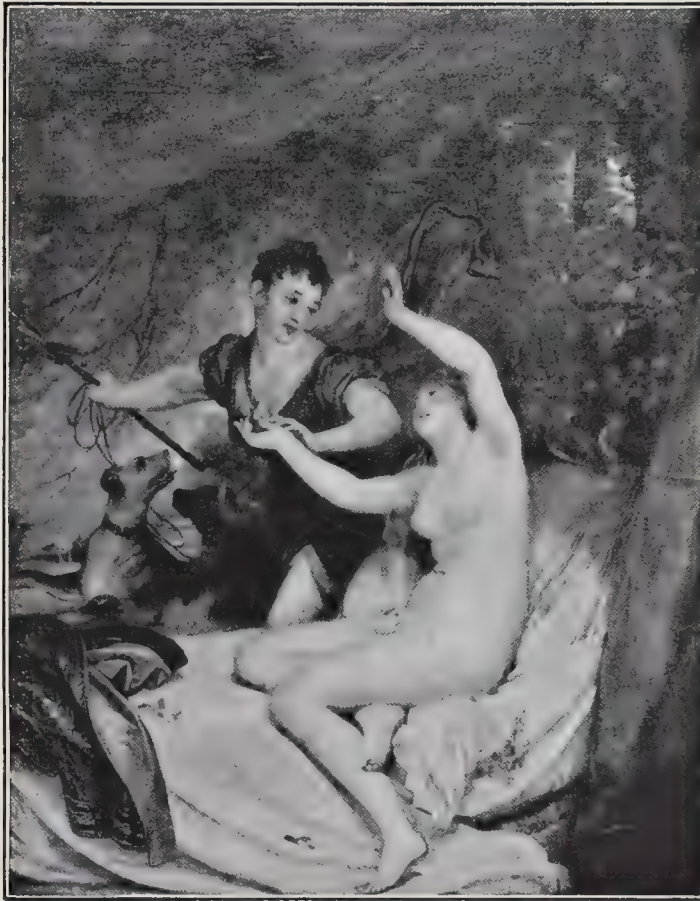
HENRY THOMPSON, R.A.

His name conveys no meaning to the world at large, and the image of him as an artist has vanished into nothingness. He, as we are told, displayed considerable talent in historical painting, in which style of art he practised for many years, but we cannot call to mind receiving any impression from a 1895.

work of art bearing his name. He was elected an Associate in 1801, and Academician in 1804, and succeeded Fuseli as Keeper of the Royal Academy in 1825, but was forced by ill-health to throw up the appointment after only two years' tenure; he then retired to Portsea, his native place, where he was born to a purser of the navy in 1773, and he lived there to the end of his life in 1843—only occasionally practising his art.

When he retired from the office of Keeper he wrote a long

letter to the Council, which, if somewhat stilted and diffuse in style, is certainly a model of dignified and polite letter-writing. In it he says: "To the Royal Academy, I am indebted for my early professional education, and to obtain its honours was one of the dearest objects of my ambition. To sustain those honours with the credit which becomes an artist and the respectability which belongs to the character of a gentleman has been my undeviating desire, and I trust I shall not be



VENUS AND ADONIS. BY THOMAS PHILLIPS, R.A. FROM THE PICTURE IN THE DIPLOMA GALLERY.

deemed presumptuous if I express a hope that they have not been tarnished in my hands." At the same time he presented the Academy with several valuable gifts, among them being the pictures by Giorgione and Mola in the diploma gallery. The Academy on its part showed its appreciation of his services by presenting him with "a gold snuff-box, handsomely enriched and with a suitable inscription."

THOMAS PHILLIPS, R.A.

Thomas Phillips is a name of considerable note in British Art history; though his work is interesting to us perhaps quite equally from an historical as from an artistic point of

view. He had the good fortune to paint most of the eminent literary and scientific men of his time; he lived in an era of great literary splendour, and it is by his pencil more particularly than any other that we have been made familiar with the features and appearance of Byron, Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Campbell, and a number of other great men.

His portrait of Byron in a Greek dress is the standard likeness of the poet, as it is the most beautiful; indeed the engraving after Phillips, which forms the frontispiece to the 1814 edition of the poems, appears to us more beautiful than any face we ever saw in life; it is the face of a poet, and beautiful with a Hyperion beauty, etherealized and sublimated until all earthly coarseness has disappeared. It is not only the poets, but the great scientific men of his age, Sir H. Davy, Faraday, Sedgwick, Sir Joseph Banks, and others, whose likenesses have been handed down to us by Phillips, and we see them probably at their best; indeed we cannot help suspecting him of having occasionally flattered his sitters, either consciously or unconsciously.

Of conscious flattery in portrait-painting, all that need be said is that it destroys character, and is a step towards mannerism. But in unconscious flattery we often have the highest attainable truth about a man; it is a glimpse into his inner being, a sort of intuition which has been vouchsafed to the painter which he has followed, and rendered, perhaps unknowingly to himself; what may be called the central idea of that man, what he was intended to be by nature, and what he is painfully struggling to be in a world full of carnal impediments.

This Thomas Phillips came from Dudley, in Worcestershire, where he first saw the light in 1770. He had had some partial instruction in Art, and came to London provided with a letter of introduction to Benjamin West, who found employment for him in glass painting at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. In 1791 he became a student of the Royal Academy, and after certain preliminary and tentative efforts in historical and even landscape painting, seems finally to have settled down to portraiture in 1796. Like most portrait-painters, Phillips would at times grow impatient of the restraints and the more or less mechanical conditions of his occupation, and would indulge his fancy with some historical or poetical conception—such as the 'Venus and Adonis' which we reproduce; and this he presented to the Royal Academy as his diploma work. But his long and industrious life, prolonged for seventy-five years, was mainly devoted to portraiture, and, as we have already said, he handed down to posterity a mass of authentic documents of the highest biographical interest.

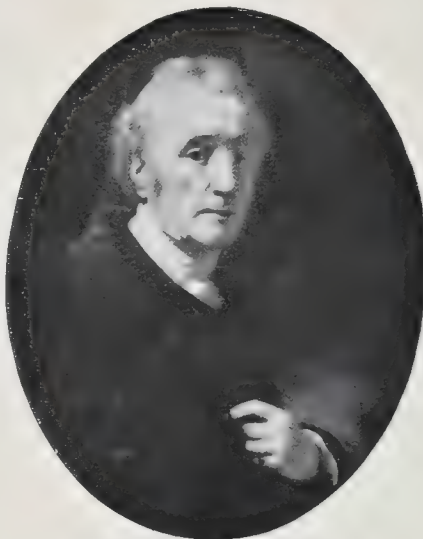
From 1804 to the time of his death he resided at No. 8, George Street, Hanover Square; he was elected an Associate

in that same year, and a full Academician in 1808. He succeeded Fuseli as Professor of Painting in 1825, a post which he held for seven years, and he died in 1845.

His manner as a painter was sprightly and entertaining, he is never dull or heavy; he was a correct draughtsman, and his colouring, like his handling, is bright and lively. One cannot reckon him amongst the great men; he had much more affinity with Lawrence than with Reynolds or Gainsborough; but he is very characteristic of his age, and his works are easily recognised. To the tutored eye the touch of Phillips is no doubt like the handwriting of a friend seen on an envelope before it is torn open, and whatever may have been the man's merits or demerits, one charm he has, at least to us, namely that of being uniformly interesting and individual.

HENRY HOWARD, R.A.

Henry Howard was born in 1769, and after being a pupil of Philip Reinagle, entered the Academy Schools at the age of nineteen. Two years afterwards, on December 10th, 1790, he obtained the two highest prizes awarded, viz., the first silver medal for the best drawing from the life, and the gold medal for the best historical painting, the subject being 'Caractacus recognising the dead body of his Son.' In the following year he went to Rome, and studied there with Flaxman, not returning to England till 1794. Six years afterwards he was elected an Associate, and an Academician in 1808. In 1810 he was appointed Deputy Secretary, and on the death of Richards, in 1811, was elected to succeed him as Secretary, a post he held till his death, in 1847, though his age and infirmities rendered the appointment of a deputy necessary at



THOMAS PHILLIPS, R.A. BY HIMSELF.
FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

the beginning of that year. The minutes kept by him are models of precise verbiage and neat handwriting till near the end of his time, when the writing certainly shows distinct signs of feebleness. He was also elected Professor of Painting in succession to Phillips in 1833, and held this post likewise till his death. He had been connected with the Academy in one capacity or another for sixty-one years of his life.

Howard, when a young man in Italy, had devoted himself with immense industry to the study of Grecian sculpture. In conjunction with a sculptor of the name of Deare, he made a series of exquisite drawings after the masterpieces of ancient art, and to this culture he adhered unwaveringly all his life. Both by examples in his works and by precept in his lectures, he maintained the ideal theory as based upon Greek models. He was a man of great taste and refinement, qualities which were happily combined with earnestness, industry and single-mindedness, and with their aid throughout a long life, he produced a vast number of pictures of a high average of excellence, though he failed necessarily in attaining the

point of mastery. His art is strictly academic, and it is difficult to detect in it any inspiration from nature, as derived directly from her without transmission through another mind.

Howard, though born in 1769 and touching hands with Reynolds and the fathers of English art, is also associated with artists still living and painting; he was a competitor for the Westminster cartoons in his seventy-fourth year, and received a premium of £100, at the same time with Watts, Horsley and others; and his life becomes doubly interesting to us, not only for his influence and activity as a member of the Royal Academy, but as bridging over a wide gulf of time.

We know that Reynolds saw Pope, Howard saw Reynolds, and no doubt Mr. Watts saw Howard—four lives suffice to fill up the interval between the first decade of the eighteenth and the last decade of the nineteenth centuries.

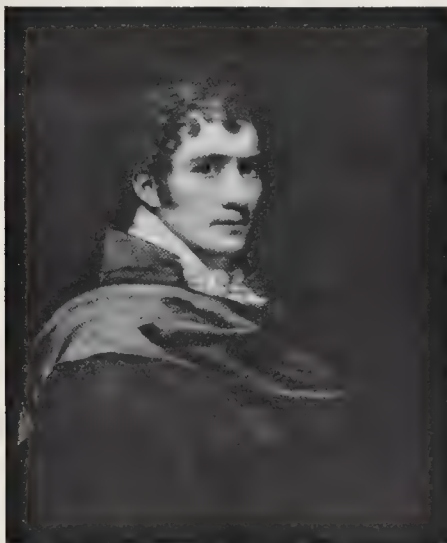
SAMUEL WOODFORDE, R.A.—

(We are quoting Sandby's history) "was born at Castle Cary, Somersetshire, in 1763, and was descended from an ancient and respectable family in that county. At the early age of fifteen he was patronised by the late Mr. Hoare, of Stourhead, whose elegant villa contained the first efforts of his genius. He became a student at the Royal Academy in 1782, and in 1786 proceeded to Italy, being granted an annuity for the purpose by his generous patron. At Rome he chiefly studied the works of Raffaele and Michael Angelo, and thus acquired firmness in design. Subsequently, to improve his colouring, he copied,

as an easel picture, the 'Family of Darius,' by Paolo Veronese, then in the Pisani Palace, but now in our National Gallery."

Nothing, so it was thought in the last century, could be more perfect than this system of education. It obeyed the laws of an eclecticism which had been originally borrowed from the Caracci, though subsequently perfected by restricting the field of study to Raffaele and Michael Angelo for design and to the Venetians for colouring, and into this hole all the pegs, round, square, or whatever their shape may have been, had to be fitted.

Woodforde returned to England in 1791, where he very soon acquired a conspicuous position as a painter of history, choosing classical scenes by preference and exhibiting very correct drawings, with "an attractive mode of treatment." He was elected an Associate in 1800, and an Academician in 1807. He died of a fever at Bologna in 1817.



SAMUEL WOODFORDE, R.A.
FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

NATHANIEL MAR- CHANT, R.A.

Was celebrated as a sculptor of intaglios, medals, and poetical designs for cameos; he held several appointments in connection with these arts—such as assistant engraver to the mint, gem sculptor to the Prince of Wales, engraver to the king, and chief engraver of stamps.

He was born in 1739, was elected Associate in 1791, and Royal Academician in 1809. He closed his worthy and respected life in 1816, in his seventy-seventh year.

LIVERPOOL WALKER ART GALLERY.

PROBABLY in no other provincial town have the Fine Arts been more carefully fostered than in Liverpool. As early as the year 1839 the committee of the Royal Institution of that town resolved to erect a permanent Gallery of Art, in which to exhibit the collection of paintings made by Mr. William Roscoe. He was a distinguished citizen of Liverpool, whom Dr. Waagen described as one of the few men in England from whom the deep intellectual value, as well as the moral and religious significance of the works of Art of the fourteenth, and fifteenth, centuries were not concealed. The pictures, which Mr. Roscoe had collected during his lifetime, were purchased by his friends at his death, and presented to the Royal Institution, in the establishment of which he himself had taken the principal part. By a mutual arrangement the

Liverpool Academy of Fine Arts, which had been instituted in 1810, was also housed in the same building.

The Roscoe collection, with some additions acquired by presentation or purchase, forms a series of specimens illustrative of the art of painting from its revival in Italy in the thirteenth century to its perfection in the sixteenth century, and also of examples of the early German, Dutch, and Flemish Schools, with a few later works of those of the French and Spanish.

These paintings, for the most part of small cabinet size, were arranged in the gallery of the Royal Institution in historical groups, in their successive centuries and schools, under the direction of the late Mr. Theodore W. Rathbone, who also compiled a careful *catalogue raisonné* of them. Although

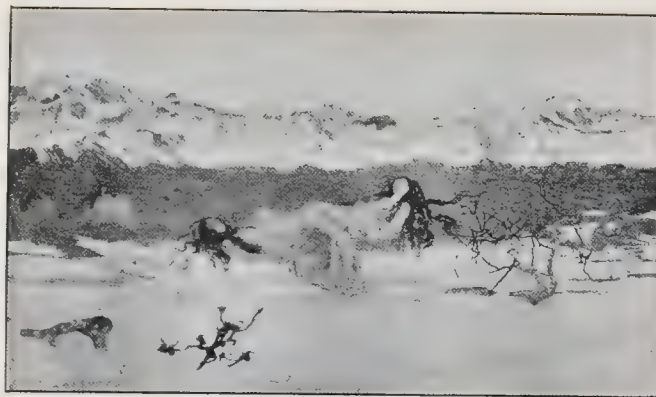
considerable differences of opinion have, from time to time, been expressed by various authorities as to the correct name of the master of certain individual work, the genuineness of them has never been doubted, and the late Sir George Scharf declared that "the remarkable peculiarity

of the collection was the perfect genuineness of every specimen, decidedly very few injured or tampered with, so that scarcely any collection so uninjured and so perfect was to be found in the world."

These works remained at the Royal Institution until 1893, when they were transferred to the Walker Art Gallery.

No description of the Walker Art Gallery would be complete without some preliminary mention of the institutions which adjoin it. The Brown Library and Museum, the Picton Reading-room and the Walker Art Gallery, united make one of the great public monuments in Liverpool, erected mainly through private beneficence. This group of buildings, with the circular reading-room in the centre, the Museum and Library on one side, and the Art Gallery on the other, form, with the exception of the St. George's Hall which stands immediately in front, the finest architectural feature in the city.

The west wing, the Brown Library and Museum, was



THE PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY. BY GIOVANNI SEGANTINI.

erected in 1860, and presented to the town by Mr. William Brown, a Liverpool merchant, on a site provided by the Corporation, then called Shaw's Brow, but afterwards named William Brown Street. In recognition of this munificence the honour of Baronetcy was conferred upon the

donor. The museum first received a collection of objects of Natural History, which was formed at Knowsley by the thirteenth Earl of Derby and given in 1851 to the town.

In 1866 the museum was further enriched by a valuable collection of objects of Art and antiquity, presented by Mr. Joseph Mayer, comprising a large number of Egyptian antiquities, mediæval specimens of Art workmanship, and an extensive collection of pottery, especially rich in Wedgwood and Liverpool ware. Recently a series of rooms, containing a well-arranged anthropological collection, has been opened to the public. In 1883, owing to the increasing popularity of the library, it became necessary to extend it, and the large circular room was erected. In recognition of the services of Sir James A. Picton, who was chairman of the Free Library and Museum for nearly forty years, it was named the Picton Reading-room. Beneath this room is a circular lecture theatre hewn out of the solid rock.

The Liverpool Academy for many years held exhibitions of



EVENTIDE. BY HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.

pictures at the Royal Institution until the ultimate breaking up of the society, in consequence of a difference of opinion over the pre-Raphaelite movement. These were of a purely local character and it was due mainly to the energy and enterprise of two of Liverpool's well-known citizens, Mr. E. Samuelson and Mr. Rathbone, that the Annual Autumn

exhibitions were inaugurated, five-and-twenty years ago, at the old Free Library and Museum under the auspices of the Corporation—the silver anniversary being held this year. Speaking of this first exhibition Mr. Charles Dyall, the curator, said at a recent lecture:—"It must have been a proud day for Alderman Samuelson and his colleagues when, on the opening day of the first exhibition—September 4th, 1871—he stood in the principal room surrounded by nearly one thousand works of Art, which had been got together mainly through the alderman's zeal and energy. There was an



RUTH AND NAOMI. BY PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A.

accomplished president of the Royal Academy, Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A., 'Hercules wrestling with Death for the Body of Alcestes.' The movement met with such success that two years later a public meeting was held to consider the desirability of erecting, by public subscription, a suitable building for these exhibitions, and a committee was formed to carry out the project. In the same year, however, Mr. A. B. Walker, on being elected mayor, announced his intention of building an Art gallery at his own cost, and presenting it to the town. The foundation-stone was laid in September,

additional reason why the worthy alderman should be radiant with pride and satisfaction, as he had in his pocket orders for £1800 worth of pictures, and when the doors opened at twelve o'clock, as the first visitor entered, the alderman was fixing a red star on the first picture sold at the exhibition, and it is an interesting fact that this picture was by the



THE PILGRIMAGE. BY ALPHONSE LEGROS.

1874, by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and the building, named the Walker Art Gallery, after its donor and benefactor, was completed and opened to the public three years later.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Walker received the honour of knighthood in recognition of his public spirit and generosity, and in 1886 he was created a baronet. In the year 1882 the permanent collection had so increased, by both gifts and purchases, that it was found necessary to extend the Art Gallery for the purpose of holding the Autumn Exhibitions, and the necessary expense was sanctioned by the Town Council. On the completion of the additional rooms, Sir A. B. Walker gave a further instance of his generosity by defraying the entire cost himself, thus presenting to Liverpool one of the finest, if not the finest, Art Galleries in the provinces.

The permanent collection of paintings, of which more than one hundred have been purchased by the Corporation from

of the English pre-Raphaelite brotherhood have at various times been acquired. The foremost of these is the well-known painting, 'Dante's Dream,' by D. G. Rossetti, the subject being taken from "Vita Nuova," the autobiography of Dante's early life.

"ON THE DAY OF THE DEATH OF BEATRICE.

"Then Love said: 'Now shall all things be made clear;
Come and behold our lady where she lies.'

These 'wilderling fantasies
Then carried me to see my lady dead.

Even as I there was led,
Her ladies with a veil were covering her;
And with her was such very humbleness
That she appeared to say, 'I am at peace.'"

Another is the well-known 'Lorenzo and Isabella,' by Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A., executed by him when only twenty-one years of age. It is signed and dated 1849, and on the stool on which Isabella is seated are the letters P.R.B. A



A NEW LIGHT IN THE HAREM. BY FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A.

time to time out of the Autumn Exhibitions, at a cost of thirty-six thousand pounds, is mainly representative of contemporary English Art—the chief exception being the old masters, transferred from the Royal Institution, already mentioned. It is somewhat of a miscellaneous character. This may be accounted for by the aim of the Committee being rather to appeal to the popular taste than to form any representative schools of modern painting. For it is stated that "while endeavouring to secure works of the highest technical skill, the fact has not been lost sight of that the public, for whose edification and instruction the institution in a great measure exists, delight in subjects of a popular character, and, with this end in view, pictures have from time to time been added which, by appealing to common feelings and sentiments of our daily life, have afforded a fine moral lesson and given great pleasure to the numerous visitors to the Gallery who are uninitiated in the higher forms of Art."

Although the authorities have not devoted their attention to any particular school, three notable examples of the works

Line Engraving of this picture appeared in THE ART JOURNAL in 1882, page 188. The third is 'The Triumph of the Innocents,' by W. Holman Hunt, one of the most important works by this artist. It was acquired by the Corporation in 1891, assisted by a public subscription.

Other paintings, which appeal to the ideal rather than to the realistic, are 'Venus and Anchises,' by W. B. Richmond, A.R.A., the subject being taken from Shelley's "Epipsychidion"; 'The Finding of the Infant St. George,' by Charles M. Gere, purchased from the last exhibition; and 'A Summer Night,' by the late Albert Moore.

A collection of pictures selected with a view to pleasing the popular taste must of necessity include many of a *genre* character. Of this class among the more important are 'Eventide,' by H. Herkomer, R.A., representing a group of old women in a ward of the Westminster workhouse, and as a contrast 'A New Light in the Harem,' by F. Goodall, R.A., both here illustrated; a carefully finished picture entitled, 'Awaiting an Audience,' by the Belgian painter, Professor

Willem Geets; 'When the Children are Asleep,' by Thomas Faed, R.A.; 'Friday,' by W. Dendy Sadler, etched for *THE ART JOURNAL* in 1885, page 65; 'The Pilgrimage,' by A. Legros; and three Biblical subjects, 'Elijah in the Wilderness,' by Sir Frederic Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.; 'Ruth and Naomi,' by Philip H. Calderon, R.A. (illustrated); and 'Samson,' by Solomon J. Solomon.

Marine subjects of all kinds have naturally found their way into the Walker Gallery, whether by presentation or purchase. There are no less than three paintings of 'The Death of Nelson,' two large works by Benjamin West, P.R.A., and by Samuel Drummond, A.R.A., respectively; and, the third, the well-known work of Daniel Maclise, R.A., being the original picture for the fresco in Westminster Palace. It was purchased out of the proceeds of the Liverpool Naval Exhibition in 1892. Seascapes are represented by 'Nearing the Needles,' by the late Henry Moore, R.A.; 'A Man overboard,' by Thomas Somerscales; 'Off to the Fishing Ground,' by Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.; and 'On the Moray Frith,' by John Fraser.

'Rival Grandfathers,' by John R. Reid, and 'A Nautical Argument,' by C. Napier Hemy, appeal to all seafaring men. The latter artist is also represented by another work in his early manner, 'A German Birthday in 1575,' after the style of his master, Baron Leys.

'On the Evening of the Battle of Waterloo,' by Ernest Crofts, A.R.A., and 'Maiwand—Saving the Guns,' by R. Caton Woodville, are the chief battle-pieces. Other paintings representing incidents connected with warfare are, 'And when did You last see your Father?' by W. F. Yeames, R.A.; 'A War Despatch at the Hôtel de Ville,' by A. C. Gow, R.A.; and 'In Time of War,' Thomas Faed, R.A.

Sir John Gilbert, R.A., in addition to sixteen of his paintings which he has liberally presented to the Walker Gallery, is represented by two other fine works, 'Richard II. resigning the Crown to Bolingbroke,' and 'Rear-guard of an Army bringing up Baggage Waggons.'

There are but few landscapes in the collection, the most worthy of attention being 'Meadow Sweet,' by David Murray, A.R.A., and 'Nature's Mirror,' by Peter Ghent. 'The Punishment of Luxury,' one of the most artistic pictures in the collection, is by the Italian artist, Signor G. Segantini. It was originally called 'Nirvana,' a state of being, according to Buddhist belief, in which the body, insensible alike to joy and pain, floats in space until, by various stages of purification, it attains ultimate felicity. As a colourist Segantini is one of the best of the newer school. There are two fine bronze statues—'The Mower,' by W. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., and 'Peace,' by E. Onslow Ford, A.R.A.; and a charming marble figure of a nude female, 'Fate Led,' by Albert Toft, has recently been added.

Altogether the whole collection, comprising about five hundred works of Art, is a good representation of British oil painting of the latter half of the present century. But it is to be regretted that, owing to the want of space, no systematic arrangement of the pictures in the various schools is attempted. It is also a matter of regret that the earlier masters of the last, and the beginning of the present, century are scarcely represented at all, and it appears to be a pity that some portion of the funds in the hands of the Committee, available for the purchase of paintings, is not devoted towards acquiring representations of their work in order to complete the history of the British School of painting in oil.

H. M. CUNDALL.



THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.

NOTES ON RECENT DECORATIVE WORK.

THE LAST NEW FIRM OF DECORATORS.—Persons who are not attracted by the invitation in the advertisement columns to "spend a pleasant hour in inspecting the largest furnishing establishment in the world, with its many acres of show-rooms," and who would prefer to see some half-dozen typical specimens of interior decoration, by which they may judge as to the capacity and taste of the firm they propose to employ, might do worse than pay a visit to the sample-rooms just opened in Oxford Street by the new firm of Graham & Banks, another offshoot, more or less, from a house famous in its day.

An entrance-hall in the manner of François I^{er}, a staircase treated somewhat à la Mauresque, a dining-room of the period of James the Second, a drawing-room in the style of Louis Seize, and sundry bedrooms also more or less in the French manner, make up the show.

Perhaps the most thoroughly satisfactory feature of it all is the treatment of the dining-room chimney-piece, in oak and Irish green marble; this shows (as do other departures from precedent) that the new firm, though it so far complies with the rather stupid popular demand as to affect the usual hall-marked styles, is not bigoted in its adherence to what has once been done. It should further be said in favour of Messrs. Graham & Banks, that, in adopting the styles of the French Louis, they have avoided some of the looser and more florid features characteristic of the eighteenth-century French work, more especially in the matter of upholstery. It is notable also that whilst the furniture shown is well enough made, and delicate enough in detail to please persons of taste, it is neither fastidious in finish nor extravagant in workmanship.

PROMISE IN SILVERSMITH'S WORK.—We complain, perhaps too readily, of the amateur element which pervades our schools of Art and Art classes,—forgetting the importance of educating the amateur, who becomes in time the patron, or at all events the purchaser, of Art, such as it may be, and whose taste eventually regulates the market. The work of the amateur is, it must be admitted, just now rather too much in evidence—his beaten copper, for example, is not invariably a joy—but at its worst it is less depressing than the machine-stamped ware with which we have had to put up too long. The manufacturer indeed is becoming aware of a demand for something less devoid of taste, simplicity, and feeling, than he has been in the habit of inflicting upon us, and he is trying, however timidly and tentatively, to follow the lead of the Art lover.

This is plainly shown in the small exhibition of work in repoussé silver held by Mr. Gilbert L. Marks at 80, Aldersgate Street, E.C. We congratulate Messrs. Johnson, Walker & Tolhurst upon their endeavour to provide for the few who have a soul above Sheffield, something not altogether of the shop shabby. A suggestion of the amateur there may be about the cups, bowls, and dishes executed by Mr. Marks—but they have the character and the beauty of silver; their design, without being strong, is modest and restrained, and appears to be the outcome of a genuine love of floral form; and the work of the craftsman is not lost in superfluous polish. Is it

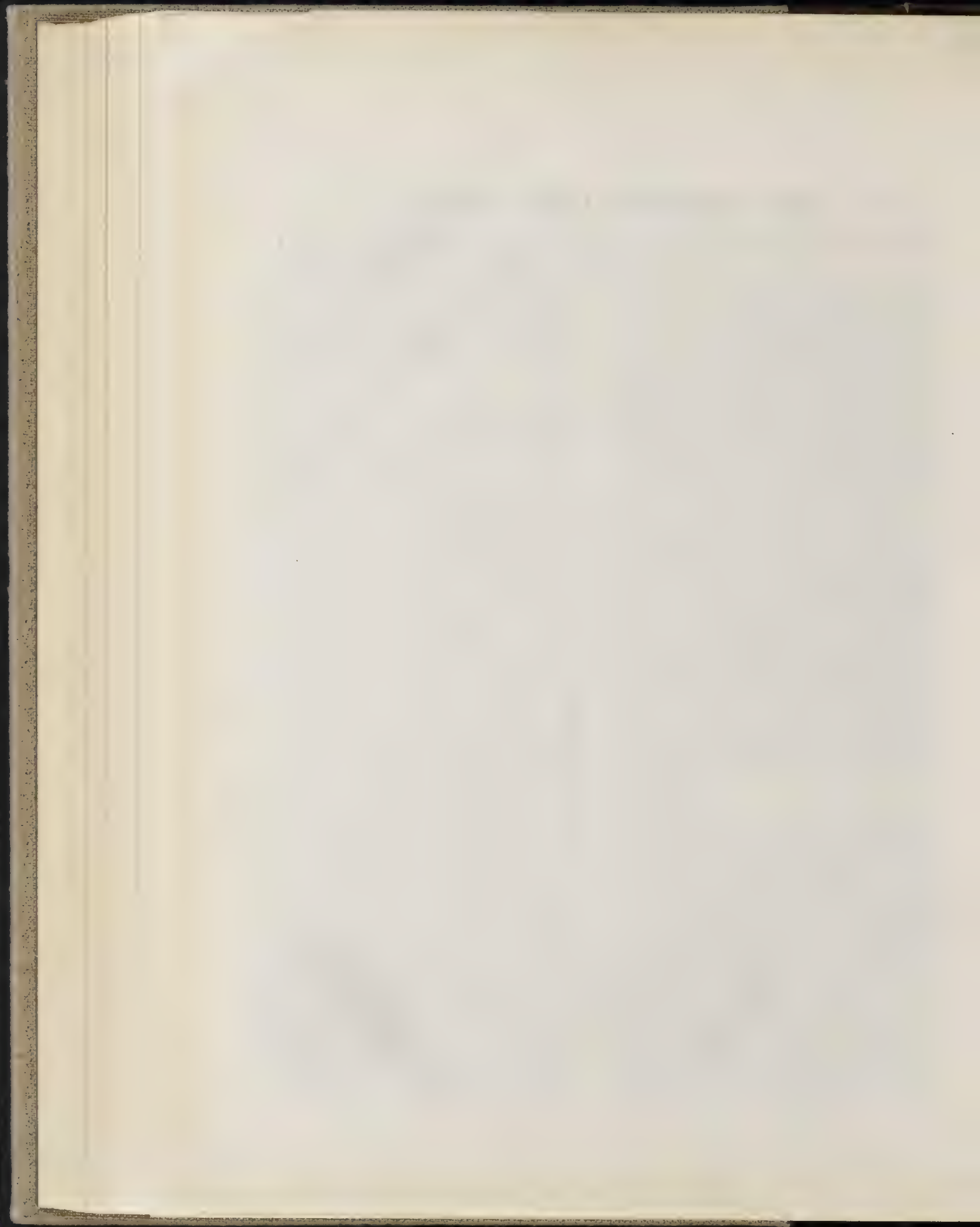
too much to hope that this may be the beginning of better things in commercial silversmith's work?

CARVING AT CARPENTERS' HALL.—There is no doubt that the Carpenters' Company and the British Institute of Wood-Carvers are, between them, doing good work, and helping the artisan to perfect himself in his craft. That was apparent in the small exhibition of wood-carving held in June at Carpenters' Hall. In fact, there was enough skilled work shown there to suggest some doubt as to whether the wood-carver's art really stands in any great need of special encouragement. What very obviously and very emphatically does want a helping hand is the art of design. It is lamentable to see how little one can rely upon the carver to exercise his skill upon a design worth perpetuation in wood; and the satisfaction we feel in realising the craftsmanlike intention of the workman is very seriously discounted by the evidence that his ideal so seldom rises above technique. The competitions set on foot by the Carpenters' Company are avowedly "for the encouragement of artistic design and workmanship." Their good effect upon workmanship is obvious. Any effect they may have had upon Design is to seek; nor is it very apparent that in the award of prizes design has been seriously or sufficiently taken into account by the judges. Technical education is an admirable thing, but we expect a great City Company to take a more enlightened and a higher view of education than finds favour with the trades unions—one that includes the cultivation of the taste and judgment as well as the hand of the workman. In a certain sense Design is, of course, something that cannot be taught, nor is it necessary that the carver should be much of a designer; but it is very desirable that he should know what is best in taste and treatment, and that he should be biassed in the direction of the best. Let the Carpenters' Company turn their attention to that, and they will be doing work more needed than the teaching of the mere technique of wood-carving.

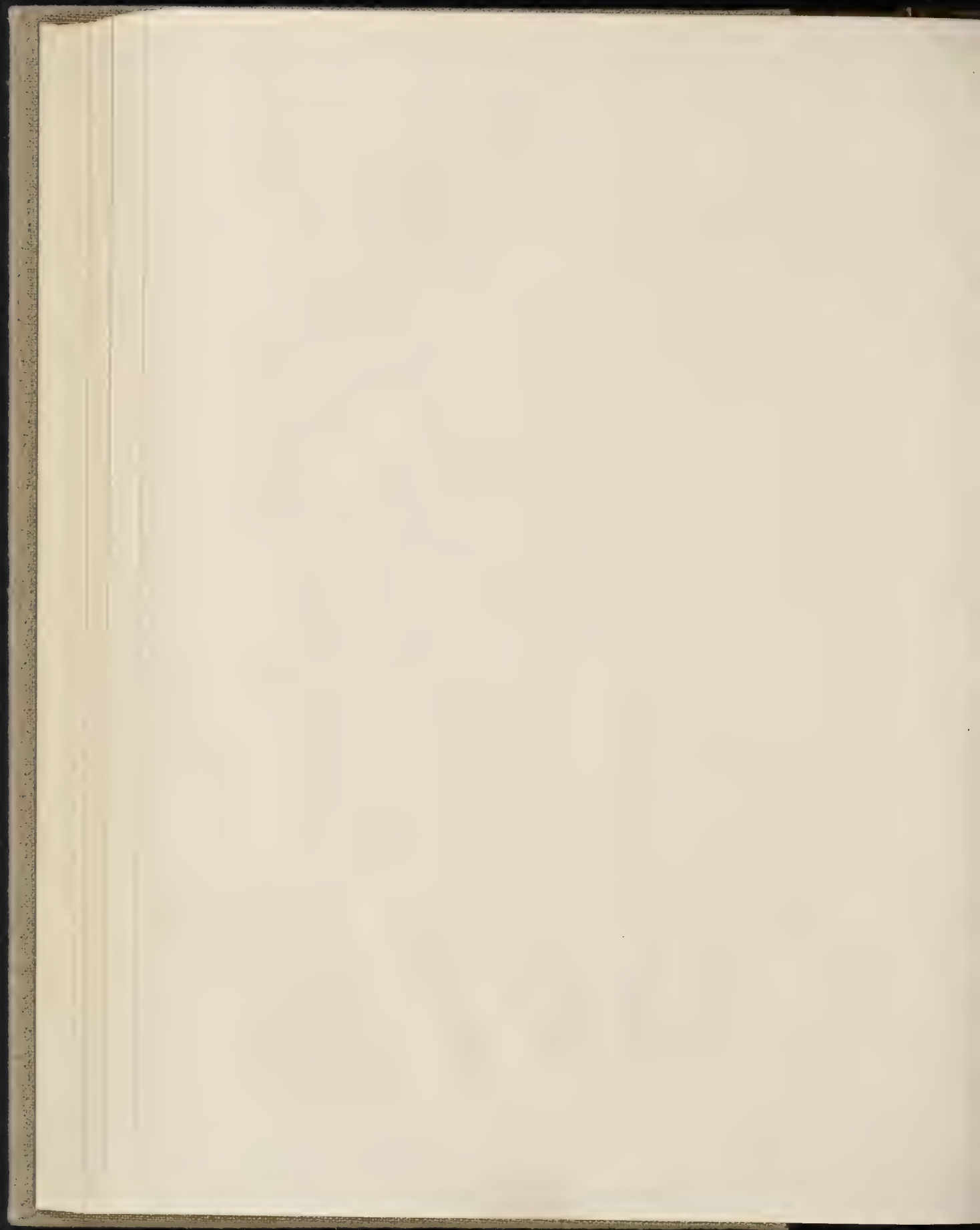
L. F. D.

The Home Arts and Industries Association scored a distinct success in their annual exhibition at the Royal Albert Hall, including a splendid collection from the Sandringham Schools, where the ideas and handiwork of two Royal ladies won a foremost place by their intrinsic excellence. Yattenden, under Mr. Waterhouse's influence, showed most admirable copper-work. The Della Robbia Pottery of Mr. Harold Rathbone was in every way admirable. The Hon. Miss Mabel de Grey showed some of her very clever inlays, and from all parts of the country came evidence of a new awakening in the urban and rural districts to the beauty of simple work rightly applied to every-day articles. Wood-carving, so long dormant, is at last showing new vigour; thanks, no doubt, to Miss Eleanor Rowe's excellent work at South Kensington, to Mr. Bliss Sanders' admirable monographs, and other kindred influences, this peculiarly English craft bids fair to revive its past glories in earnest. In textiles the Langdale Linen industries, which Mr. Ruskin has praised so highly, made a good show. Beaten copper and brass, gesso work (too sparsely









represented), leather decorations, wrought iron, and village pottery were there in profusion. Very little poor work was seen, although many of the items were tame in design, and lacked a fine sense of proportion. Still the total results were so admirable that the association deserves the active sympathy of all Art lovers and patriots, since its work has deeper issues than even the production of good ornament.

At 28, Garlic Hill, Mr. Arthur Silver lately exhibited a new departure in stencilled fabrics, which he has worked out in conjunction with Messrs. Rottman. The novel treatment of jute with transparent washes of colour, and dark arras cloth with opaque pigments, opens up a new style of interior

decoration that may be adopted for a cottage or a palace, and look fine in either. The chief artistic interest lies in the absolutely loyal acceptance of the limits of the method, combined with complete mastery, yielding new effects in graduated colour, and repeated patterns varied in shade yet true in form. Add to this the opportunity afforded for special designs being applied to our walls at no exorbitant cost, and we have a material which should become one of the most popular for genuinely artistic decoration. Like tapestry, it has a peculiarly fine effect for a background to people or pictures. Indeed, so flexible is the method that any style might be treated with success. The hint offered by Japanese stencils is here acclimatized finally, and we wish it all success.

THE GAMESTERS.

THE article we published last month (p. 193), reviewed at some length Mr. Dendy Sadler's work and position as an artist, and there is little that we need add in considering the picture which forms the frontispiece to this number. 'The Gamesters' is in the collection of Merton Russell Cotes, Esq., J.P., F.R.G.S., Mayor of Bournemouth, and its original title, one that in our opinion renders the situation it depicts more intelligible, was 'The Rooks and the Pigeon.' As Mr. Stephens remarked in the article already referred to, Mr. Dendy Sadler works in the Hogarthian strain, possessing powers of graphic satire and masterly composition that entitle him to rank as a legitimate successor to the great satirist, while at the same time avoiding the coarsenesses which, in a laxer age, Hogarth permitted himself. A consideration of this picture, and its companion 'Uninvited Guests'—for, like Hogarth, Mr. Sadler uses his characters in successive pictures—recalls two scenes from some such series as 'The Rake's Progress.' The idea the artist wished to convey is that of a young man, the "Pigeon," who is fast squandering away his patrimony with the help of the boon companions he has adopted. Realising this, the key to the situation, it is not difficult to extract the whole meaning of the picture. The young man seems a generous, easy-going fellow, not likely to trouble his head about spending money while it lasts; and, from the fact that the companions whom he has chosen are so much older than himself, it looks as if the rocks upon which he will come to grief are the natural ambition to be a man of the world, and a wish to be initiated into the ways of a fine gentleman. Mr. Sadler is evidently fully alive to the fact that a young man—especially if he be a trifle vain—is always greatly flattered to be admitted upon terms of equality into the intimacy and companionship of his elders, and this is evidently the line on which the three harpies at the table are proceeding. As a young inexperienced person, self-conscious perhaps, and a little shy, he would be fascinated by the easy grace of manners and conversation of these "gentlemen of fortune," he would long to mix in the exalted society they appear to know so intimately, he would be inspired to recklessness in emulation of the large sums they relate as having won and lost over the turf or the gambling table. Feeling how much he has to learn to become a real "blade," he listens reverently, and treasures up each hint and suggestion that falls from their lips as to the proper deportment of a "man about town." They, on their side, to

do them justice, are not slow to give him the benefit of their experience, though the price it may cost will likely prove somewhat dear. They are prepared to introduce him to the "only possible tailor for a gentleman," to give him infallible wrinkles in the purchase of racehorses, and will possibly be able a little later to tell him of an absolutely confidential Hebrew moneylender, one who lends money philanthropically to deserving youths requiring a little temporary accommodation!

A study of the three "rooks" leads one somehow to feel that before they leave our poor "pigeon" he will be well plucked. There is something particularly ominous about the whispered aside that is going on between the two gentlemen on our right. One dare swear that some sarcastic joke is being made at the expense of the unsuspecting fledgling who is just arriving. The individual on their left is certainly fond of hearing his own voice, and bombastic as well as voluble; moreover he gives us the impression of one who has elevated impudence to a fine art, genially unscrupulous, with a self-confidence that is unshakable, and a front of brass to which blushing is an absolute stranger.

A few words about the companion subject, 'Uninvited Guests,' to which we have referred, will help to make clearer the meaning of the picture before us. In another part of the same garden, our young spendthrift is seated at a card-table with two of the same companions. Unfortunately the harmony of the proceedings has been disturbed by the entrance of an officer who has come, with his men, to serve a writ which requires immediate attention under pain of unpleasant consequences.

'The Gamesters' is published by the permission of Messrs. Frost & Reed, Bristol, who publish a large plate of the picture.

Our second plate illustration, 'The Match Girl,' engraved after Piccini, is a simple theme requiring little explanation. The artist has found in the figure of the girl holding the box containing her stock in trade, with a lighted candle screened from the wind, an opportunity for some clever expression of light and shade, and he has added a touch of pathos in the wistful, anxious expression of the pretty, intelligent face, a look that seems to speak of experiences of hardship that comes all too soon to the children of the poor.

ART NOTES.

OF the Exhibition of Studies and Sketches by members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours, it would be pleasant to speak in terms of unalloyed praise; but truth forbids, for much of the work cannot reasonably be taken as differing in any way—finish, importance, or method—from the average pictures at this gallery. A fine study by Bernard Evans, 'Antibes'; a black-and-white, 'The Kiss,' by H. J. Stock; Walter Langley's 'Newlyn' studies; some pleasant decorative composition by St. George Hare; Miss Mary Gow's portrait of Mrs. A-S., and two theatre studies, with a few others, may be excepted. Yet, on the whole, a show which from its title should be exceptionally interesting, is singularly dull. Can it be that the exhibitors looked rather to buyers than critics, and feared to show the real sketch, or the hasty jotting in colour that often enough possesses more charm than the finished picture? The 581 subjects fail to impart the usual crowded impression that makes the Institute Gallery a depressing place, yet a pilgrimage leaves but a few memories that stay with one an hour—not because the pictures are poor, but because they appear merely less important water-colour drawings—as finished as the average work of their artists, but not otherwise up to the level of their average.

The honour of Baronetcy which has been conferred on Mr. Agnew, is very acceptable to those who know the largeness of mind and generosity of heart of the recipient. It is, however, only a tardy recognition of the success of



SIR WILLIAM AGNEW, BART.

the greatest Art publisher and dealer in England. By constant personal exertion he gave a new impetus to Art, through the splendid collection gathered together in Manchester in 1887. It is quite certain that no one else in this country could then have secured so complete a representation of British Art. Sir William Agnew, as the head of the well-known house doing business in London, Manchester, and Liverpool, exercises a powerful influence on artistic matters in England, aided by his almost equally well-known sons and nephew. Since the death of his wife, a few years ago, Sir William Agnew has only remained in London during the spring and summer months, but it is to be hoped that his new honour will revive his interest in business, an interest which has always been exercised as much for the good of others as for the benefit of his firm.

At the Carlton Gallery, 46, Pall Mall, a couple of hundred works, chiefly in black-and-white, by L. Raven Hill, fully justify the high place that has been awarded him by specialists of pen-drawing. It is also a valuable collection

in another way, since it removes an impression that this clever artist is too loyal a disciple of a great draughtsman Charles Keene, and shows that he is able to be stronger in ways all his own, than when he is working in the idiom of another. The paintings are themselves notable, especially 'Thinning Grapes,' and



THE TROPHY PRESENTED BY LIEUT.-COL. BINGHAM, R.E., FOR COMPETITION IN FIELD FIRING AMONGST YORKSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

a study of motion, 'The Circus Rider,' one of the most vivid impressions yet recorded by an English artist. But it is the drawings, with their humour and masterly characterization, that fascinate most. Here are a score of types, never before set down, which you recognise as absolutely true. The literary aspect often rivals the pictorial, so cleverly pointed is the legend. For sheer force of drawing and irresistible truth, 'Breaking a Habit,' 'Overheard at Canterbury,' 'The Muck Rake,' and the 'Temperance Orators,' would be hard to beat, though you searched through English periodicals, and turned to Steinlen, Forain, and many a French master. To the obvious question: why Mr. Raven Hill is not a *Punch* artist?—we may not venture an explanation. Perhaps *The Unicorn*, announced on the cover of the catalogue as a new illustrated weekly, to be issued shortly under Mr. Raven Hill's management, may help towards the solution.

Yorkshire Volunteers owe a debt of gratitude to Lieut.-Col. Bingham, of the Royal Engineers and 1st West Yorkshire Volunteer Regiment, for his generosity in providing handsome prizes for their annual competitions. In addition to the Bingham Challenge Shield, which he presented some time ago, he has now given the handsome trophy, which we illustrate, for annual competition in rapid collective firing, known as field practice. The trophy is the largest piece of gold and silver plate manufactured at Sheffield. It is 3 feet 3 inches in height, 11 feet in circumference, and valued at 800 guineas; 1,500 ounces of gold and silver were used in its manufacture. It is ornamented by enamel and chasing, and bears the arms of the Yorkshire cities, and has also two scenes in *repoussé* work, one being a reproduction of John Bell's relief in the Guildhall, 'The Last Charge at Waterloo.' The gold shields around the plateau will bear the names of the winners, and the figures upon the plateau include representations of each of the volunteer arms which compete for the trophy. The whole is the work of Walker & Hall, Sheffield, the first winners being the Bradford Battalion.

Hitherto the picture galleries of the various exhibitions at Earl's Court which have succeeded each other, without always succeeding, have not been conspicuous for a high average of merit. Nor, so far as the very mixed lot hung in the Queen's Hall this year is concerned,



LADY MULGRAVE. BY T. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (20 X 24½ in.)

as if the World's Fair had influenced designers of temporary architecture to rival the marvels that made Chicago beautiful at least for a short time.

We give illustrations of the two chief pictures in the James Price Collection, sold by auction on June 15. 'Lady Mulgrave,' by Gainsborough, is one of the most captivating of this master's pretty women. The expression is a little smirking and insipid, but the general effect is delightful. For this £10,500 was paid in cash by an intermediary, purchasing, it is stated, for Mr. C. Vanderbilt, of New York. The other illustration is of 'Mortlake,' by Turner, one of the most harmonious of the artist's work, and this fetched £5,460, the amount being given by Mr. Agnew on behalf of a private client.

One by one our Colonies continue to establish public Art Galleries, and there are few now left that can be reproached with neglect of the educational value of Art. We have received from a correspondent at Brisbane an account of the opening of the National Art Gallery of Queensland by the Governor,

Gen. Sir Henry Norman, on the 29th of March. Everything has a beginning, and if the collection of pictures and engravings that has been got together—partly on loan—is not a very remarkable one, now the Gallery has been once established, it is unlikely that a public-spirited colony such as Queensland will be content to remain long in a position of inferiority, in respect to its national collection of pictures, to the other Australian colonies. The Municipal Council of Brisbane have given a large upper room of the Town



MORTLAKE. BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. (35 X 47 in.)

Hall for the temporary home of the collection. We understand that the establishment of the Gallery has been largely brought about by the efforts of Mr. Godfrey Rivers.

OBITUARY.

We much regret to have to record the death, on the 19th of June, aged sixty-four, of Mr. John Evan Hodgson, the Librarian of the Royal Academy. Mr. Hodgson was a busy artist, and was also known as a writer on Art. Born in London, he was taken to Russia at an early age, and returning to England was educated at Rugby, and afterwards commenced a commercial career. At twenty-two years of age his artistic tastes caused him to come to London to join the Academy schools, and his first picture was hung three years later. He visited Africa and painted many studies of Eastern life, such as 'An Arab Story-teller,' 'A Barber's Shop in Tunis,' 'Army Reorganization in Morocco,' and others. He was elected R.A. in December, 1879, his Diploma picture being 'A Shipwrecked Sailor waiting for a Sail.' His last picture exhibited at the Royal Academy was a landscape, 'Rural England,' in 1893. He was the very man for the position of Librarian to the Academy, inasmuch as he possessed literary capacity of no mean order, and a style that was incisive and vigorous, yet keenly sympathetic. Readers of *THE ART JOURNAL* will be familiar with the series of papers on the History of the Royal Academy, written in conjunction with Mr. Eaton, Secretary of the Academy, which we have published from time to time, an instalment being in the present number. A large portion of these papers, more especially

the estimates of the art of the various painters that have been referred to, has been the work of Mr. Hodgson, and we can only express our sincere regret that death should have called him away before he was able to complete them.

The death, on the 26th of June, of John Absolon, at the age of eighty-one, removes one of the oldest members of the Royal Institute, formerly the New Water-Colour Society. Although an occasional exhibitor in oils at the Royal Academy, he achieved distinction as a water-colour painter of genre at the Royal Institute. Early in life, when almost a boy, he was associated with Clarkson Stanfield and William Grieve in the painting-room of Her Majesty's Theatre, and he also did good work as an illustrator. Later he was a partner with Telbin and Grieve in the panorama of 'The Overland Route to India,' which was one of the greatest successes of thirty years ago. He was a prolific artist; and among his most important works we may mention a series of cartoons which he presented, at the suggestion of a friend, to Guy's Hospital with the practical object of endeavouring to brighten the wards for their inmates: 'Sir Roger de Coverley,' a clever, well-grouped composition showing a fine sense of colour; 'Saturday Night' and 'Sunday Morn,' and many others. He belonged to the Langham Sketching Club, and was one of the oldest members of the Artists' Annuity Fund, of which his eldest son, Mr. Eugene Absolon, is Hon. Sec. For some years he had given up the practice of his art, and since 1887 he had enjoyed a civil list pension, obtained through the influence of the late Earl of Carnarvon, one of his former pupils.

REVIEWS.

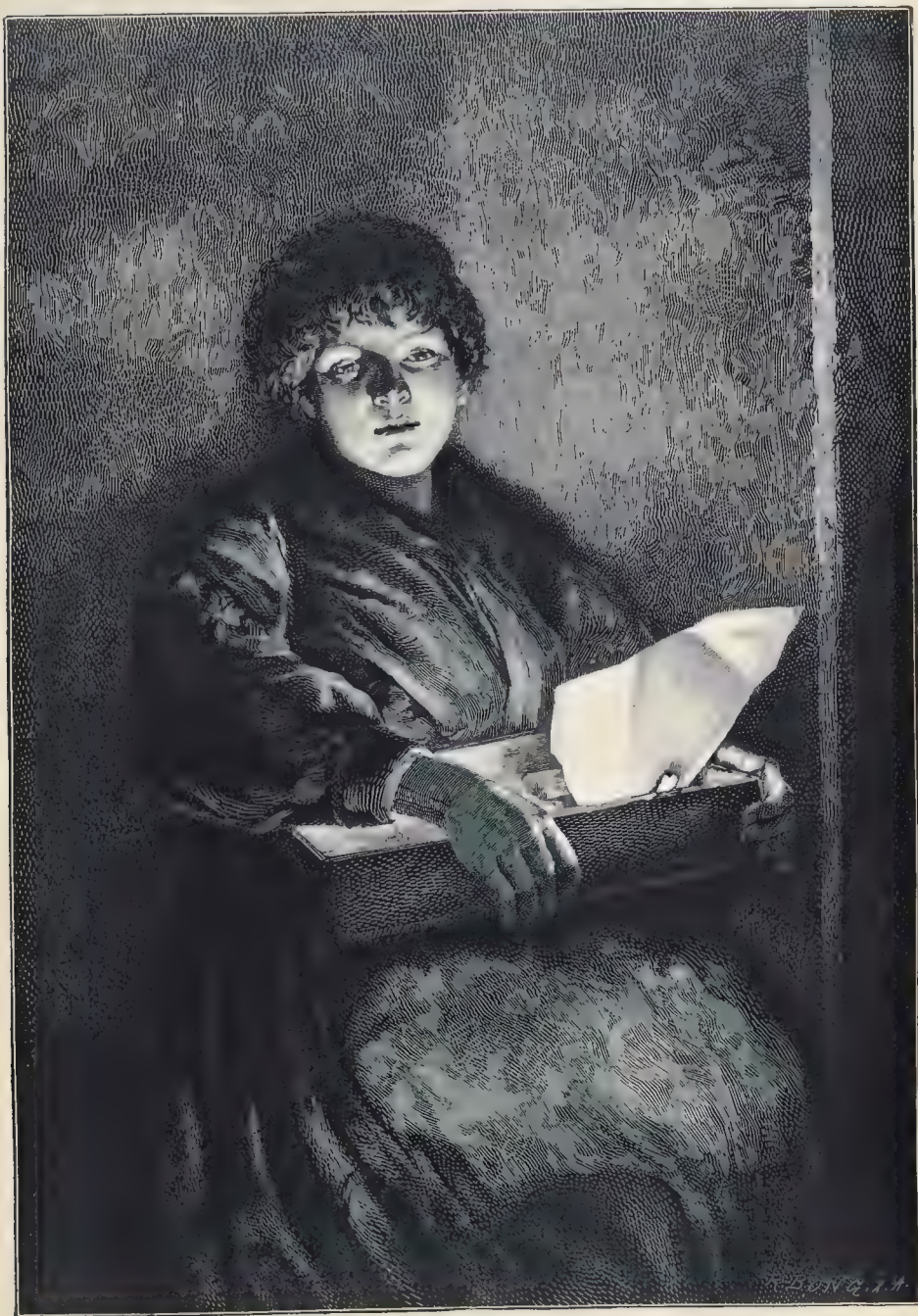
MR. ALGERNON GRAVES has now published his new edition of "A DICTIONARY OF ARTISTS, who have exhibited works in the principal London Exhibitions from 1760 to 1893." This volume contains complete lists of all the artists exhibiting in London, and it is of great utility to connoisseurs, writers and art dealers. These lists are necessarily statistical and only for reference, but they are reliable in every respect. In addition, the author generously places at the disposal of owners of his work the manuscript catalogues he has prepared during the course of gathering material for this book, and these contain nearly all the information required in tracing a picture to the time of its first exhibition. Mr. Graves is to be congratulated on his accuracy, for it is impossible to discover any mistakes in his work.

A work of much interest to lovers of Japanese Art, and likely to prove useful to designers of textiles and wall-papers and others, "STENCILS OF OLD JAPAN" (Virtue), consists of impressions from fifty stencils for textile decoration specially selected from the collection of Mr. Ernest Hart, D.C.L., whose papers in this journal upon "The House of a Japonist Collector" have excited much interest. These stencils were purchased in Japan by Mr. Hart, and many of them are very beautiful, being untainted by any of the meretricious European influence in design shown in modern Japanese work. The plates are accompanied by an essay upon the manufacture and use of stencils in Japan.

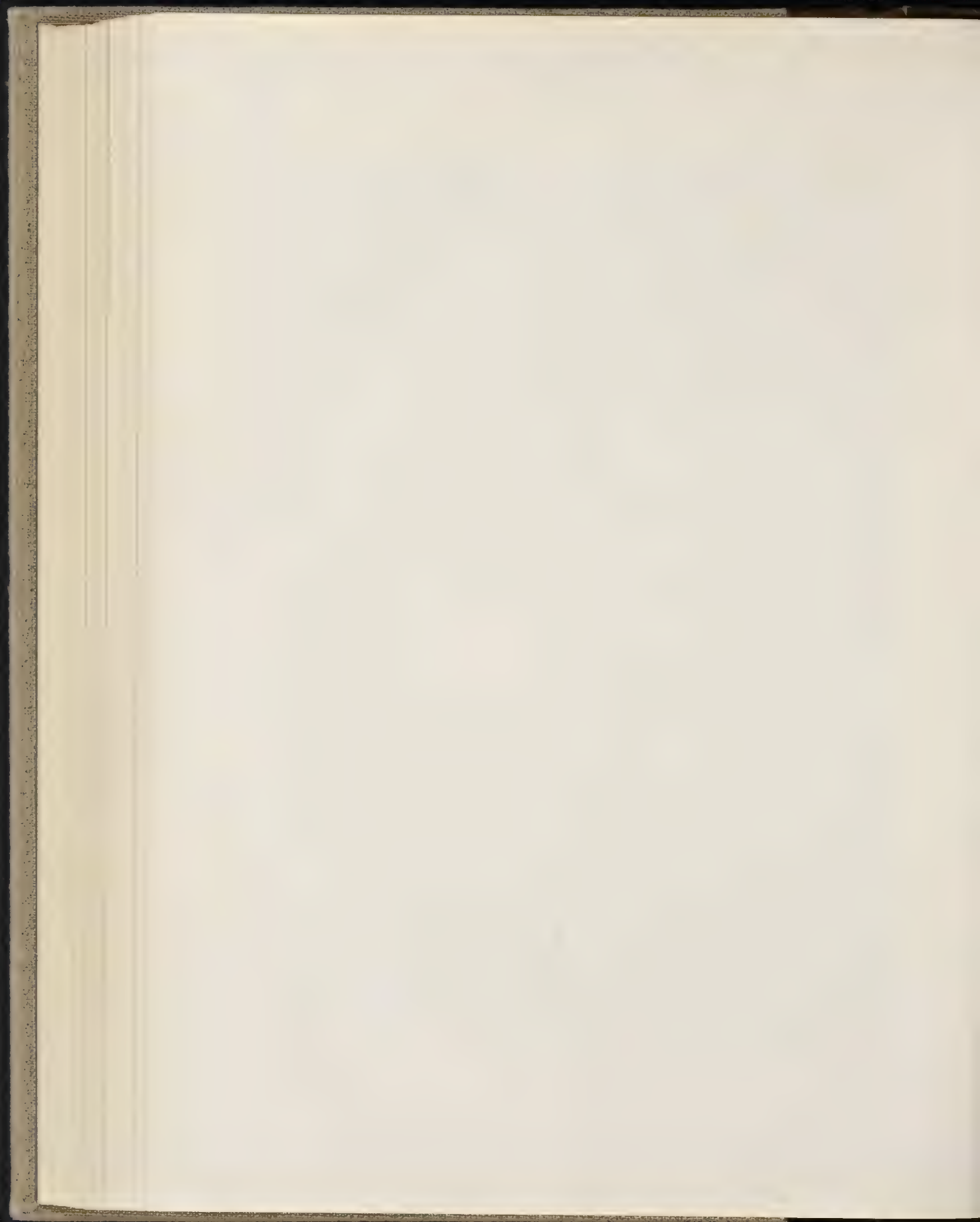
"STENCILS AND STENCILLING"—Decorative Art Journals Co.—(Simpkin Marshall). It was not a bad idea on the part of the editor of this pamphlet to get together three or four practical decorators, and let them explain their idea of what stencilling should be, and how they personally set about it. These experts in stencilling go, it must be allowed, sometimes beyond their brief, and expatiate at times rather vaguely upon Art in general; but they are all of them evidently men who know their trade, and when they talk of it they speak to some purpose. The publication is addressed to the practical man, to the decorator that is to say, who has not had experience in stencilling: it will be perhaps still more instructive to the amateur, although the form in which the instruction is conveyed will probably not attract him. He will have to get over that. The plates (eighteen in number, some of them in colours) are neither above nor below the average; but they illustrate the various uses to which stencilling may be put.

"MODERN WALL DECORATION" (Decorative Art Journals Co.). The title of this work hardly explains its scope. It is, in reality, a survey of the various fabrics in use for wall decoration, with some account of the making of such things, and of the makers. It is addressed to the trade decorator, to whom, if it does not actually give much information that is altogether new, it may be useful as a reminder of the materials available as wall and ceiling hangings.





"THE MATCH GIRL."
ENGRAVED FROM THE PICTURE BY A. PICCINI.





RYE. FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.

RYE AND WINCHELSEA.

RYE, so called, probably, from the old French word Rie, a bank of the sea, is one of the most interesting spots in England. Whether the town existed in Roman times is a disputed point. Holloway, the noted historian of Rye, displays his usual caution when he concludes that if it had an existence at this time, "at all events, it enjoyed no distinction." But Rye has always been called an "ancient town," and we know that about the middle of the eleventh century it was given, together with Old Winchelsea, to the Abbot and monks of Fécamp, in Normandy, by that pious monarch, Edward the Confessor. The original Charter of the town was granted by Edward, and confirmed by William the Conqueror and a long series of monarchs down to James II., although the latter would have taken it away, in common with the Charters of all the Corporations then existing (1685), if the town had not petitioned and protested. Queen Elizabeth visited the town in 1573, and was so delighted with the manner in which she was entertained, that she bestowed upon it the name of "Rye Royal." Amongst other Royal personages who have visited it are Charles II. in 1673, George I. in 1725, and George II. in 1736. But the visit of George I. was accidental, he having been driven in there by stress of weather during one of his voyages by sea. Rye, in its pristine period, must have been well-nigh impregnable. It is planted securely on the top of a rock, which, as Holloway remarks, "certainly reared its head above the waters for ages antecedent to the appearance of Romney or any other locality (not excepting that of Old Winchelsea), throughout the whole length and breadth of the marshes lying all around it." With the sea surrounding this rock on all sides, the town could only be approached by ships or boats, and not always then unless the inhabitants chose to receive their intending visitors. But, like most of the towns on this tempting coast, it has been repeatedly sacked and burned, till to-day it is, in a sense, but a

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shadow of its former self. Still, it is a fine old place even now, although the sea has long since left it high and dry, and the sleepy old Rother is about all that serves to remind us that there is still a "Port of Rye." Standing on the East Cliff, close by the Land Gate, the eye is filled by the wide-spreading Romney Marsh, dotted by thousands of its famous breed of sheep, while it is arrested on the outer distance by the tower of Lydd Church, beneath which sleep many of the victims of the "Northfleet" disaster. Dungeness, too, is visible, fraught with the memories of storm and shipwreck; while the coast of France, in the greater distance, recalls the fitting-out of those marauding expeditions by which the "ancient town" suffered on so many occasions.

The antiquities of Rye are both numerous and interesting. Foremost amongst them—next to the church, of course—is the Ypres Tower, built in the twelfth century by William of Ypres, who was created Earl of Kent by King Stephen. The tower stands at the south-east angle of the town, and was



MERNAIDE STREET, RYE. FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.



MISS ELLEN TERRY'S COTTAGE, WINCHELSEA. FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.

obviously built as a watch-tower, as well as for purposes of defence. But it came to such "base uses" as a lock-up for prisoners, and has recently been condemned even for such an ignoble purpose. Its gateways were a notable feature of ancient Rye, but only one now remains—the Land Gate. This is an imposing structure, in an admirable state of preservation, and must have been a striking object when it stood on the outer edge of the town, centuries before the modern part of Rye had been dreamt of. Flanking the Land Gate, on its inner side, is a quaint Wisteria-covered house, rich in the red tiles which are everywhere to be seen in the place, and surmounted by an observatory, which, it may be safely assumed, is used for purposes other than those for which the adjoining towers were erected. Rye abounds in ancient houses, several of which are to be found in Mermaid Street, where is the "Old Hospital," once the residence of Samuel Jeake, the historian of the Cinque Ports, of which Rye was one of the "limbs." The "Old Hospital," alas! has been restored, and much of its ancient picturesqueness thereby destroyed. "Artists live there now," said a street urchin, seated on the quaint stone steps leading up to one of the houses opposite, in reply to an inquiry as to the present uses of the building. Mermaid Street, altogether, seems to be a haunt of artists, and especially lady artists, who are very much in evidence in and about Rye. The street is quaint, narrow, and steep. Standing at the top of it, you are about on a level with the masts of the craft lying at the Strand Quay at its lower end. Beyond, there is a smiling meadow with cattle in the foreground; above, a wooded knoll; and in the farther distance the

green hill on which Winchelsea is nobly planted.

But its church is the glory of Rye. It dominates the town, and is the dominant object with all who visit it for the purpose of archaeological research, or even for pleasure only. Jeake, who wrote more than two hundred years ago, says, in his description of the town: "It is beautified with a large church called 'St. Mary,' the goodliest edifice of that kind

in Kent and Sussex, the cathedrals excepted." He was too modest, and might well have included other counties besides the two he mentions. Like the town itself, the church is of uncertain date, and it is not even beyond doubt that an older church did not stand on an altogether different site. Holloway contends that the original church stood in the Gun Garden; that it was built during, or previous to, the reign of Edward the Confessor, 1041—1066, and that it was destroyed before the end of the twelfth century. The original of the present church probably dates from the twelfth or thirteenth century, when the Perpendicular style, of which it contains several striking examples, prevailed. Stowe speaks of it as being a church "of a wonderful beauty," before it was laid in ruins by the French; and it may even now be described as wonderfully beautiful. It is on a cathedral-like scale, and its numerous pillars and arches give abundant evidence of the transition architectural period through which it has passed. It has several side chapels, that known as the Chantry Chapel being used as a vestry. In a chapel dedicated to St. Clare and used for week-day service, there is a finely carved altar-table, regarding the origin of which there has been much speculation. One tradition has it that the table was taken from the



WINCHELSEA CHURCH. FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.

Spanish Armada and presented to the town by Queen Elizabeth. But there is probably no further ground for that conjecture than that the table is unquestionably of Spanish mahogany. Various periods have been assigned to it, all of which are on careful record by an obliging and intelligent verger; who, however, was sorely puzzled when the Louis-Quatorze period was suggested, that being an entirely new period to him. The church clock, with its pendulum swinging amongst the congregation, is a feature of great curiosity with visitors, and is probably unique. Here, again, the Armada and Queen Elizabeth have been associated in the donorship; but, although the clock is reputed to be the "oldest going concern" of the kind in the kingdom, it is probably not quite so

in 1547, and apparently on very easy terms, if we may judge from the following item in the churchwarden's accounts of the period: "Expended for cleansing the church from Popery, £1 13s. 4d." The restoration of this fine church was designed by Mr. George Street, R.A. He died before his plans were fully executed, and the completion of the work fell to his son, who has ably carried out an undoubtedly fine conception of what was due to one of our finest ecclesiastical edifices.

Adjoining the church is the Court Hall, dating back about one hundred and fifty years. Here is conducted nearly all the public business of the town, and here is exhibited a copy of the "Engagement" of the principal inhabitants of Rye to



RYE FROM WINCHELSEA. FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.

old as the great Spanish naval fiasco of 1588. Externally, the church is wonderfully effective, its cathedral-like character being enhanced by precincts of a quaint and interesting kind. Viewed from Lion Street, on the north side, the handsome transept window and central tower strike the eye. Here is the clock face, with a gilded cherub on either side, hammer in hand, ready to strike the quarter-hours on bells suspended above. These gilded youths are called the "Quarter Boys," and beneath them is the legend: "For our time is a very shadow that passeth away. Wisdom II. 5." The church revelled in Popish observances in its early period, the ceremony of watching the sepulchre from Good Friday to Easter Sunday having been regularly observed, and the play of the Resurrection having been enacted in the year 1522. But all this was changed on the accession of Edward VI.,

serve the Commonwealth. This interesting historical document came into the hands of one of the Aldermen of the town, who received an offer of purchase from the authorities of the British Museum. But the offer was declined, and the document is now the property of the Borough "for ever." It has been exactly reproduced by the autotype process, and it is sold at the house of Mr. J. Adams, publisher, of High Street, Rye, who readily placed it at the disposal of the writer. The "Engagement" is as follows:—"I do declare and promise that I will be true and faithful to the Commonwealth of England, as it is now established, without a King or Howse of Lordes." Then follow the signatures, and it is here that the principal interest comes in. Mayors (past and present), jurats, parsons, shipowners, fishermen, a "Presbyterian Vicar," and a "Government Contractor, for supplying the

Navy with shot, cables, and anchors from the Sussex Iron Works," are amongst the signatories, whose caligraphy is sometimes puzzling, and often obscure. Some of the signatures are quite "Cromwellian" in character, as they ought to be; others are commonplace; all are characteristic. A curious feature is the introduction of signs or symbols in connection with many of the signatures, which are said to denote the trade or calling of the signatory. Thus, a fish would denote a fisherman; an anvil, a blacksmith; and so forth. Rye is not rich in literary characters; but Fletcher, of Beaumont and Fletcher, was born there, his father being vicar of the parish in 1579. It is the fashion to speak of Rye as a decaying town, but it bears no evidences of this either in its streets or in its public institutions. Rather is it bright and cheerful in outward appearance, and it is said to be the only town in England that is not in debt, and that lives within its means. Let us take leave of it in these words from the old Customal: "God save Englonde and the Towne of Rye."



HIGH STREET, WINCHELSEA. FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.

Winchelsea is but a short half-hour's drive from Rye—a journey which need hardly be interrupted to inspect that curious conglomeration of Martello Towers called Camber Castle, built by Henry VIII., about 1531, or from that to 1540. Old Winchelsea lay on the flats, at some distance from the present town. The name is thought to be derived from the Saxon words "Wincel" (Angulus), and "Ea" (Mare), and signifies a waterish place, seated in a corner. If the town did not exist in Roman times, it had become an important place in Saxon days; and at the commencement of the thirteenth century, in the troublous years of King John, its own commerce was not only great, but its bay was the rendezvous for the fleets of England. But its geographical position exposed it to the wildest storms of that wild coast, and after repeated inundations of a more or less serious

character, it was finally destroyed in 1287, although not before Edward I. had arranged his plans for a new town on a more favourable site. "Modern Winchelsea," as it is called, is seated on an uneven sandstone rock, and was originally laid out in quarters, or squares, of which some trace exists to this day. It has three gateways, the Strand Gate, the New Gate, and the Pipewell, or Land Gate; and the approach to the town by the Strand Gate, which spans the military road to Rye, is singularly attractive. The town only escaped from the ravages of the sea to be still further ravaged by the French and Spaniards, an important engagement with the latter having taken place on the 29th August, 1350, when the English fleet was commanded by the King in person, assisted by Edward the Black Prince. The sea, which destroyed Old Winchelsea by its presence, ruined the new town by its desertion, and towards the close of the fifteenth century it began to fall into decay, the merchants leaving it for the neighbouring and newer port of Rye. In 1570 the inhabitants petitioned the Queen in Council on behalf of their town, but the only solace they received was a visit from her Majesty, who, "beholding the goodly situation, ancient buildings, grave bench of a mayor and twelve jurates, in their scarlet gowns, and city-like deportment of the people (there being then several gentry), as well as the projection of the place, gave it, as she thought deservedly, the name of 'Little London.'" But it was only a name, for the glory had departed, and the town has gradually subsided into a mere village. But such a village as, for beauty of situation, picturesqueness of outline, quaintness of story, is not to be found in these islands. Seen on a summer evening, with the westering sun shining out of an Italian sky, and playing on the blue waters beyond and below the Strand Gate; and with Rye, another "city set upon an hill," in the distance, Winchelsea may claim to rank with the goodliest spots on God's beautiful earth. The houses are smothered in roses, red and white, with the blue or purple clematis to complete the national colours, for which the town had so often fought and bled. But they are the emblems of peace now, and "Peace" is the word which might most fitly be inscribed over the gateways leading to this "Earthly Paradise."

The church, dating back to about 1290, must have been a noble edifice, as it is now, in part at least, a noble ruin. On the whole, the exterior is the most attractive portion of the building, and the south-east view is especially fine. The building originally consisted of a nave and side aisles, north and south transepts, and a central tower; but the choir and chancel, with some portions of the transepts, alone remain. Of course, the restorer has been at work, and much plaster and whitewash have been removed, to the joy of all who look below the surface in matters archaeological. But the interior is disappointing, and but for the double-arched and finely mullioned windows, and several fine tombs (although the finest has been desecrated by an act of Vandalism), there is not a great deal to attract special notice. Its predominance over any other building in the village is, as has been said, the predominance of gentleness and sweetness, and "the melancholy graces of decay."

The Friars, at no great distance from the church, the residence of Major Stileman, contains a fine ruin in the shape of the chapel attached to the monastery of the Friars Minors, an Order established in England in 1224. The choir of the chapel is still standing, and with its apse and lofty arch forms a most picturesque bit. The surroundings are so remote from

the world, and so secluded, that one would not be in the least surprised if an abbot or a monk were to present himself in place of the old gardener who opens the gate and shows visitors round. Many fine trees surround the ruin, and a more ideal spot for a "religious house," so called, could hardly be imagined. Winchelsea is so far known to fame, in a modern sense, that it contains the residence of an eminent Q.C. who has been Mayor of the place, as well as that of a popular

actress whose fame is world-wide. But its principal charm is its quiet, quaint beauty, its remoteness from the crowd, and a something about it which enables you to realise the idea of the poet when he speaks of a place where it is "always afternoon." As Coventry Patmore finely says: "Winchelsea breathes, and has breathed for a hundred years or more, the very atmosphere of the abode and landscape of the 'Sleeping Beauty.'" R. W. J.



THE RUINS OF GREY FRIARS MONASTERY, WINCHELSEA. FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN FULLWOOD, R.B.A.

THE ILLUSTRATION OF BOOKS.*

THIRD LECTURE.—METHODS OF DRAWING FOR REPRODUCTION IN LINE.

THERE is no doubt that to-day the most popular method of designing the decoration of a book (I use the word book, but I would refer to magazines and papers as well) is by means of line work. By the use of what materials these lines are to be made, how they are to be placed upon paper or metal that they may reproduce and print best, and the way in which that reproduction and printing is done, will be the subject of this and subsequent lectures.

The line has always been employed, not only by artists, but by the artless, to express form; the only difference being that the artist uses a vital line full of meaning, the artless a meaningless line without vitality. Often the work of the two approaches so closely that it can scarcely be distinguished; however, that is a critical not a technical matter.

I do not propose to give you a history of the methods employed to obtain lines—in fact a history of drawing. There are many books on the subject; and as for drawing, you study that every day, in the life and antique and, I hope, outside as well. But it is to line work and its reproduction in the present that I wish to call your attention.

The most generally adopted method of making a line drawing for illustration to-day is with a pen and ink upon

white paper. There are but four tools—paper, pens, pencil and ink—required. The tools are simple and cheap enough, the ability to use them rightly and well is rare enough, even though every book is decorated, and all newspapers are to be illustrated in the near future.

First, as to the pens; there is, as you know, an endless variety of them, all the best. Some are made specially for the artist, and of these the most generally used is Gillott's 659 (all colourmen keep them), a barrel-pen, which fits a special handle; when one has mastered this pen, unsympathetic, hard, and scratchy at first—and each pen by the way has to be broken in—one finds that the most amazing variety of line can be obtained with it, from the most delicate to the boldest. The beginner thinks because it is a small tool that only small work can be done with it; experience and practice will prove to him that it is a most sensitive implement, and he will learn to take care of his pens, keeping them on the holder in a box which they just fit, for these pens improve with age, getting better and better until they are almost like living things; and then they break. From this most delicate and sensitive of pens I call your attention to the hardest and most unsympathetic—the glass pen, or stylus. This is a useful tool, but while the Gillott is to be used in work demanding freedom of touch and consequent variety of line,

* Notes for a Course of Lectures delivered at the Slade School, University College, London, 1894-5. Continued from page 211.

the glass pen is only to be used—unless you like it—when lines of uniform thickness are wanted. It carries a large quantity of ink, and, as lines can be made in any direction with it, it is more like an etching needle than anything else I know. If these pens were really well made in metal and not of glass, and of different sizes, and would give lines really varying in width, they would be much used; as it is they are very unreliable, easily broken, and expensive. I find that they are liable to tear up the paper, or that they refuse to work, in an annoying fashion. It has been pointed out that they are most useful for tracing, and also that if they clog up, they may be easily cleaned by dipping in water and wiping off with a dry rag. I may say they should be thoroughly wiped, as, in fact, all pens should, after they are cleaned or the ink is changed; you may spoil not only your pen, but your ink as well, by dipping your pen, without cleaning, either in water or another sort of ink, since one ink may contain some chemical matter which absolutely ruins another. Some rubber should be placed in the bottom of your inkstand, for if the glass pen drops heavily it will be broken; but not paper, unless you wish to spend all your time wiping pulp off your pen. The best of these pens, I have found, are those sold by Roberson, 99, Long Acre: three in a case for half-a-crown, a most ridiculous price, unless it is the case which is so expensive. Between these two extremes, of flexibility in the Gillott and firmness in the stylus, are to be found all sorts and conditions of pens. And I may say that you may never like, and you need never use, any special kind, but instead your favourite writing pen; if you like that best, it is the tool for you; use it. There are, however, some other sorts of pens to which I may call your attention. If only a fountain pen-maker had the power to invent a pen of that sort for artists he would make his fortune. But fountain pens at present are unreliable in action and unsuitable for use with drawing inks, so they are out of the question altogether for us.

A very good tool is the quill pen. Much variety can be obtained with it, especially in broad dragged work. I use technical terms because you understand them, I hope, and it is only the technical side of illustration I propose to touch. With the back of this pen you can get rich and broken effects, especially when it is half dry. The quill, the stylus, and the reed were the tools for pen-drawing used by the old men. You can buy quill pens anywhere. Reed pens you had better make for yourselves. Go to a reed bed in the early summer, cut off the top of the stalk, strip off the outer covering, and cut the inner canes into sections between the joints. Cut your pen and finish it at once, or, rather, a lot of them; for when the reed is dry it is liable to split, and is not half so flexible.

Pen work with reed pens really should only be done when they are fresh; but at all times they glide easily over the paper. Any pen will do this after you have mastered it. Reed pens also make a broad, fat line and hold lots of colour.

Another pen which is useful sometimes is Perry's Auto-Stylo, or marking pen, from Perry's, Holborn Viaduct. Lines half an inch broad or as fine as a hair can be made with it, and I have at times used it as a brush; it is a most amusing instrument.

Brandauer's round-pointed pens are used by some. But the pen you should use, is the pen you can use—that is, the pen with which you can get the most variety of line. Or you may try half a dozen, from the finest Gillott to the biggest reed. It is not the pen but the person who uses it.

Many artists are now taking up the brush. Most probably it was used by the old men. Certainly the men of the last generation employed it, as it was much easier to work on the wood block with a brush than a pen. And we know that the Japanese pen is a brush. The advantages are flexibility of line, the amount of colour it will hold, freedom from scratchiness, and absolute freedom of movement in every direction—the greatest advantage of all—while the line itself is fuller and fatter, more pleasing. The drawbacks, well, there scarcely are any, save that to use either a brush or a pen well is as about as difficult as to play the violin, that is all.

The commonest brush for line work is that made for lithographers—a sable rigger, which they cut to a fine point, removing the outside hairs, but almost any good pointed brush will do. Very good indeed are the genuine Japanese brushes; the small thin ones are the best, in black handles. You can pick these up sometimes at the Japanese dealers, but I imagine any artist's colourman would send to Japan for them if there was a sufficient demand.

There are various mechanical tin tools, like hair brushes, in use. They are of little importance to the artist, for if you want a dotted tint you can get it by dipping a tooth-brush in ink and rubbing it with a match stick, or you may impress your inked thumb, or pieces of silk, or canvas, on the paper, or indulge in any trick of this sort that amuses you and gives the desired result.

Ink is probably the most important material employed in pen drawing. It must be good—that is, it must be black; it should not shine; it must never settle in the bottle; it must flow easily, dry quickly, and never clog the pen. There are many varieties of good ink, but the only ink that I know to-day, which gives me exactly what I want, and is obtainable of the same quality all over the world—all over Europe, at any rate, and this is an enormous advantage—is Bourgeois's *encre de Chine liquide*. During several years it has never varied, and that is more than I can say of any other. It is indelible, a desirable quality in ordinary use. The only bad thing about it is the vile, ill-balanced bottle and the rotten cork, which always breaks and usually gets you into a mess. The best bottle I have ever seen is that in which Higgins' American drawing ink comes.

This is not a talk on inks, but a hint as to the one which I have found the most satisfactory and reliable. If you do not like it, every colourman makes an ink or sells some one else's; try them. Among the best are Reeves', Higgins', Winsor & Newton's, Newman's, Rowney's, and Stevens' ebony stain.

Freshly ground Indian ink is the best of all. But to grind up your ink is too much trouble, too tedious, and too unreliable to be worth the work it entails. Indian ink under certain conditions shines and glitters, and this is not pleasant and hinders photography. Lamp black and ivory black are quite dead and free from shine, but they are not fixed colours. They may be easily fixed with gall or gum.

Writing inks usually, if not always, have blue in them; therefore they will not photograph, and they run about, blot, and generally misbehave. Sometimes one gets good black writing ink; when you do get it use it. Otherwise use Indian or Chinese ink, and, as I know of no better preparation at present, I commend Bourgeois's. It comes in the tall bottle with the diagonal black and yellow dragon on the label. Coloured inks, save blue, may be used, but unless the illustration is to be printed in colour, the result is almost always

disappointing. Delicate, washy brown, for instance, becoming staring solid black.

In sketching out of doors with ink—a method I most strongly recommend—pour your ink, or rather, enough of it, into an excise man's ink bottle, one of those unspillable affairs which you can cork up, though, save to keep the dust out of them, there is no occasion to do so, and attach by a sort of watch-guard to your button-hole, putting the bottle in your pocket. Messrs. Newman, 24, Soho Square, have fixed up some of these bottles for me.

Also provide yourself with a hardish lead pencil (H), or, better, a blue one, as the blue doesn't photograph, but it's hard to get off the paper and doesn't look well; also with some lithographic crayon or Wolff's carbon pencils; a good rubber—pure rubber or bread for the pencil, an ink rubber or eraser for the ink. Some Chinese white and gum for patching up things and for use in the house, an old razor to scratch out, and, out of doors, a folding eraser, such as Mr. Percy Young, of Gower Street, supplies. Get the folding ones, as the others are not only less convenient but rather dangerous to carry.

Lastly the paper; the photo-engraver will tell you Bristol board. Certainly a simple, open line-drawing in pure black upon pure white smooth paper very little reduced should give a truer result than anything else. But what it does really is this: it gives engraver and printer less trouble, and that is what the most of them want; in the majority of cases it is best to aid them, otherwise your work is spoiled. Therefore, if you like Bristol board, use it, and use it whether you like it or no if you are doing work for ordinary printing. But if you are doing work that is to be well engraved and well printed, use what paper you like. But to get satisfactory results from rough paper requires much experience, and you had better arrive at that experience by doing simple things in a fashion which will engrave well; go to printing-offices and engraving-shops, find out what is necessary for good reproduction, try to work in harmony with printer and engraver, and they will do their best for you; most of them care for their work, and are genuinely sorry if they cannot make yours look well, so work with them and they will work with you.

As to the Bristol board, get the best; if the drawing is large and has to be rolled up, the thin, if not, the thicker quality. It is known as so many sheets: 2, 4, 6 sheets the heaviest. You must get the best quality otherwise there is a risk of bad spongy places in it, which may almost ruin the drawing, at any rate, its appearance, and necessitate patching up, which is delaying and annoying. Bristol boards, too, may always be made up into books or blocks. Some boards are now mounted so that they can be stripped off the mount when the drawing is finished. Among them are Turnbull's Art Tablets. While the best surface of all, which is like marble or ivory to work on, a surface which may be rubbed or scratched without harm, is the old mounted thin Whatman or bank paper, prepared by Messrs. Roberson and Newman. These thin papers are mounted on heavy board and kept under hydraulic pressure for weeks until the whole becomes a solid mass. The mounted Whatman when well made is the best paper in the world; it is also the most expensive. Thin foreign correspondence paper may also be used, putting it over the original sketch, if you wish to preserve that, like tracing paper, and when the drawing is finished mounting it on cardboard; tracing paper may also be mounted. One scheme, not much in vogue yet, is to draw

upon black paper with Chinese white, making the drawing in white lines instead of black. Any sort of writing paper, or all varieties of rough or smooth Whatman, may be made to answer, though, of course, in drawing on rough paper you are bound to get a rough, broken result in printing; however, if you know what you are after, no one will object but the engraver. In fact any sort of white paper may be used for pen and ink work; only, the smooth gives the most certain results. There are also many grained papers which give a tint; that is, a mechanical tint is printed on the paper, lights are scratched in it, blacks are put in with a pen or brush, a middle tint may be made with pencil or chalk, and many tricks may be played, one usually only a little less satisfactory than the other.

There are also various clay or chalk-surfaced papers which after being drawn upon may be scratched to get light in the design. The results are, however, rarely satisfactory. In fact, it is best to use a good hand-made white paper; you will be surer of your result, and that is what you are working for.

Having given you a list of the necessary materials, I will try to tell you how you should use them. I shall not try to compel you to make short lines or long lines, black spots or white ones. Work in your own fashion; only that must be good and capable of being engraved and printed. I shall not tell you how to draw, but how to draw so that your work may reproduce and print best. You may commence your drawing in either one of two ways—by making a pencil sketch on your sheet of paper which is to be sent to the engraver, preferably in blue pencil which does not photograph, and in as few lines as possible; or by commencing straight away at your final work with a pen; if it is a drawing from nature, I do not see why you should not do this, for it will teach you care in selecting your lines and putting them down. And as you have an ink eraser in metal and rubber you should be able to remove those lines which are wrong.

But if your design is more in the nature of a composition with elaborate figures, or figures in action, it will be almost impossible to do this. True, most interesting sketches may be made, and should be made, and must be made, direct from nature. But your final design will, in nearly every case, have to be built up from these. Therefore, unless you can "see the whole thing in your head," before you put it on paper, so clearly that you only want a model to keep you right, I think you had better make sketch after sketch, and then transfer the best to the sheet on which it is to be completed by putting transfer paper under it and tracing paper over it, if you wish to preserve it. Probably you will pencil on the final drawing, but do as little as you can, for the camera, when the drawing comes to be photographed, pays just as much attention to smudges, finger marks, pencil lines, and meaningless accidents as it does to those portions which are brimful of meaning. By neglecting these matters all artists give engravers much trouble, and unless the engraver is an artist too, he not infrequently bestows great pains on the reproduction of an accidental line, even though in order to do so, he ruins the entire drawing. And again, in all cheap work your drawing is placed with a number of others, and no special attention is paid to it, and it reproduces somehow or don't, which is much the same thing. But in case of failure you will be blamed by the public.

After several years' experience, I am quite unable to say how much or how little a drawing should be reduced. There is no reason why it should be made the same size as it is to be

engraved, save that the nearer it is to the same size the nearer the result should be to the original. If the reduction is to be great, it is easier to make the design larger and have it mechanically reduced. The excessive reduction of a drawing tends to make the lines run together into a black mass sometimes, and the enlargement of a drawing—this too may be done—makes the lines at times look crude and clumsy. But it is impossible to foretell results in any two cases. Only a good drawing in line will, with good engraving and printing, look well, whether the artist knew anything of process or not. But there are some things to be observed if certain results are wished for.

The first thing to remember in putting your drawing on the paper is the space it is to fill. If it is to be a full page it must be made the size of that page or twice or five times as large—at any rate, it must have some definite relation to it. In the case of half a page, it is only necessary that the top or bottom of the drawing should fit across the printed matter. Still, the drawing should not be made so high that it will not fit in, or so narrow as to be ineffective. If you will look at the illustrations in *THE ART JOURNAL* you will see what I mean.

In simple cheap work the ink which you use should be uniformly black, for the engraved block will be put with type and inked with the same amount and strength of colour all over. Therefore, in order to get variety, distance, effect, you must use lines of different widths, placed at varying distances apart, not of different degrees of colour. In theory at least, then, the foreground should be drawn with a firm bold line, the middle distance with a medium-sized line, the lines themselves closer together, and the extreme distance with a thin line. But there is no rule: only get variety in your line, and this will produce variety and interest in the engraved result.

If you make your drawings much larger than they are to be reproduced, you will often be greatly surprised at the changes in their appearance. Greys will, by filling up, become darker, and lights lighter, owing to the concentration around them of masses of colour—that is, blacks become blacker and whites whiter in reproduction. But do remember that, though the drawings by Boyd, Houghton, Millais, F. Walker, and Pinwell were made the size you see them, on the wood, in the books of twenty-five years ago, the drawings made to-day, by Abbey, for example, are four or five times as large as the published reproductions, and in the originals are not filled with that microscopic work which appears in the reproduction. At the same time do not make crude lines under the impression that they will ever be anything but crude. Try to make a beautiful drawing, in beautiful line; unless you can do this, you will never get a beautiful reproduction. Once you have learned to draw, study the best books and the best magazines. Always remembering that drawings to-day are made much larger, as a rule, than you see them on the printed page.

In pen work you may run the gamut from solid blacks to the most delicate line. Do not try it always, but select a colour scheme which is appropriate and restrained in every drawing. Solid black will reproduce best because it is a solid mass, excepting in cheap rapid working when solid blacks either get too much or too little ink. A number of black lines close together will reproduce almost equally well, because in engraving and printing these lines support the paper and do not take up too much ink. A single thin line, on the contrary, always thickens in the engraving, and often prints badly, because in the printing-press the ink and paper bear down too heavily upon it, and it receives too much ink, which runs

down the sides and thickens up. I have recommended you to use only black ink and white paper; before you have worked much you will try experiments, I am sure, in greying ink, putting water with it, and leaving pencil marks, or adding lines with lithographic chalk or crayon, but you will find out the moment the drawing is printed that everything becomes quite black, and if you have made your distance in broad grey lines, it will probably ruin your whole scheme. Greys may be obtained by engraving the blocks by hand, rouletting, or a number of other ways which I shall explain. Line drawings may also be made altogether in pencil, on rough paper, in chalk or crayon, or charcoal on Michelet paper, in white chalk on grey paper; only the paper must be rough to give a tooth to the charcoal or chalk; otherwise you will only get a uniform dead black, reinforced, if necessary, with a blot of ink, or a wash, or a line with a pen here and there; but for line work with these materials you must employ a grained paper in order to get a proper mechanical direct reproduction of the work. Bristol boards must not be used. Sometimes these combinations of pen and pencil are excellent, but they must harmonize, otherwise the result is unpleasant.

Corrections in line drawings with pen should be made either with an ink eraser, a razor, the razor knife, or by painting over the place with Chinese white, or, if it be large, by pasting down a bit of paper on it. This is the most usual way; if the paper is thin and the edges well-joined it is the best. Or, you may cut a hole from the back and let in a bit of paper, paring down the edges, or scraping them down; but be careful about the edges, because they may make a nasty line when the drawing is photographed. In pencil, crayon, or charcoal work, remove imperfections in the ordinary way. You will not, of course, lose your heads and elaborate a pen drawing, any more than you would a chalk or charcoal drawing or etching; you will select your lines with the utmost care, put them down with the greatest intelligence, and the more care and intelligence you exercise the better will be your illustrations.

Your drawings should be works of art; be proud of them; but also regard them as a means to an end, and, as I have said, for cheap and rapid printing, draw on smooth white paper with good black ink, and do not use big solid blacks, or single thin lines. Keep your work as open as you can, and do not have it reduced. That is, draw as near the size it is to appear (if you can find that out) as possible. For the best engraving and printing draw as you like. Anything to-day can be photographed and engraved, the great difficulty is in the printing. Remember that if you do not put distinction and character into your work the engraver and printer cannot. They will take much away, in any case.

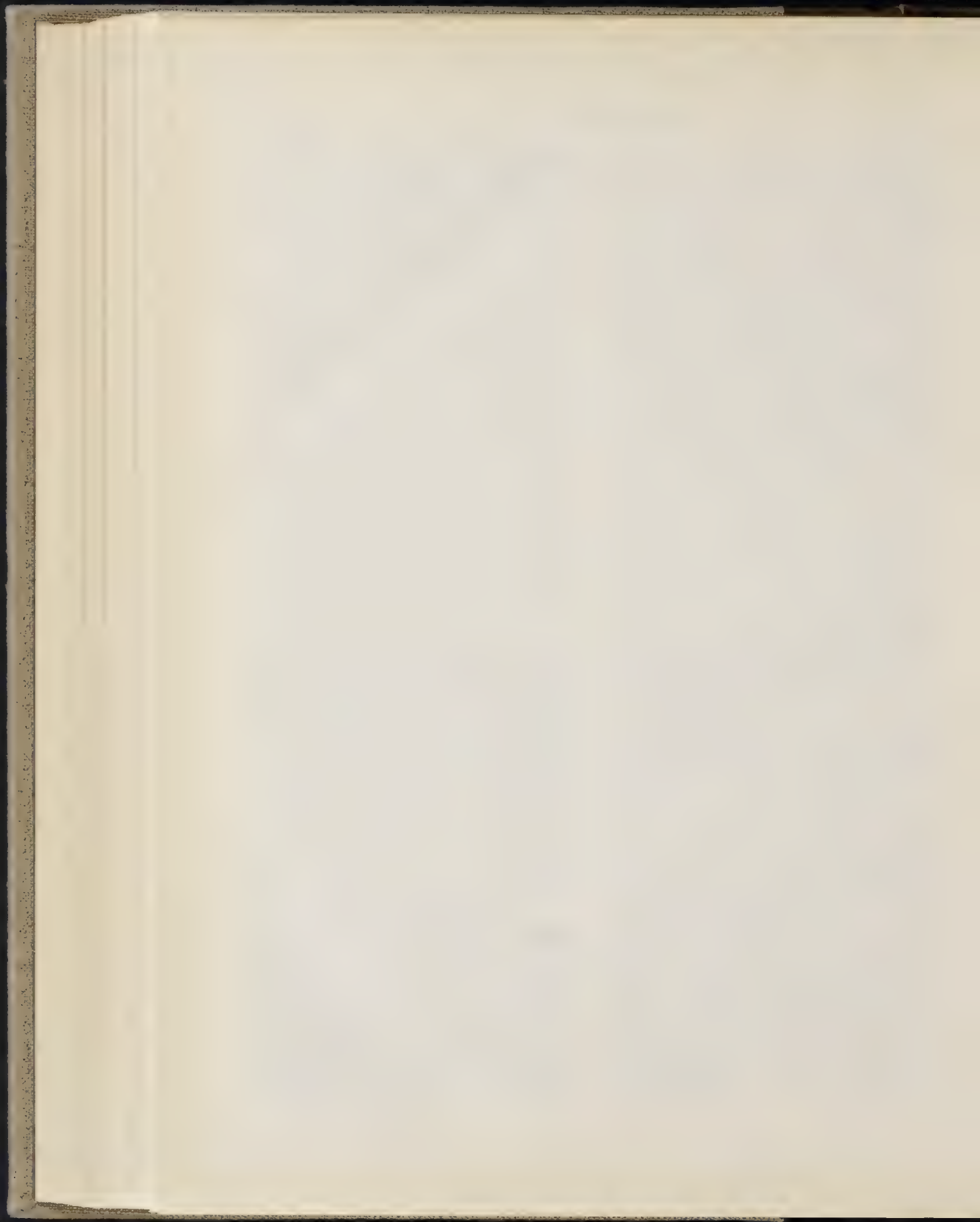
As you are working for an editor, you will have to please him. Do so, if you can, without hurting your work, and your own standard of right and wrong.

But always work in your own way, if that is at all possible for reproduction and printing; if not, you will have to change your methods. For you are working for a definite purpose—illustration—therefore your work must engrave and print.

If you wish to succeed, you must see all the illustration you can, you must talk to editors and illustrators, and you must go down into the printing office and the engraver's shop. You must learn your trade, for if you haven't passed through the drudgery of the apprentice you will never become a master of your craft.

JOSEPH PENNELL.







If it be Love in
Servitude to grow
To dwell Alone -
When I seek smiles for
Tears to come too free
Love hath indeed a Bondsman
made of Me

If it be Love - to deem
but one Face fair
Beyond Compare -
That in mine Heart, none
Else may written be

If it be Love - to ever feed the fire
Of strong Desire
Yet fear what I do wish so eagerly
Love hath indeed a Bondsman made of Me

Sif it be Love - after a weary Chase
To shun her face -
Yet follow that form which I cannot see
Love hath indeed a Bondsman made of Me

If it be Love - to think I long shall live
If She but give
One Glance - No more - unto Her Devotee
Love hath indeed a Bondsman made of Me

If it be Love - to ever feed the fire
Of strong Desire
Yet fear what I do wish so eagerly
Love hath indeed a Bondsman made of Me

If it be Love - to think I long shall live
If She but give
One Glance - No more - unto Her Devotee
Love hath indeed a Bondsman made of Me



TELEMACO SIGNORINI.

A WELL-KNOWN Italian writer, speaking one day of Telemaco Signorini, called him, quoting a line of Dante: "Un Fiorentino spirito bizzarro," "that exasperate spirit Florentine" (*Longfellow's Translation*), intending to emphasize with the adjective *bizzarro* the eminently original character of this artist's genius—original in all he does, be it whether he paints, writes, or speaks. This originality—and with regard to him the word may be accepted in its fullest meaning—has placed Signorini in a niche all his own, and somewhat apart among modern Florentine painters. Whether it has been of service to him in his career is another matter; financially perchance it has helped him little, but to modern Italian Art it has unquestionably been of service, and has placed Telemaco Signorini at the head and forefront of that progressive, not to say revolutionary movement, which has thrown off the empty fetters of the Academy, and which seeks only after truth in its creations.

Telemaco Signorini was born in Florence, August 16th, 1835, and may be called a son of Art. His father was a painter, with an original vein of his own, which preluded that of his son. One of his brothers, a student at the Academy of Fine Arts, died at the early age of nineteen, after having done work of great promise. Telemaco, however, evinced no desire to follow Art as a profession, he felt more drawn to literature.

But his father, contrary to all rules and proverbs, which tell that fathers do not care to put their sons into their own lines, ardently desired that Telemaco should be a painter, and like a good son, he finally obeyed and set himself to learn. But no official education was his. His father was his first and only master, and after that he may be said to have taught himself, for he could not bend to the conventionalities and formalities demanded by the professors of the Academy. Instead of pursuing his studies by rule, Telemaco Signorini painted picture after picture, choosing by preference themes of a dramatic character, and giving to them a great vivacity and colouring. The elder men looking at these works were scandalized by their bold and undaunted methods, but a few younger or more open spirits noted that in these tentative efforts there was something uncommon, and which presaged better things. It was when he got to this point that Signorini went for the first time to Venice, and it was there that the true artistic spirit was born in him. In the lovely Lagoon City even the Philistine feels himself for a moment an artist. How much more then must a true son of the Muses be impressed by its subtle charms. At Venice, Signorini dedicated himself for life and death to Art, and painted with fire and ardour and enthusiasm until he really produced there some lovely works.

Venice figures in the best and most original of his canvases,



PASCOLI. FROM THE PICTURE BY TELEMACO SIGNORINI.

in which he strives to persuade rather than seek after effects, occupying himself more with simplicity and every-day scenes than with the new and marvellous; and is it not by this same method of insidious persuasiveness that Venice has so endeared herself to painters and writers, and all who can feel beauty? It was in Venice itself that Signorini painted his 'Ghetto of Venice,' which excited such infinite discussions in the Italian Art world, when in 1861 it was exhibited at Turin. It formed the corner-stone of that rebellion in the tents of Art which Signorini effected. It was the gauntlet flung at all the ancient academic formulas, at worn-out systems, at antiquated precepts.

But this was later. Before the work was exposed to public gaze, Signorini had returned to his native Florence, 1855, where he became evermore enamoured of the *Macchia*, as the impressionist school, then but dawning, was nicknamed by the Tuscan artists. One of their number, Serafino Tivoli, had imported it from Paris, where it was then practised in its earlier milder form by Decamps, Troyon, Breton, Daubigny, Courbet, Fromentin, Corot and Stevens. Such indeed was Signorini's admiration, that he resolved himself to see the works of these men with his own eyes. Hence he went to Paris to see and to study these productions. Returned to Italy, he became, in company with Cabianca, Tivoli and Banti, a professed *Macchiaiolo* or Impressionist.

Now one of the creeds of this brotherhood was that teaching is both useless and pernicious; hence of course they took no pupils. The fundamental basis of their creed was that each man must work out his individuality in his own way, and study to accentuate that individuality rather than suppress it. Like their French brethren, the *Macchiaioli* went out into the country to study, to work, to seek for new effects of light. There sufficed for them the sight of washing hung out on a line in which the white of the clothes was accentuated against the background of a grey wall or of green trees, to send them into ecstasies. The themes of their pictures were subjects as trifling and common as a flock of sheep facing the sun; a hill with the sun behind it; the blot that an ox makes standing in the middle of a field or crossing the road at mid-day in the month of July, and so forth. But trifling though these subjects seem, they were always useful in that search after truth, after values, after *chiaroscuro*, to which the *Macchiaioli* have dedicated themselves. It would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the patient tentative efforts they made to render the effects of open-air nature, above all of sunshine. Colour was piled on colour and yet the values of pure light would not make themselves felt. Then they say

that it was clearly not a question of quantity but of quality, and they scraped down their canvases to put on new colours, and still the desired effect would not come. All the resources of the palette were exhausted in vain, no sunshine would glow from their pictures. Artifices were resorted to with no better

result. It was an incessant doing and undoing, trying, attempting, and retrying, and all for the end of establishing the proper value, the just limits of that *chiaroscuro* of which the Academy talked so much and understood so conventionally, and in a manner so far removed from nature's truth.

In researches carried out in this manner it is easy to understand that form and drawing were neglected at the expense of colour, and took a secondary place in the painters' minds. And, indeed, drawing had to be avoided, it was not that that could help them to the end they sought, nay, would even hinder it. Thus the branch of a tree carefully outlined, drawn across their canvas, would have disturbed the harmony and purpose of the whole.

Of this band Telemaco was the most convinced and the

most advanced; impatient of any scholastic yoke, entirely enamoured of the *Macchia*, he flayed with his pungent powers of irony, his biting words, such youths as came forth from the Academy of Fine Arts, and who ventured to oppose their learnt-by-rote ideas of Art to his rule-of-thumb experiments. He even ventured to poke fun at venerated masterpieces, pointing out where the great past masters had gone astray, where they had departed from nature. He argued and talked and ridiculed until many a one gave in, not always because he was convinced, but because he feared to appear absurd and not in accordance with modern ideas. And it was in this wise that in Tuscany the new views concerning Art conquered the old.

Nor was it with words alone that Telemaco Signorini fought for his theories. Between the years 1855-62 he had a studio in Via della Pergola, his first studio. Here he painted a picture representing a country road flooded with sunshine, on which were walking two children going to school under the shade of an umbrella, their eyes red with weeping, looking longingly at two hens who were pecking at one another in a brushwood of wild plum bushes.*

He called this work 'Blessed are ye who do not go to School,' and exhibited it at the annual exhibition of modern Art works held in Florence. The ironical title sufficiently explains in what esteem Signorini held school in general, and

* In Italian the word *Macchia*, which means literally a spot, is a term applied to underwood, a small forest, as well as to the impressionist painters, and to blotches and spots of any kind.



TELEMACO SIGNORINI.

Fine Art schools in particular. In fact, as I have said, he was never a student at the Academy, but only frequented for a little time the public schools for drawing after the nude.

In 1859 Signorini, like nearly all Italians of that period, had himself enrolled a volunteer in the great cause of his country's liberation from the stranger's yoke. He entered the artillery corps and left for the seat of war. But he did not on that account throw away his paint brushes, nay, he had been careful to take them with him, and between one bivouac and another he employed himself in taking rapid sketches and noting down impressions. When the campaign was ended Signorini returned to the battle-fields to study them anew, and these studies served as a basis for his military pictures, of which the two best are entitled 'A Skirmish at Solferino,' and 'The French Zouaves salute the Italian Flag at Castiglione della Stiviere.' It would carry us too far to narrate all the amusing episodes which occurred when Signorini was at the seat of war; one anecdote must suffice for all. Telemaco Signorini has a very non-Italian personal appearance; his fair beard, his gold-rimmed spectacles, the way in which he carried himself, his mode of dressing, gave him all the aspect of a German. We must remember that these were the days of 1860, when the patriotic fever was at its height in Italy. Given this feature, and that Signorini was then in the full force of his early manhood, it will not seem strange to learn that at Pozzolengo, near Solferino, he was arrested as a German spy, and it was not at all easy to get him released and to convince the authorities

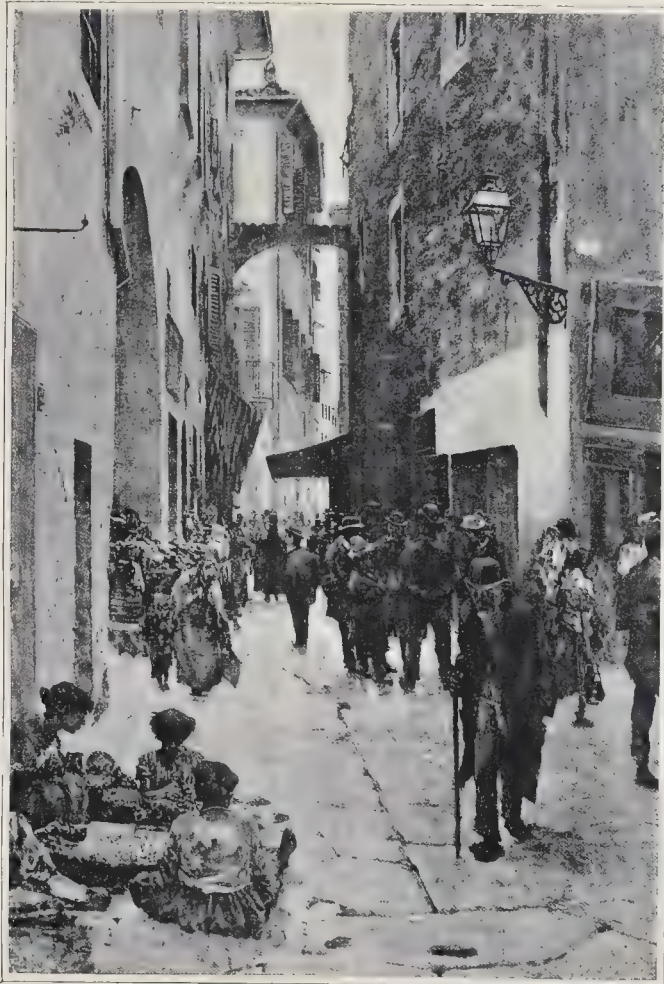
of the mistake they had made. To this day Signorini loves to tell the tale, and laughs as heartily about it as if it had happened yesterday.

The military pictures were all sold in Florence with the exception of the 'Tuscans at Calcinato,' which was bought by the Artists' Club at Milan. The Milanese artists, headed by Pagliano, Induno, and others, sent a round-robin to Signorini to beg him to go on working in this line, assuring him his pictures would sell well if he did so. But Signorini, who is no tradesman in Art, and must work as he feels and as his inspiration dictates, sent instead to the next year's

exhibition two pictures suggested to him at Spezia, representing women carrying pitchers of water upon their heads. These pictures were not only not sold, but were received by his fellow-artists and the critics with a glacial silence.

Such were Signorini's first battles, victories, and defeats in the thorny domain of Art. He was neither discouraged nor unduly elated; he worked on undaunted, pruning his youthful extravagances, but ever remaining faithful to his love for the truth as he understands it. In 1864 he painted his picture 'The Towing Path,' which received a gold medal at Vienna in 1874. In 1865, after dwelling for a while in a lunatic asylum

to study all the sad phases of a maniac's life, he painted his picture of 'The Madwoman,' which confirmed his Art principles both as to choice of theme and as regards execution. In 1870 he was on the jury of the exhibition which was held at Parma. In that year a work of his called 'November' was chosen as



THE GHETTO OF FLORENCE. FROM THE PICTURE BY TELEMACO SIGNORINI.

the prize picture by the Società Promotrice of Florence. Concerning this canvas there exists an anecdote. This prize picture fell to one of the members of the Association, a certain Signor Cattaneo, who did not want it because he disliked it, but the longer he lived with it the more he grew attached to it, until finally he even refused to sell it to Goupil, who greatly desired it. The canvas represents nothing but a muddy road at Settignano under a bad weather sky; nothing else, and yet what poetry, what sentiment, what truth Signorini has conveyed with his brush strokes! In 1873 he once more visited Paris and then passed over to London, where he now goes annually to sell his works, which are in great request in the English market. In the Italian Exhibition of Naples of 1877, where Signorini was once again on the Fine Arts jury, he painted the picture which we reproduce of the 'Porta Adriana at Ravenna.' The picture was bought by the Italian Government and formed the first to be acquired for the National Gallery of Modern Art in Rome. A picture of the Ponte Vecchio at Florence was shown at Turin in 1880, and bought by an Englishman. It is certainly one of Signorini's strongest works, bold in the choice of its theme and the manner in which this theme is handled.

In 1888, he first visited Scotland, for which he at once conceived a great liking. There on the spot he painted his impressions of Edinburgh, but it was not the modern monumental Edinburgh he painted, but the characteristic, squalid, dirty, close quarters of Auld Reekie. Besides reproducing

the effects of the surroundings, the difficult values of fog, Signorini also wanted to reproduce the street types, the Highland soldier and the beggar lassie. He who had understood to render so well the atmosphere, moral and physical, of the Ghetto of Venice, the Ghetto of Florence and the Ponte Vecchio, he who is a master in the drawing of dirty, narrow, squalid alleys and byeways, found that old Edinburgh excited his fantasy and imagination to the last degree. He has rarely done better work than in his Edinburgh pictures. This picturesque speciality of Signorini's, combined with an excellent technique, constitutes his characteristic individuality as an artist.

In the Ghetto of Florence, which we reproduce, Signorini shows himself more harmonious and complete than in many of his other works. It is perchance the best composed. As a portrait, so to speak, of the locality, it could not be more exact, and it is all reproduced in a frank and honest manner. Lurid byeways, grimy dwellings, fever-haunted dens are here in picturesque confusion. The old man who occupies the centre of the canvas is in himself a sort of epitome of the whole class who lived in these haunts, now vanished for ever from Florence, to the regret of the tourist in search of the picturesque, but to the joy of the residents, who knew how much of illness and vice was bred in those noisome alleys.

In all Signorini's works, of which I have indicated a few of the principal, as to name them all would lead me too far, even the most superficial spectator cannot fail to notice that each of these impressions is received direct from nature, and that they are not mere renderings either of the surface of things, but put down after their creator has penetrated their inner meaning, the soul of that which he presents; and having himself a straightforward mind that conceives without subtleties, he also puts down his impressions on his canvas with a certain directness which is almost crude, and which at all times is forcible, bold, and effective. There are no half phrases in Signorini's presentments, and this makes itself felt above all in his treatment of lights and shadows. He never dilutes his methods of expression, as his countrymen are so apt to do, enamoured as they are of rhetoric, nor does Signorini ever for one moment stop to consider whether his subjects are likely to please or no. He is a realist by conviction, and despises works made up to please others. This direct method of Art expression obviously makes him specially fitted to work in etching, which requires such sharp, direct, and sure methods, and indeed Signorini's etchings are among his best works. We reproduce two of the many he made in the old market of Florence ere it was pulled down and consigned to oblivion. Apart from their artistic value they are also of historical worth, as preserving the outward aspect of a portion of the elder Florence which existed already in the days of Dante. It is worth mentioning that of late, in digging the foundations of some of the large modern buildings which are to take the place of those tumble-down old huts, once the home of the Jews, then of the scum of the population of Arno's city, there has been laid bare a pre-Etruscan cemetery, and many precious objects are daily coming to light. In these etchings Signorini again reveals himself the close student of men and things, the Macchiaiolo, enamoured of truth and audacity, but despoiled of his youthful extravagances.

Such is Telemaco Signorini the painter, and to give an instance of his independence of mind, it will suffice to say that in 1882 he refused the title of professor at the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence. He would not be bound in any fashion.



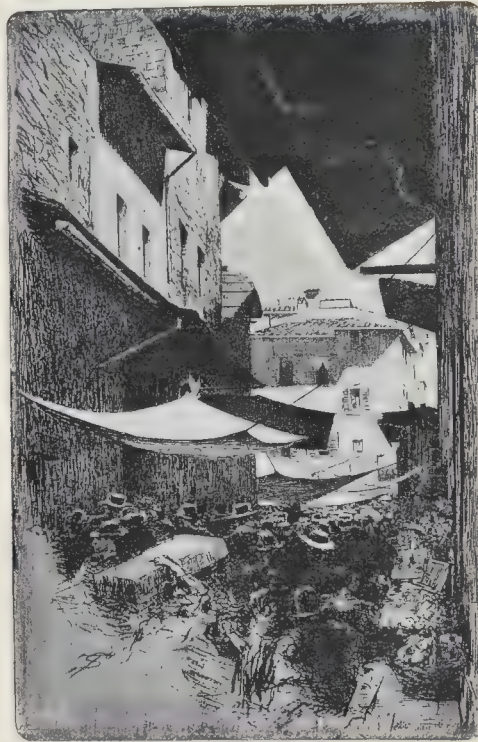
PASSAGE AT FLORENCE. FROM THE ETCHING BY TELEMACO SIGNORINI

I said at the beginning of this article Signorini's early desire had been to be a literary man. He has never quite abandoned his early taste for writing, and to this day he signs some of the most vigorous, not to say slashing, criticisms of the Art productions of his contemporary compatriots, that issue from a press too apt to deal in indiscriminate and servile laudation. Signorini is a vigorous polemist and critic, and gives no quarter where he thinks censure is deserved, and whatever else a reader may not find in Signorini's Art criticism, he will find the truth as Signorini understands it, without circumlocution, without idle waste of words. He is a poet, too, the author of a volume of ninety-nine sonnets, which was published in 1877, entitled "The Ninety-nine Artistic Discussions," and signed Enrico Gasi Molteni. In these poems we again encounter the realist of the paintings and etchings, the downright outspoken observer. Of these perchance the best are "Realism," "Lost Liberty," and "Sor Cellai," each different of their kind, but alike in their fine sarcastic humour, revealing how much there is in Signorini of that bizarre Florentine spirit which scratches with its nails even when its hands caress.

The sonnet "Realism" is a confession, an "apologia per vita sua" of Signorini's Art faith. Here he once more flays his enemies, the Academy, the Art schools, the false realists.

The sonnet "Sor Cellai," with its melancholy close, makes us think of the many episodes of an artist's life, ending too often in misery and want. An example of this was furnished recently in Florence, in the person of the painter Tivoli, one of Signorini's early comrades in the battle for realism, who died in want in the Jewish almshouse.

I will close with a mention of the poetical polemic carried on between Signorini and Enrico Panzacchi, the illustrious Italian Art critic, poet, and literary man. Panzacchi reproached his friend Telemaco concerning his mode of painting and his search after verism. He had also criticised sharply a picture by Angelo Tommasi, one of the best followers of the new school of painting. This vexed Signorini, who will not allow, like his great contemporary Mr. Alma Tadema, that literary men can write art criticisms. He holds that these should be penned only by artists and men of practical experience in



FRUIT MARKET AT FLORENCE. FROM THE ETCHING BY TELEMACO SIGNORINI.

Art, the rest he defines as rhetorical expressions. The sonnets that this polemic evoked from his pen are caustic. Panzacchi replied in the same medium of verse, but Signorini would not let himself be so easily silenced and insisted on having the last word.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

BIRMINGHAM DECORATIVELY WROUGHT IRON.

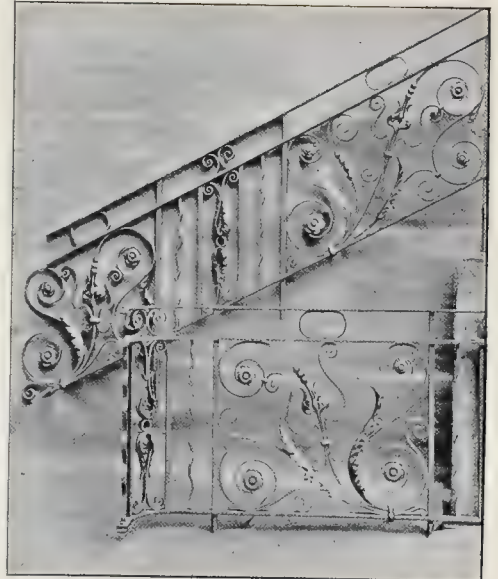
ONE can scarcely think of Birmingham without at the same time thinking of iron. The blacksmith, several centuries ago, was more in evidence there than he is now: "I came through a pretty street or ever I entered into Birmingham town. This street as I remember is called Dertey (Deriten)"—now Deritend, part of the city—"in it dwell smithes and cutlers. There be many smithes in the towne that used to make knives and all manner of cutting tooles; and many loriners that make bittes, and a great many naylors; so that a great part of the town is maintained by smithes, who have their iron and sea-cole out of Staffordshire." So said Leland in 1538. Camden, fifty years later, refers to the town as "swarming with inhabitants, and echoing with the noise of anvils." It need scarcely be told that *cutlers* and *naylors* have for a long time ceased to be common in urban Birmingham. Though its anvils have been greatly multiplied, the *noise* peculiar to them is less distinctly heard through the din

of modern machinery and infinite other unharmonious sounds of industries in which a vastly increased population is engaged.

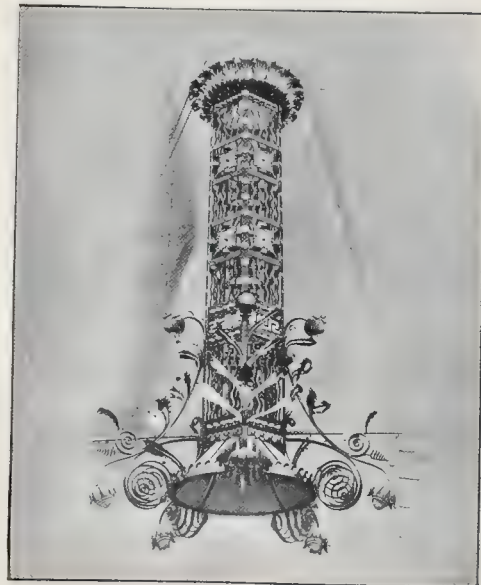
A brief word concerning the mid-England mineral resources will assist towards the consideration of iron as wrought into ornamental utilities such as our illustrations indicate. The most valuable mineral area for the size of it in Britain is the South Staffordshire coalfield—the "Black Country" proper, which includes Dudley, Wolverhampton, Walsall, Bilston, and other important towns; and it may be said to enter on the borders of south-east Shropshire, north Worcester, and Warwick westward, to the confines of Birmingham on that side. Besides the thick coal seams of the district, rich bands of ironstone and great deposits of Silurian limestone are found in it within short distances of each other; so that, the means of making iron being so ready to hand, the people of central Britain seem to have been intended by nature to

create Birmingham and its neighbourhood the world's hardware workshop. In the old days the forests had to contribute the food for charcoal, then solely employed for reducing ores; but, as these could not meet the ever-increasing demands on their productivity, pit-coal, instead of charcoal, came gradually into use for smelting purposes, and iron became much cheaper, harder, and perhaps better for most constructive work, but not so good for twisting and bending into ornament. At the present hour charcoal iron is much preferred for these purposes. Great quantities of it come from Sweden in huge lumps called "blooms," which are afterwards reduced, rolled into sheets of varying thicknesses, or drawn out into different-sized rods, round or square-shaped. The sheets are selected from for cutting or slitting up and working into all kinds of things, besides certain makes of leaves, petals, and imitations of similar natural growths. The rods in the process of smithing are thinned as wanted for stems, tendrils, and other parts of patterns; or they may be beaten out into leaves; or when desired, thickened up at the ends, shaped into buds, and in many ways made into more or less tasteful adjuncts of ornamental ironwork.

We now enter more fully into our subject. The structural arrangement of a design being decided upon and built up in the bar iron (this is occasionally *swaged* in part—that is, beaten and shaped while hot betwixt two moulds or swages) the ironsmith turns his attention to making the ornamental filling for it; which may be a gate, a spandril, or other heavy object, or a light object. Minor panellings can seldom be welded into the principal framing, so, as a rule, are attached by collars, screws, or rivets; even scroll-work and leaves and husks may be so attached, but not generally by the true craftsman—when you find him and he is allowed to have his way. The principle that may be said to actuate him when circumstances favour his carrying out his own conceptions to



WROUGHT-IRON STAIR RAILING. HARDMAN, POWELL & CO. (No. 2.)



WROUGHT-IRON PENDANT SHAFT FOR ELECTRIC LIGHTS.
HARDMAN, POWELL & CO. (No. 1.)

completion, is that at least the properly ornamental part of his work shall be founded on natural forms, as in the best Gothic and Renaissance. Unfortunately, the present competitive system under which labour is conducted, and the consequent subdivision of labour, has the workman its slave; and ironsmithing, like other originally ennobling handicrafts, is carried on in separate departments. Forging and welding, even of leaves and flowers, in most shops now form a distinct trade from that of the beating out to a finish of the leaves or flowers; and both are occasionally the mere work of the stamper or of the girl at the press. With stamping or pressed work we do not concern ourselves now, but proceed to give a short description of how a leaf is made from forging to finish. This will, we hope, help the uninitiated to a fair comprehension of the ins and outs of an ordinary specimen of ornament of wrought iron in which such leaf is likely to be present. The smith gives it something of a rudimentary shape, usually leaving the stem attached in the rough. The stem may be primary or secondary: as a rule it is secondary for reducing in length or thickness, and welding on to the primary, according to the run of the pattern. The beating towards finish is done at the vice. The rough forging is held in the left hand on a punch-shaped piece of steel, V-grooved at the top, which appears just over the grip of the vice; in the right hand a hammer—elongated from the "pene," or striking end, to what in an ordinary hammer would be called the face, but which is in reality another pene—with the proper "hang" is brought down unerringly on the rough, which is moved along a little with each stroke until the centre vein has traversed its length. During this operation the leaf is kept from sinking too much in the middle by an occasional hit on either side of the vein. The shorter veins, usually simple, but at times reticulate, are produced with a lighter touch; and the margins may be left entire or variously cut or divided. The leaf is bent in several ways in imitation of nature, and according

to the position it has to take in the work as a whole. The petals of flowers seldom require veining, but are bent about much after the same fashion as leaves. For assisting flower forms a ball-ended hammer is used on the thin iron, cut to size wanted, and, while being struck into shape, held over a hollowed-out or tubular form fixed in the vice. Stamens and pistils are added to flowers—when their presence is thought necessary, and the price allows.

Iron is a splendidly-useful material. It may in a sense be called the bone and sinew of manufacture, nay, more—the very life of manufacture, for scarcely a trade could now exist without its presence in it in some form or other. It lends itself more freely than any durable metal for shaping into articles of utility and ornament. The artist craftsman finds its ductile and malleable properties and generous strength ever ready to receive his ideas, respond to them almost as he wills. When he does not find it respond, the fault is in himself and the conditions that govern his labour.

The pendant shaft for electric lights (Fig. 1), made by Messrs. Hardman, Powell & Co., for the Centennial Hall,



WROUGHT-IRON JARDINIÈRE BRACKET.
HART, SON, PEARD & CO. (No. 3.)

by the Government there on post-cards, and in other ways. The illustration does not sufficiently suggest the large proportions of the ironwork with its numerous lights; but, as it is, an idea of its size may be formed when we state that the original had room enough inside for a man to go down it from the roof to attend to the lights, as the height from the floor was too great to allow of reaching it by any ordinary means. It says much for the enterprise of Messrs. Hardman (the excellence of whose ecclesiastical brasswork we had the pleasure of noticing last year in *THE ART JOURNAL*), that they sent out their manager, Mr. Parker, specially to see the hall, and take sketches and particulars of what was wanted before proceeding with the order for its extensive electric-light fittings, of which the pendant is only a portion. The design could have been, to our thinking, much improved had the Waratah flower, leaf, and stem decoration been, in several forms of their growth, modified with taste in the minor ornamentation, instead of displaying ordinary rosettes, isolated forms of diaper filling, and the sedate simplicity of Greek fretting.

The stair railing (Fig. 2), by the same manufacturers, is a



WROUGHT-IRON CHANCEL SCREEN AT ELSTREE. HART, SON, PEARD & CO. (No. 4.)

Sydney, N.S.W., is a unique example of decorative ironwork. The main ornament is a conventionalism of the "Waratah" flower and leaf peculiar to New South Wales, and adopted

graceful example of Italianesque scroll-work, very free and open—made for the Station Hotel, Newcastle-on-Tyne. We must confess that the high quality of their workmanship and

style is not fairly represented by these two articles, for Messrs. Hardman are capable of the highest achievements in any kind of metal. It was at their establishment, nearly sixty years ago, that the revival of Art metal-work in England first took place, when the great Medieevalist, Welby Pugin, found a kindred spirit and practical co-operator in Mr. John Hardman, the father of the firm.

The chancel screen (Fig. 4), the work of Messrs. Hart, Son, Peard and Co., from the design by Sir A. W. Blomfield, was made for Elstree Church. Its richness of general effect is characteristic of the later Decorated period, rather freely carried out in the tracery, cusping, and foils of the upper part, over which are well-modelled angel finials in bronze; the lower part presenting a pleasing variety of geometrical panel fittings.

By the same firm is the fern-pot or jardinière bracket (Fig. 3). The perspective view of it here given partly hides the pleasing arrangement of the flowers and leaves, which are cleanly and lightly wrought; but perhaps the shapes of the bracket and pot are a little too suggestive of gas-lighting adjuncts. There can, however, be no two opinions about the chancel screen, for it is a very fine example of Birmingham wrought iron, and well sustains the high reputation of this old-established firm.

Much younger as Art metal-workers is the firm of Jones & Willis. They produced church furnishing in different materials long before they undertook to include the fashioning of iron, with which they are now so prominently identified. The nave corona suspending bracket (Fig. 9) is their manufacture, from the design of Hippolyte J. Blanc, A.R.S.A., and made for Coates' Memorial Church, Paisley. Conceived

in the style of the Early English, it yet has not the contempt of refinement and finish that marked the ornamental details of that period—refinement and finish did not come in until the next English period of Gothic, the Decorated, was well advanced. But the design as a whole, if a trifle too solid-looking, compared with the freer play of curves, twists, and foliations of subsequent styles of decorative iron, is very striking; and is carried out in a technically clever piece of ironsmithing—relieved with copper in parts of the lower terminal, the band of the pendant and shield, and pommel of the suspending bracket.



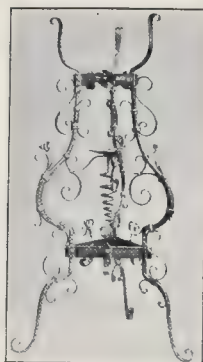
SCREEN CLOSED. (No. 5.)

The panel (Fig. 10), also Jones & Willis', from the design of J. Butler Wilson, architect, made for Headingley Lodge, Leeds, is in the style of the Renaissance, an equally bold conception. The mask would have been better in higher relief, with the mouth more firmly defined to carry the bulky arraying of the swags.

Between six and seven years ago, Mr. Edwin Fletcher began as a worker in iron.

For over twenty years previously he designed the principal metal-work for the celebrated firm of R. W. Winfield & Co.—examples of whose present work we are sorry to say do not illustrate our text—and during the short time he has been in business his success has been widely acknowledged both for the quality and variety of work he produces, representations of which are grouped at the end of this article (Fig. 11); and is also exemplified in the portable draught screen, patented at home and abroad (Figs. 5 & 8). The merit of this ingenious contrivance is that it supplies a want long felt in any room where comfort is not undesirable and freedom from irritating draughts is a necessity.

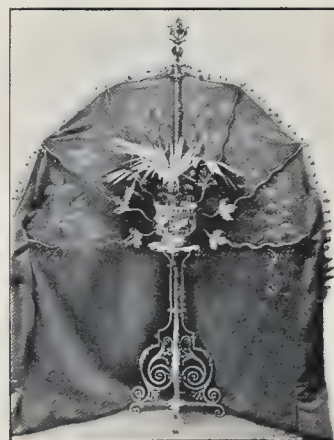
The screen is supported by a central shaft, in each side of which a fan-shaped wing is hinged which opens out, one and the other at the same time, with the curtain attached and spread and reaching down well on to the floor, by the simple act of pulling a cord that is loosened from a hook on the shaft. When not being so used, then by means of the cord the curtain is pulled up from the floor out of the way, and falls gracefully around the closed iron wings while the cord is fastened to the hook (Fig. 5). It is made with brass or copper decorations or entirely of iron or brass as required. Instead of the flower-pot on the small tray—shown in the illustrations—tea utensils or a bottle and glass may be substituted; and when not in use the flower-pot, or other ornament, can be placed on it, and the screen then may be shifted bodily to any part of the room, and form not an unpleasing article of furniture. Figs. 6 and 7 represent tripods



TRIPOD, WROUGHT-IRON SPIRAL AND SCROLL WORK. ITALIAN, 1600. (No. 7.)



TRIPOD, WROUGHT-IRON, ITALIAN, 1600. (No. 6.)



PORTABLE WROUGHT-IRON DRAUGHT SCREEN, OPEN. EDWIN FLETCHER. (No. 8.)

more pretentious things in iron. Though the firms of particular note who produce decorative wrought-iron in



WROUGHT-IRON SUSPENDING BRACKET
JONES & WILLIS. (No. 9.)

names would fill more space than we have at our command.

But they must not be passed over entirely. Down from the best decoratively wrought iron-work, there is, so to say, a whole world of classes of goods in which taste of some kind is required in their production. Most of these are in the strict sense articles of utility, void of decoration, but which, nevertheless, in the simple propriety of their shapes, and often careful finish, express something of an innate sense of pleasure-giving, not altogether removed from Art spirit, that must have actuated those from whose hands they emanated. In this class are included wrought-iron hollow-ware; edge tools, axes, bills, hatchets, cleavers, hoes, spades, scythes, agricultural tools generally; and articles of a less peaceful significance, bayonets, and sword-bayonets. From the days of Leland, if not earlier, swords, many of them with decorative hilts in iron, or iron and steel, were a special Birmingham manufacture; almost as much so as what now come

Birmingham are few, in no place in the world is iron worked into greater quantities of diverse articles of general utility. Machinery, of course, is a growing factor in the output of all trades; but it also is chiefly of local make. The district for miles around, already alluded to, is identified, not only with the making of the iron out of the raw materials, but with—apart from the great cast-iron industry being carried on over the same ground—the manufacture of heavy and light goods of every description, from the forging of anchors and cables to the making of nails, and—but chiefly in Birmingham—the fabrication of fancy and other articles in combination with steel. Branches of industry in which iron is wrought by itself or with steel, or otherwise manipulated, are so various and complex that the bare enumeration of their

under the names of guns and pistols. The sword trade has become of little account: but guns and pistols give employment to thousands of workers; many of whom can lay claim, in the constructive parts of their work, to more than the cunning of the old gunsmiths, but fail in the more ornamental details. In this respect the gunsmith, like the locksmith, has much degenerated. It is true that locks, and door hinges, are sometimes worked out into rather elaborate patterns; but they seldom compare satisfactorily with the art of the smith of former times. Plain work in large quantities is the order of the day. Ugly work, in too many instances. Lovers of industrial art will find a moral for themselves in the fact that, less than ten years ago, iron padlocks were made in the district, and delivered free in Bombay and Calcutta at five-pence half-penny per dozen! Whether cheapness found its lowest level then is at least doubtful. But the Metropolis of trades, Birmingham, and its neighbourhood, must be viewed from a more elevating standpoint. There is no industrial feat, especially where iron is the material operated upon, but what can be accomplished there. Steam hammers, stamps, and modern machinery have not put out the fire of the forge; and the ringing from thousands of anvils still goes on in the shaping of huge railway appliances, bridges of sturdy span, boilers and gasometers of enormous proportions; and in the midst of it all the artist ironsmith finds his mood undisturbed while giving touch and finish to his handiwork. Truly, within this area the universal reputation of the disciples of Vulcan seems to have grown in significance, and the time-honoured and important British family of *Smith* must have the roots of its genealogical tree discoverable only thereabouts.

The inference we must draw from Birmingham decoratively wrought iron—and the inference applies generally to work of the kind made elsewhere—is, that there are valuable lessons still to be learned from the past. From the fourteenth to the eighteenth century the art and executive skill of the smiths, though varying in degree, were on the whole at their best. The magnificent proportions of their gates, grandly conceived door embellishments, the elegance and exuberance of fancy displayed in their screens, and inexhaustible originality in their designs for grilles, fanlights, lunettes, fire-dogs, lamps, candelabra, and almost endless other articles for exteriors and interiors of churches



WROUGHT-IRON. DESIGNED BY J. BUTLER WILSON, ARCHITECT, LEEDS, FOR JOSEPH NICHOLSON, ESQ., WHEATFIELD LODGE, HEADINGLEY, LEEDS. JONES & WILLIS. (No. 10.)

and buildings generally, are all attestations of their unsurpassed ability. And our admiration of their handiwork is increased when we examine the forged and chiselled details of their coffers, caskets, locks, keys, and other such-like things, some of them richly damascened, and otherwise ingeniously elaborated in the true Art spirit. That the ironworkers of the present day have much to learn and practise, specimens from the old craftsman's hand still preserved to us amply prove. And these, of course, are not only of English, but of Italian, German, Flemish, and French origin. The representative examples of ironsmithing in the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery (chiefly selected at home and abroad by its able and energetic custodian, Mr. Whitworth Wallis) are to be studied with profit by the Birmingham artificer. The chisel or chasing tool and hammer were often in the hands of the Mediæval and Renaissance worker in iron. He sculptured or beat up the cold metal into quaint figures and beautiful floriations and foliations without apparent effort, but with all the pleasure begotten of real love for his work. It is true that he sometimes—as in England so far back as

the early part of the thirteenth century, and in the Ile de France, so famous for its blacksmithing of which Notre-Dame has so many grand examples—assisted his work, generally while hot, with forms of dies and swages; but aids of this kind may be quite justifiable when governed by correct taste and discrimination such as were natural to the old iron-smiths; particularly while seeking to express details of special parts of patterns, and in their diapers and repeats. Love of Art for Art's sake was equivalent in those days to love of work for work's sake. The workman's attention was not absorbed in creating quantity before quality; nor the master, who was the best artificer, in calculating money profit before everything. But the fault, as we have it too manifest to-day, is in the system, of which both masters and men are the products. Under better conditions, and they are to be realised when competition shall not mean over-production, but honest emulation and delight in work-doing and in work done, the craftsmanship of the ironsmith, in common with other craftsmanships, will ennoble him and all who pursue Art work with unselfish fidelity.

J. M. O'FALLON.



GROUPS OF OBJECTS IN WROUGHT-IRON. EDWIN FLETCHER. (No. 11.)

EDOUARD MANET.

ON the same day that the Salon at the Champ de Mars of 1894 opened its doors, there was exhibited at the gallery of the well-known expert, M. Durand-Ruel, for the contemplation of all true lovers of Art, a collection of about fifty paintings by Edouard Manet. Contrasted with the medley of fantastic experiments in the exhibition by the living, showing so much that was meaningless and crude, the work of the deceased master appeared almost classic, above cavilling criticism, sanctified by the beauty, the harmony, and the ascination exhibited by one of the sanest and most robust natures. It was astonishing to recall the old wrangles, the critical blindness and injustice, while one felt that it must be apparent to all that upon this series of paintings one of the most brilliant reputations in the history of French Art would rest.

The man who thus finds to-day posthumous appreciation and success, deserved them all his life, and received little but abuse. Edouard Manet led a life at once praiseworthy and misunderstood, yet he never faltered, smiling and working

in spite of all. His masterpiece, 'Le Guitarero,' appeared in the Salon of 1861; 'Le Bar' and 'Le Printemps' were exhibited at the Salon of 1882, and the twenty years which separate these dates were years of incessant production and war to the knife against combined officialism, jealousy and ignorance. To-day the strife is appeased, while the work abides, and the whole of French Impressionist Art, that brilliant birth of light, truth, grace, and freedom, has sprung from and owes everything to it. Wishing only to be an independent, isolated seeker, always keeping aloof from parties and schools, Manet has become a teacher and a master respected by all modern painters—amongst whom he is a chief—simply by the constancy of his efforts, his sincerity and genius. I use the word "genius," and I do not use it without due consideration, without having realised how much it conveys of the exalted and the extraordinary; but the consideration of such a life and such a work appears to me fully to warrant it. Manet was more than a man of talent, profoundly skilled in the most subtle and diffi-

cult resources of his art; he possessed behind his science and his style that higher inspiration, that marvellous and indefinable fancy which can never be acquired and comes we know not whence, that happy gift of doing nothing which was not exceptional in its time, and, even when he went astray, of falling into mistakes different from those of everyone else. He brought together again in Art, at a time when it was quite unlooked for, certain neglected qualities, ignored for very many hundreds of years, and he gathered them like a bouquet with a taste of which no one had dreamed, and that will not be attained again. And what then is genius, if it be not this fixed personal character, and this detachment of one being in the midst of others?

The appearance of this great artist coincided with that of the novelists of the naturalist school. Their aims and his had a common origin in a reaction against sham heroism, conventional attitudes, the fantastic, false Art which depicted only a frozen life placed in an unbreathable atmosphere. It was a desire for independent expression, and absolute confidence in nature alone to show pathos and beauty, a contempt for codes and schools, an instinct which led them to abandon an abstract

and borrowed art to find force and simplicity by occupying themselves solely with truth. Two writers, Manet's intimate friends, had both realised this in the world of letters; but though the art of Baudelaire—vigorous, sombre, powerful, full of a style and a character as lofty as they are true—was able to inspire Manet's enthusiasm, it is hardly possible that he could have appreciated any but the earlier works of his other friend, Emile Zola, and if he had known the most recent, without doubt he would have disliked them. The fact is, Manet, in intellectual temperament belonging to the *grande race*, loved truth all the more because he hated popular Art; and his innate sense of refinement constrained him always to

balance an apparent violence by a touch of graceful feeling. In expressing the modern spirit, he sought in no way to restrict himself to an exact copy of life, but to discover in it, by force of character and talent, those elements of beauty and refinement which the work of the classicists did not contain; and his incessant endeavour was to render it heroic, to find its secret tragic emotions, never to satisfy the public mind by mere fidelity of imitation.

This was what Baudelaire had sought and found by means of severity of composition and expression, and concentration of sentiment, and Manet's art, like that of the "*Fleurs du Mal*," was, because of its design, opposed to the clever yet shallow sentiment of a writer like Goncourt and much more to the nature of M. Zola, powerful but wholly without delicacy or the art of literary form, neglecting even external polish and the attractive, anecdotic style of the authors of "*Renée Maupérin*." The apparent fusion of Impressionism and Realism was an illusion of only the first few hours, for Edouard Manet was anything but a realist. Like all the great masters, he founded himself on life—he found there all that was necessary, and, in making his care-

ful study of the true, he transfused it with his own spirituality: a representative of the great line of creative artists, he laid hold of his theme beneath external forms, which were to him the means to an end, and, neither denying them or servilely following them, he made use of them. Thus it has been all through the ages with all the different lovers of beauty—Carpaccio, Bellini, Pisanello, Crivelli, Lorenzo di Credi, Grünewald, and the Primitives of Cologne. Each worked out for himself, from various respective points of view, the decorative and ornamental realisation of his dreams.

I wish to dwell especially upon the point that Manet was the friend of the Naturalists, but never their pupil. He shared



JEUNE FEMME A L'OMBRELLE (Mdlle. BERTHE MORISOT). BY EDOUARD MANET.

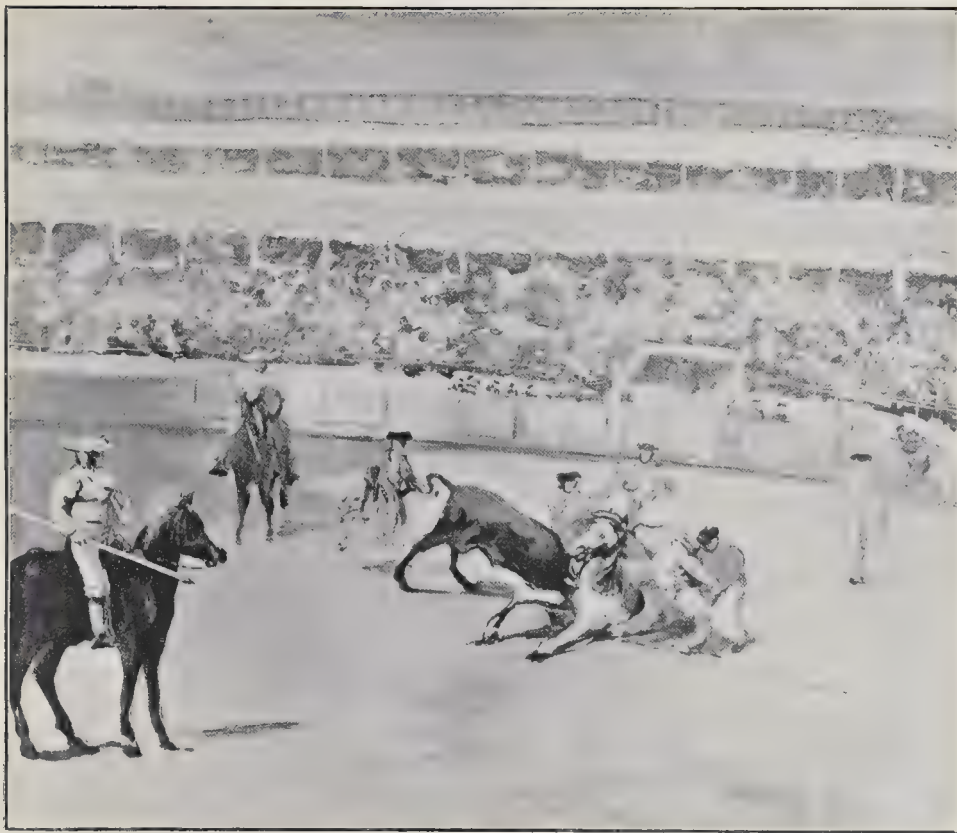
their love of independence and life, and his appearance was coincident with theirs, his regard for their characters as men united him with them against the hostility of critics and public; but artistically he did not follow them. Emile Zola and his disciples wrongly considered him as one of themselves—he was with them in heart, but not in spirit. In drawing the comparison above between the name of Manet and the names of the most mystical and imaginative painters who have ever lived, I wish the more strongly to insist upon the fact that Manet's ambition had never been to become a mere purveyor of delicate tit-bits, like his friends the *Descriptifs*. As a painter he was a great master. He adapted his manner to each new work as he attacked it, varying all his means, binding himself to no formula, seeking and creating his style and his method as the subject suggested with inexhaustible freshness of invention, and yet it has become a common error to look upon him as merely a *virtuoso* of the first order. Manet was more than this. An intense intellectual power, a fine spiritual feeling for grasp and expression permeates all his work; nothing in it is quickened without motive, yet everything is animated with life, either tragic or joyous, and the absolute purity of the execution never permits skill to take the place of feeling.

Our artist never, with a few rare exceptions, expresses allegorical ideas, he keeps closely to contemporary life; but to him it always appeared as a *poem*, and never as an *anecdote*; and, above all, he remained a painter in the truest sense of the word, in endeavouring to produce in what he represented only those emotions which are purely pictorial—that is to say, created by the arrangement of colour and line. There is nothing literary, nothing abstruse: every touch of colour and drawing carry their meaning to the mind of the spectator, and create, through the beauty of the execution, the "birth of emotion awakened by vision." I know of nothing that more truly conforms to the fundamental essentials of beauty in painting.

The work of Manet is extensive. Each of his principal pictures raised a storm of criticism, and to speak of them is like dating battles. Few painters have been so versatile. This man touched everything; pictures of style, genre subjects, still-life, portraits, seascapes, etchings, pastels, in each of these departments he has left evidences of a rare power. He possessed an almost incredible ability, and this ability was honest, entirely without trick or artifice. He took the light and shadow and let them play logically upon his subjects and his figures with an insight free from



THE EXECUTION OF MAXIMILIAN. BY EDOUARD MANET.



THE BULL FIGHT. BY EDOUARD MANET.

all myopia, and a turn of hand and spirit that was large and happy. This is what good painters call the *bel œil*. He had the gift of generous vision, just as certain *virtuosi* have the gift of uttering pointed and sonorous platitudes, and his art was as joyous, frank, and keenly sensitive as he was himself, this man of generous heart and lofty soul, of healthy mind and cordial fellowship. Every one who knew Edouard Manet personally has preserved a keen recollection of the perfect harmony existing between his pure and lofty work, free from every taint of meanness, and the man and the friend courteous and loyal, such as he was even at the most discouraging moments of his career.

Manet was not altogether without the good fortune to possess admirers and brothers-in-arms. Delacroix and Baudelaire, at the time of his first appearance (1861), hailed with admiration 'Le Buveur d'Absinthe,' the 'Guitarero'—fine as a Franz Hals—and the portraits of M. and Madame Manet, so astonishing for their life, their light, and frank simplicity. A little later our artist first definitely experienced the spite of the official juries, which it is impossible now to forgive. His canvases, the 'Bain,' the 'Déjeuner sur l'herbe,' and the 'Fifre,' were rejected at the Salon, and the celebrated "Salon des Refusés" of 1864 was opened, where the crowd went and laughed, though the Emperor Napoleon III. condescended to visit it, to the great scandal of the Académie

1895.

des Beaux-Arts. In this "Assembly of the Accursed" there were represented some artists of the very first rank, such as the engraver Bracquemond; the Dutch painter Jongkind, who has left such perfect paintings and such fascinating water-colours; Alphonse Legros, disowned in France but justly welcomed and admired in England; Eugène Lavieille, the painter of still night, of dark waters, and of autumn; and, lastly, James MacNeill Whistler, one of the century's great artists. These men, grouped together by the disapproval of the ignorant, became inseparable friends, and Manet's influence commenced. Other men of courage and talent joined the band, Fantin Latour, the idyllic and Wagnerian artist; Stéphane Mallarmé, eccentric, genial, and profound, another who bore memorably in due time the burden of a haughty and solitary originality; and the enchanting and brilliant Théodore de Banville. Such were the first friends of Manet; the Impressionist school was not to arrive until later.

The year 1865 witnessed, with the picture 'Olympia,' a torrent of abuse let loose upon its creator. This picture is probably his masterpiece. Baudelaire wrote to him, "You are only the first to attack the decrepitude of your art, but you are the first." The sagacious and admirable philosopher of beauty saw clearly, but he was alone in his opinion. The 'Anges au Tombeau du Christ,' and the 'Combat de taureaux,' to-day famous and universally admired, were assailed

with abuse and execration, there were even some who wanted to tear the canvases while on exhibition. The superb portrait in black of the tragedian, Rouvière, one of the finest symphonies in black that Art has seen since Goya, met with a similar reception. Manet withdrew from the Salons and worked on. The literary movement grew simultaneously with his own. Emile Zola and de Goncourt published their best books, Flaubert and Baudelaire began to take their rank amongst the masters of the French language, and slowly the new art built itself up upon the decrepitude of the old. In 1867 Manet opened to the public his studio in the Avenue de l'Alma. Fifty canvases were on view there, of which some are famous. Near the 'Fifre' were to be seen the 'Déjeuner,' the 'Toreador tué,' the 'Enfant l'Épée,' the 'Musique aux Tuileries,' the 'Christ in sulté,' and other works of high importance. There were the 'Combat du Kearsage et de l'Alabama,' with its furiously dramatic impression of sea; the portraits of Madame Eva Gonzalès and of Madame Berthe Morisot, the 'Fumeur,' and marine and still-life subjects, any single one of which would have made the pride of the life-work of a specialist. Lastly, there were those terrible studies of the barricades, and that 'Mort de l'Empereur Maximilien,' which latter remains one of the finest pieces of historical painting of the century.

In all this work there shone an indisputable talent that was new and complete. Manet showed himself a painter of portraits possessing all the fine intellectual quality of the traditional French School, such as La Tour possessed, and from this point of view the portrait in white (reproduced on p. 275) of Mdlle. Morisot (afterwards his sister-in-law, Madame Eugène Manet), was a masterpiece of subtle grace and of elegant and unaffected femininity. After this exhibition, he who had hitherto been known as the painter of Spanish life, with an art quite his own, though bearing traces of Goya's influence, and respecting Velasquez without imitating even him, abandoned interiors, and the light of the studio, brightened his palette; and, adopting entirely new subjects, drawing, and methods, set out to attempt the great endeavour of his life, that which has been named *le plein air*. His exhibition of 1867 thus closes the first part of Manet's artistic career. Hitherto he had been captivated by the art of Spain, and had tried to introduce it into France and to employ in other subjects the violent manner and warm and sombre colour of this school. He had painted bull-fights, Pietas, interiors; a few portraits and seascapes marked the turning point, and from henceforth he determined to abandon the harsh and



FAURE IN HAMLET. BY EDOUARD MANET.

tragic style and to turn his attention to the sweetness and magic of the effects of light.

'Le Jardin,' in blue and pink, the 'Joueuse de Mandoline,' the 'Café-Concert,' and various landscapes, inaugurated Manet's new manner. Here were to be seen the palpitation of light among the leaves, or its play upon flesh and drapery, the study of transparency, the iridescence of colours, the reflections of the sky upon objects, with extraordinary invention and freshness; all these things were produced in a few months.

Around Manet there now began to spring up many young and enthusiastic personalities. The first was a young lady, afterwards his brother's wife, Mdlle. Berthe Morisot (died in March, 1895), who painted landscapes and portraits with a luminous sense of colour; then Mdlle. Eva Gonzalès, afterwards

Mdme. Henri Guérard; the engraver Guérard himself; and, finally, the first amongst our living painters, Camille Pissarro; Sisley; the original and powerful synthetist, Paul Cézanne; the fascinating and charming Renoir; Miss Mary Cassatt, the American; Gustave Caillebotte, whose legacy to the Luxembourg has made so much stir; and, most incisive of all, the painter of *dansesuses* and the creator of irony in contemporary art, Edgar Degas. One of the later comers, Claude Monet, exhibited at the Salon a landscape entitled 'Impressions,' and the general ridicule that it aroused brought down on the band the title of "Impressionists." Both the man and the title, then branded with contempt, were destined to mount high and to go far. The group became definitely constituted by pure sympathy and in all freedom. The new art, the most brilliant manifestation of the art of this century since Delacroix and Corot, was born, and from these few men everything was to proceed.

Stilled for a moment by the success of 'Bon Bock,' which is only a fine piece, but not one of his best, the battle waxed hotter over the 'Canotiers d'Argenteuil,' the portrait of the engraver Desbouts, the portrait of the singer Faure as Hamlet, and the admirable 'Nana.' The portraits of M. Antonin Proust and 'Chez le Père Lathuille' were exhibited and ridiculed together. This last canvas, depicting a scene in a Parisian restaurant, is not, in spite of the general opinion of artists, one of Manet's best things; but, on the other hand, 'Nana' takes its place with the 'Toreador tué,' 'Olympia,' the 'Jardin,' the 'Port de Boulogne,' and the portrait of Mdme. Morisot, as a masterpiece.

His fame increased; the execration that the critics poured out on him failed to make any impression. At the Salon of 1881, in spite of the fury of certain members of the Jury,

the majority decided to medal his lifelike and powerful portrait of M. Henri Rochefort. In December Manet was decorated, and became the chief of the School. Claude Monet, Pissarro, Degas, Cézanne, and Renoir exhibited separately, he remained apart, continuing his work. The Salon of 1882 contained the additional works, the 'Printemps' and the 'Bar,' perfect creations of light and harmony. But disease was already lying in wait for him, and on the eve of the opening of the 1883 Salon, April the 30th, this great and indomitable man was dead. With his death was extinguished a genuine glory, which no one will wish to deny to him, the example of an unwearied perception and a life of incessant work and creation.

I have dwelt at length upon the story of his life, and to name his works is to describe the man. They are well known, and what description can compensate those who have not seen them? I should have liked also to describe our artist's extensive series of pastels and etchings, the portraits of Stéphane Mallarmé and of Madame de Callias, of Madame Méry Laurent, of Zola, Wolff, Clémenceau, Baudelaire, Courbet, and the magnificent drawings which illustrate the translation of Edgar Allan Poe's "Raven," also his lithographs. His career is remarkable for its irrepressible fecundity. His life divides itself into two periods; the first of painting according to historic tradition, marked by delicate pieces worthy of a place in the Louvre; the second of painting in a clear and luminous key, altogether original

in methods and conception. And one cannot prefer one period above the other, for genius shines in both. Edouard Manet was not only an artist entitled to a position in the great historic line, a successor to the Spaniards and Dutchmen of the sixteenth century, but also the high priest of "modernity." Who shall say which one shall admire the more, the creator of Impressionism or the colourist worthy of Goya? At the exhibition already referred to in the galleries of M. Durand-Ruel, his work had already begun to take the appearance of that of an old master; all was so logical, so rhythmic, so instinct with feeling and daring, that one seemed no longer able to comprehend the old discussions and denials. There was over all the work that character of permanence, those conditions of stability, which gather like a magical halo around creations destined to remain in the memory of men.

By his tenacity, his study, his straightforward simplicity and his genius, Manet leaves a luminous track of beauty in the path of Art. His work marks an epoch. His ambition was distinct from that of every one else, and he achieved that ambition. It is perhaps in that, and in that alone, that the man is great. He had no wish to realise what Burne-Jones, Watts, Whistler, Puvis de Chavannes, or Félicien Rops had realised, but throughout he has been *Manet*, with as much originality and talent as they have respectively been themselves. It is my opinion that no one could have a finer eulogy than that, and with his death a brilliant light of intelligence and sincerity went out in our midst.

CAMILLE MAUCLAIR.

SOME NEW NATIONAL ACQUISITIONS.

THERE is now on view at South Kensington, in the temporary building in the quadrangle of the Museum, a collection of old French wood-carving and iron work, just acquired for the nation. It is an admirable thing thus to give the student an opportunity of seeing these latest acquisitions all together before they get dispersed, and to give the taxpayer an opportunity of knowing what he gets for his money. And it is an admirable and very valuable collection that has been purchased out of the National Exchequer. Alas for London, it is not all to remain with us—a part only of it will find its resting place in the galleries of our metropolitan museum, the rest goes presently to Edinburgh and Dublin. What leaves us is to be replaced by casts (which will be available also for distribution throughout the country); but those to whom the real thing is more precious than any reproduction will do well to make the most of the opportunities of study now for a time afforded.

The new purchase long formed part of the collection of M. Emile Peyre, well known (to those who know) as "architecte décorateur" and dealer. But M. Peyre is a dealer with whom, it appears, it is not easy to deal. For years past the authorities of the Department have been hankering after things in his possession; but he refused always to sell anything separately, declaring that he would have no picking and choosing from his collection; if they wanted it they must take it as it stood; the price was only two millions of francs. The necessary £80,000 not being forthcoming, there was nothing for it but to wait. Needless to say that when the purchase price is reckoned by millions of

francs purchasers are few and far between; and when, some six months ago, South Kensington returned to the attack, he yielded to pressure, and consented to part with that portion of his collection which occupied the ground floor of his museum—one may fairly call it a museum—in the Avenue Malakoff.

The collection is officially described as "mediaeval." It includes indeed a large amount of flamboyant Gothic work—hinges, handles, locks, and other ironwork in profusion, caskets of iron and *cuir-bouilli*, as well as wooden panels, coffers, and coffer-fronts, enriched after the manner of the northern French *menuisier* with elaborate tracery, sometimes "*à jour*," foliated more or less. The larger part of the work would, however, be more properly described as Renaissance: it belongs, that is to say, to the middle and latter half of the sixteenth century. To those for whom Art does not end with Gothic tradition, this will be the most interesting portion of the collection. It includes a good number of panels in oak and walnut which may be described as typical examples of the wood-carving of the two great periods of French design—those namely of François I. and Henri II. A beautiful coffer front (rather the worse for the ravages of the worm) is only one among many instances of that singularly delicate, and even elegant, form of early French Renaissance arabesque, in which there is always a reminder of the Goth, an echo of mediæval tradition. Not less admirable in their way, and not less characteristically French, are the panels dating from the latter half of the century, rich with cartouches and strap-work of admirable restraint—models, many of them, of subordination in design.

Interesting examples of transition work—carving midway between the old French and the new Italianised manner—are the Brittany chimney friezes, carved in low relief, and a chapel screen with richly carved balusters.

Other notable objects are a rood screen with a staircase, of about A.D. 1500, which takes our thoughts back somehow to Evreux; a crucifix, in which the cross itself is decorated with singularly delicate tracery; an early sixteenth-century retable or altar front, painted and gilt with reliefs in illustration of the life of the Virgin from the Annunciation to the Assumption; and the front of a minstrels' gallery, with panels pierced and carved in the manner of Henry II.

Of the wooden effigies of saints and little figure groups, carved and painted, once, no doubt, belonging to demolished Gothic altars, it would take too long to speak now in detail.

Among the furniture may be mentioned a very characteristic cabinet of the sixteenth century, its circular panels enriched with ornament in a kind of niello—the yellow wood inlaid, that is to say, with black mastic; a walnut cabinet, the mouldings carved in very low relief, the panels with masks and fret ornament after the approved sixteenth-century Lyonnese manner; and another of less delicate but equally characteristic southern workmanship; sundry very interesting doors, one with balusters in the upper half; a curious money-

changer's table; a few not very remarkable chairs; and some old oak coffers. One of these, its surface overspread by the foliage of its wrought-iron clamps, affords a characteristic example of thirteenth-century smithing. For the most part, however, the Gothic work is of the fifteenth century, and it is apparently nearly all French work. Exception occurs in the case of a cupboard door carved with heraldic shield and mantling, which, if its character is to be trusted, is surely of German origin. Of work later than the sixteenth century, there is very little; some pierced iron panels of the seventeenth century and two or three panels in the style of Louis Quinze, and that is about all that was observable on a first visit.

The woodwork is all the more valuable and the more interesting, that, though it is in some cases rather fragmentary, it has not been tampered with by the restorer. To the student, and to the student of late fifteenth and sixteenth-century woodwork in particular, it should be invaluable. When this comes to be arranged, as no doubt it will be soon, with what we have already of French woodcarving, it will be seen that we have at South Kensington something more in the way of French furniture to be proud of—and something to be more proud of—than the Jones Bequest, which, truth to tell, is a delight rather to the collector than to the artist.

LEWIS F. DAY.

HENRY MOORE, R.A.

TO every one who has sincerely and thoughtfully studied the development of the modern British school, the death of Mr. Henry Moore, which took place at Margate on June 22nd, must seem a matter for actually personal regret. Few artists have, in the minds of the better sort of art lovers, taken quite so definite a position, or have established quite so solid a reputation during a lifetime of not more than average length. The fashion which prescribes indifference, or, at most, half-hearted toleration for the best productions of the painter until his death has made him but a tradition, was fortunately made inoperative in his case by the nature of his appeal to the public. He came before them from the first in no borrowed plumes; and from the very outset of his career advanced a plea for recognition as an artist whose work was neither a reflection nor an adaptation of that of some already accepted master, but simply the expression of his own strong individuality. That the justice of his claim was indisputable is perhaps best proved by the fact that he has died at the age of sixty-four full of honours gained in all parts of the world, and admitted, even in his native land, to be the greatest painter of the open air that this century has produced.

His originality and technical power were without doubt greatly fostered by the circumstances of his birth and training. As the son of an artist of repute, William Moore, of York, and as the brother of four other artists, two at least of whom, John Collingham Moore and Albert Moore, were in the first rank, he was naturally in contact, from his earliest years, with a sufficiently wide variety of artistic opinion, and was surrounded with an unusually large amount of material upon which to base his convictions. There was, too, the same variety in his technical training. A great deal of advice and supervision from his father, much independent experiment, a small amount of study at the York School of Design, and a

few months' work—after he had begun to exhibit—in the Royal Academy Schools, provided him with the foundation upon which he built up the remarkable achievement of his later years.

For the manner of this building up he was, however, alone responsible. His whole life was one of constant devotion to his particular purpose of interpreting nature faithfully and devoutly, and no other consideration than this, a purely artistic one, was ever allowed to influence him. He never departed from the intention that he set before him in his childhood; and to the very end of his days he remained a student, always seeking fresh impressions and new suggestions. By the circumstances of the aesthetic surroundings in which he found himself, he was compelled to be a specialist, to give himself up almost entirely to one branch of his original practice; but his specialism never became mere repetition of stock ideas. Although latterly he largely limited himself to subjects of a particular class, these subjects were studied one by one with the most minute observation, and no convenient convention ever tainted the straightforwardness of his interpretation. His admirers may, perhaps, grieve that he did not always divide his attention between landscapes and pictures of the sea, as was his habit in his youth; but we may at least console ourselves with the reflection that in his hands marine painting reached a level to which it has been brought by no other artist. The sea became to Henry Moore the motive for all that is finest in out-of-door colour, light, and atmospheric effect; and his canvases will in years to come be held as standards against which to measure the performances of generations of artists as yet unborn. His death at the very summit of his power, and before any sign of failure from age or weakened health had had a chance of appearing in his work, was one which every artist will covet, the fittest end to such a life.

A. L. B.



THE SEA CAVE. BY W. E. FROST, R.A.

THE COLLECTION OF MERTON RUSSELL COTES, ESQ., J.P.* THE MAYOR OF BOURNEMOUTH.

THE influence of William Etty on the academic Art of England was very considerable fifty years ago, and one of his most devoted followers was William Edward Frost, the painter of the picture, 'The Sea Cave,' reproduced above. It is Etty-like in composition and treatment, and although it is vastly different from what is now held to be good in Art, it is faithful to tradition and interesting as a phase of work long very popular in this country.

W. E. Frost was born near London in 1810, and at the age of fifteen he was introduced to Etty, who took a great interest in his studies, and gave him much valuable assistance. In her Majesty the Queen's collection there are two examples of Frost's work—'Una and the Wood Nymphs,' painted in 1847, and 'The Disarming of Cupid,' painted in 1850.

In 1846 Frost was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, but the esteem in which his kind of painting had been held fell off, and it was not until 1871 that he was chosen an Academician, and he died in 1877.

'The Sea Cave' is a style of picture very much asked for from Frost, and is a good typical example of his work. It is careful in drawing if somewhat weak in colour, but its decorative effect is delightful, and it comes out very prettily in black and white. Fifty years ago this picture was considered a work to be marvelled at, and perhaps in another fifty years its true position in Art will be definitely settled.

'Judith,' by Charles Landelle, is one of the most striking pictures in the collection of the Mayor of Bournemouth. Academically correct in drawing, it is painted with great force; and had it been a little freer in brush treatment it might have been a picture of the supreme class. As it is, the classic training of the painter has prevented him letting himself go, with the result that the picture leaves one a little cold notwithstanding its powerful colouring.

* Continued from page 220.

M. Charles Landelle is still living. He was born at Laval, in Normandy, in 1821, was a pupil of Delacroix, and in that



JUDITH. BY CHARLES LANDELLE.

school he has achieved distinction. Had his master been Delacroix, the result would probably have shown that artistic

quality in technique the school of Delaroche never produced. As the painter of the 'Angel of Purity' and the 'Angel of Sor-

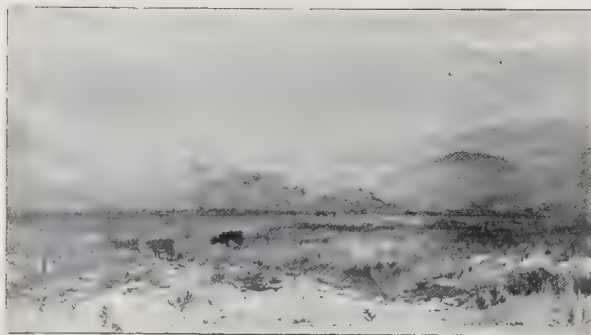


THE SEA. BY HENRY MOORE, R.A.

row,' the two pictures extensively circulated as mezzotints, M. Charles Landelle has achieved a certain fame, and he is a member of the Legion of Honour.

'Favourites of the Harem,' by Frantz Charlet, is a picture of the same class, but not of such a distinguished order. A little incident to the beautiful semi-slave of the harem has served to show his talent, and if the incident is not very great, so neither is the artist, although the work rises much above the commonplace.

From French art of yesterday to English landscape painting of the present time there is a long distance, yet it is the privilege of the "non-practising" lover of pictures to be able to see the better qualities of both. There is nothing that a young artist just getting into harness judges in such a prejudiced way as the work of another painter trained in a different school; while the connoisseur, the collector, and the "amateur"—in the literal sense—can and does obtain as much



NEAR HARLECH CASTLE. BY HENRY MOORE, R.A.

pleasure from a Leighton as from a Corot, the painter while still learning cannot afford to be carried away with enthusiasm about a character of work differing greatly from his own. This,

however, is a subject for an essay all to itself, and need not be discussed here.

Suffice it that we welcome an opportunity of seeing the pictures by Henry Moore and by Cecil Lawson in the Mr. Russell Cotes' collection. Both these artists are now dead, and very soon Henry Moore's exact position will be ascertained. Notwithstanding the verdict of old and personal friends, that Henry Moore was one of the greatest painters of our time, we believe that his ultimate position will never be so high as Cecil Lawson. The reputation of Cecil Lawson has not ceased to grow since his death over a dozen years ago, and at the present time his works are sought after and discussed by the best connoisseurs of England and America. The little picture we illustrate, 'Fir Trees,' is not typical of the subjects he most liked, but it is in colour a choice piece of work, which only a master—for he was a master, although only thirty when he died in 1882—could paint. All his works exhibit that quality we agree to term "style," and his pictures are always worthy of serious attention.

Henry Moore painted landscapes much more in his young



FIR TREES. BY CECIL LAWSON.

days than he did as years rolled on. The picture on the coast of North Wales near Harlech Castle is dated 1871, and it justifies the self-decision of the artist that landscape was not his strongest point. The sea view at the top of the same page is a much more recent production, and is a good specimen of his best art. The colour is lacking in our block, and for that reason it is difficult to judge, for colour was Henry Moore's greatest quality, and his continued studies, even to the end of his life, taught him the value of true colour. Time alone will show, and, notwithstanding the friendly opinion of the writer of the obituary notice preceding this article, it is very doubtful if Henry Moore's great reputation will be permanent.

The breadth of view of Mr. Russell Cotes in forming his collection is well set forth in the series of illustrations herewith represented. We have a typical old English painter, a Frenchman's work, then three examples of present-day English painting. We now come

to a Spanish artist's canvas, the work of a favourite Belgian animal painter, and on the concluding page are reproductions

perhaps too patent, and his anxiety to be remembered, where a Titian or a Rembrandt would have been content to have



KITTENS AT PLAY. BY MADAME HENRIETTE RONNER.



FAVOURITES OF THE HAREM. BY FRANTZ CHARLET.

after a modern English artist, a Corsican, and a Scotsman. No insular-minded collector this, but a man who from personal experience has witnessed and appreciated the good work of many lands.

'The Church Procession,' by Poveda, represents the door-

been forgotten, is a trifle undignified. But as a document representing Spanish religious life it is interesting.

Of the remaining works little need be said. Madame Ronner's cats are famous round the world. No one paints fluffy kittens better, and her reputation is beginning to



PROCESSION DE LA FÊTE DIEU. BY POVEDA.

way of a fine Spanish cathedral, from which a religious procession has just started on the occasion of the great ceremony of La Fête Dieu. The cleverness of the artist is

be more than Lambert's, who, until recently, was the chief cat painter in the domestic artistic household.

Mr. McWhirter's 'Out in the Cold,' if true, would be

worthy of the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The master inside, probably in front of a roaring fire, and still more probably in the presence of plenty of mountain dew, has forgotten his faithful friend and ally, and the poor donkey shivers in the cold.

Quadrone is a Corsican painter, who is an artist because he cannot prevent his talent breaking out. He is a man of fortune with many retainers, and it is quite possible that the comic scene was seen by Quadrone in his own establishment.



OUT IN THE COLD. BY J. McWHIRTER, R.A.

Some quaint knowingness accorded to the bust, together with the attitude of the man-servant, render the incident decidedly amusing. But to the Art-lover the quality of the painting is equally interesting, for Quadrone, notwithstanding his silver spoon, is an artist born and of nearly the highest order.

With the picture below, 'Some fell on Good Ground,' by Anderson Hague, we close for the present. On Mr. Anderson Hague many hopes have been set; hopes of his proving an artist of the highest calibre as well as a more than ordinary landscape painter.

The future of landscape painting in oil in England is at present very uncertain. Either the traditional Royal Institute

style of Art will be continued, or—and this is our liveliest hope—the work of such men as Mr. Anderson Hague, Mr. A. D.



THE TALKATIVE SERVANT. BY QUADRONE.

Peppercorn, Mr. J. W. North, and Mr. Ridley Corbet will be accepted as painters of work delightful as much for their fine artistic quality as for their immediate capability of pleasing the superficial and unreflecting. Landscape painting is the last kind of painting to be properly appreciated, but it is to be hoped that the country of Gainsborough, Constable, and Turner will never be without several true exponents of landscape work.



"SOME FELL ON GOOD GROUND." BY ANDERSON HAGUE.

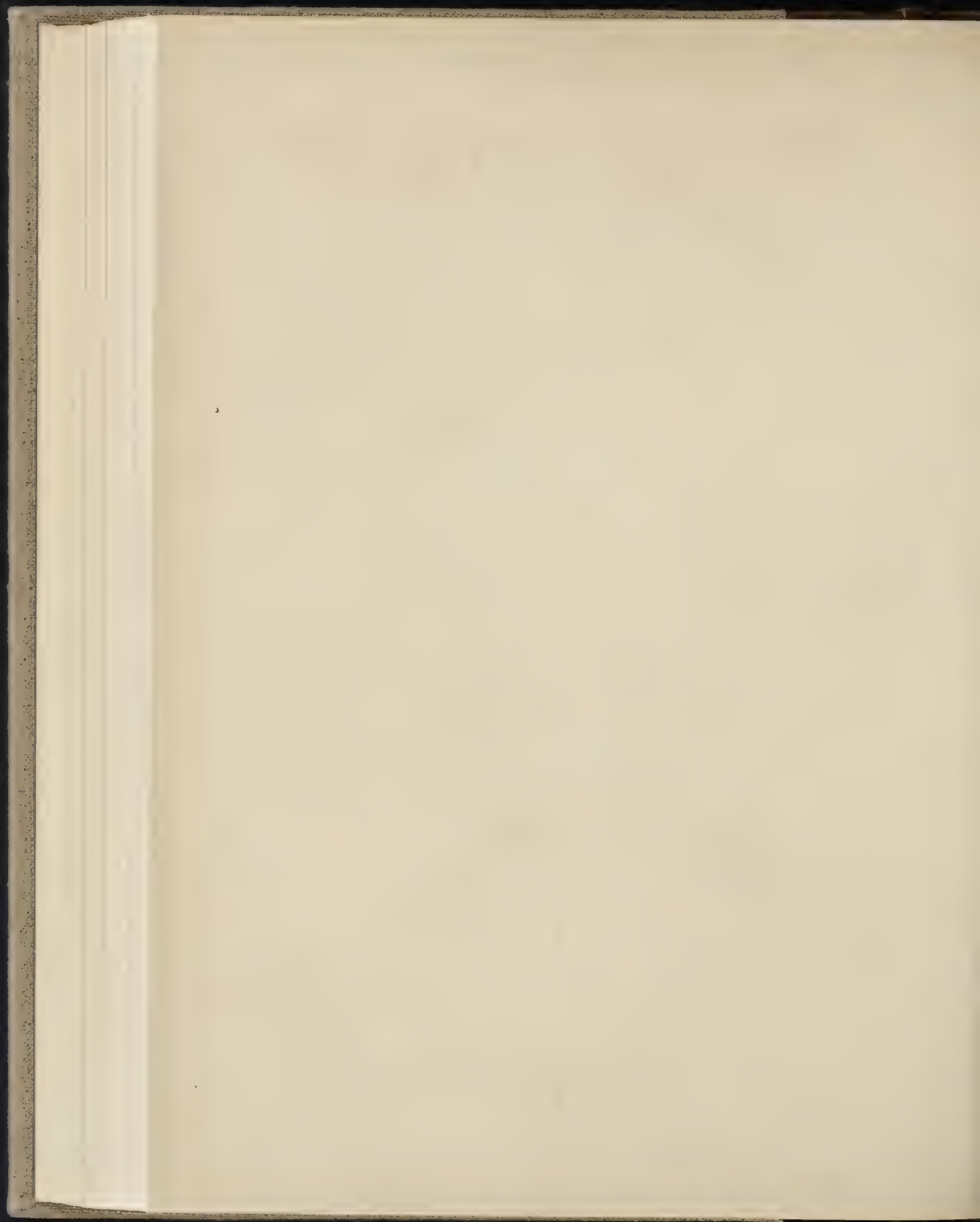






THE OLD MILL

THE OLD MILL, N. H.



THE MILL STREAM.

AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY FRED. SLOCOMBE.

EVERYONE who is fond of country rambles in search of the picturesque must have observed how aptly some of the works of man—a moss-grown water-mill, an ivy-covered church, or even a thatched cottage—seem to have grown into the scene of which they form a part, so that their presence is felt, instead of an intrusion, to be a positive gain, gathering up into a focus, as it were, the interest of the landscape. Every landscape artist looks instinctively for this chief point of interest in choosing his subjects, and Mr. Slocombe has found his in the Old Mill, to which the eye is irresistibly carried by the steadily moving waters of the mill-race, embowering it in deep woods with green meadows on

either hand, and showing it beneath the delicate tracery of the birch-tree in the foreground. The prevailing feeling of this rustic idyll—one that the quiet angler by no means lessens—is of peace and summer's calm. It is in such a place that one understands what Jefferies meant when he wrote of "the light and colour suspended in the summer atmosphere as colour is in stained but translucent glass."

"Its birches whisper to the wind,
The swallow dips her wings
In the cool spray, and on its banks
The grey song-sparrow sings."

Birchbrook Mill.

THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN'S GIFT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

THE casket presented, on July 2nd last, to Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, by Shahzada Nasrulla Khan, on behalf of his father the Ameer of Afghanistan, is perhaps not only the largest, but the most superb and costly of any article of the kind ever made. Our illustration will indicate something of its shape and make, but of course must fall short of conveying a true idea of its singular richness and brilliancy. It is made of solid 18 ct. gold. Its form is an octagonal oblong; in length over 18, width 13½, and height more than 14½ inches; profusely embellished with glittering diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones, all carefully chosen specimens of purest colour and perfect cutting. The body of the casket is arranged in panels, filled with delicately-wrought tracery, old Arabesque in character, divided by lapis lazuli pillars; the arms of Afghanistan in correct heraldic colours, enamelled, appear in the centre panels of the sides. Each of the four corners is boldly surmounted with a half star, the splendour of which is sustained by a setting of 178 cut brilliants of the first water; 712 in all. Floral emblems of Afghanistan are devised in chasing on the slightly domed lid; from which ascend six lapis lazuli pillars, with gold capi-

tals, each carrying the Mohammedan crescent. The large star is nearly five inches in diameter; its stones weigh from 1½ cts. to 3½ cts. each, save the centre one, which scales 17½ cts., measures nearly an inch across, is flawless, perfect in colour and cutting; and by itself is valued at £1,500. The cost of the entire casket was £6,000. It contained the Ameer's autograph letter to the British Queen and Empress of India. The Oriental love of magnificence is well exemplified in this right royal gift. If it also be a token of the genuine goodwill of his Highness towards Great Britain at home and in the East, it has additional value, not to be reckoned in money. It is not generally known that with the exception of the centre stone of the star, and the lapis lazuli which the Shahzada

brought with him from his country, all the other gems were furnished by Messrs. Elkington & Co., the makers of the casket. It was designed by their principal artist, M. Willms, at their Birmingham Works, from suggestions by Mr. T. A. Martin, the Agent-General of the Government of Afghanistan. From the hour the design was decided and the casket begun, not more than three weeks elapsed before its completion. This remarkable fact tells its own tale of the resources of the Elkington firm.

J. M. O.

4 D



THE AMEER'S GIFT TO THE QUEEN.

A TOUR-DE-FORCE IN DAMASK.

THERE are some industries which seem to be persistently conservative, to lag behind in the race for artistic development, and to be content always with models which might have done duty for design a generation or two ago. Of these appears to be the trade of linen damask weaving.

The reason is, perhaps, not far to seek. The purchasers of table linen are women; and the new woman cares nothing about fine linen. The housewife who does care has generally reached an age when ladies are more inclined to fall back upon the old pattern than to venture upon anything new, and the manufacturer naturally consults the tastes, or the prejudices, of those who best appreciate good linen. Now, what the connoisseur in table damasks appreciates is, not beauty of design, but quality of material.

Let it be conceded that the texture of linen damask has a beauty of its own, a quality which, if it were necessary to

never mind the pattern on it—only half right, for the truth is the pattern helps to display the quality of the material, or to detract from it, as the case may be; and the purchaser is not always judicious in her choice of pattern.

Her love of flowers, and her preference for a more or less naturalistic rendering of them, her liking for what is called free growth, and her aversion to anything in the least severe or formal, incline her to choose patterns in which breadth of surface is sacrificed to would-be realistic effect. She has, perhaps, herself an inkling of this, when she prefers "open" patterns, with plenty of ground; for in the case of a floral pattern, broken up with small detail and pretended shading, it is only in the ground that the value of the material tells. She is on safer ground when she prefers (as the wiser do) a mere spot or other such simple diaper; for, in order to do full justice to the woven texture, a pattern cannot be too simple,



TABLE CLOTH. DESIGNED BY WALTER CRANE.

choose between the two, might justly be preferred to any added beauty of design or draughtsmanship; and the housewife is half right in saying: What I care about is the linen,

too flat. That was long ago very well understood by the weavers of *silk* damask, when they indulged in those broad, bold, effective designs which, to this day, we distinguish as

"damask patterns." There is not the slightest reason why in linen, any more than in silk damask, the simple pattern should be confined to a very small scale, nor yet to geometric and obviously mechanical lines, none why a broad and beautiful effect should not be produced by design at once original, striking, and calculated to make the most of the qualities of linen. The reversing or folding over of the pattern (necessitated, if not by the jacquard loom, by its economic use) places, of course, some restriction upon the designer; but it is the business of the designer to adapt himself to conditions.

This Mr. Crane has very successfully done in the remarkable tablecloth which he has designed for Messrs. John Wilson & Son, the old-established Bond Street firm, who have had the enterprise to apply to him for help. This is the first time in our day that a producer of linen has called to his aid, in lifting his industry out of the slough of commonplace, an artist of such distinction. Sir Noël Paton, indeed, at one time designed for table linen; but that was when he was quite young, unknown out of Dunfermline, and before he had, artistically speaking, "found himself." It was not to be expected that he should impress the stamp of his individuality upon what he probably regarded as pot-boiling. Mr. Crane has, so to speak, signed his work in full. The fanciful idea of illustrating the five senses, no less than the ingenuity with which he has worked it out, and the beautiful shape it has taken, all proclaim the individual artist, and show him at his best.

It need hardly be said, of a designer so invariably in sympathy with his material, that his design is as admirably suited to the loom, as it is appropriate to the table. In one respect only has he allowed his ambition to outrun the con-

ditions of manufacture, in introducing, that is, an otherwise very fitting marginal motto, the place of which it has been thought desirable to supply, in execution, by a pattern which loses nothing when it comes to be reversed. Perhaps no very great harm would have been done if the text had been allowed to stand, even though the weaver transformed it, in two quarters of the cloth, into unintelligible hieroglyphics. They would have made a very good border anyway.

Our illustration, taken directly from the artist's own drawing, showing only one quarter of Mr. Crane's design (which has been reproduced in linen with a fidelity due to Mr. Wilson's personal and painstaking supervision of its transfer to point paper), is given on page 286. It will be obvious to any one at all appreciative of pattern how well the lines of it are adapted to the necessary repetition. What is not shown is the ingenuity with which the artist has arranged for the lengthening of the cloth, so that it may fit tables of various sizes. This he does by the introduction of supplementary sections, which yet seem quite one with the original panel.

It is a waste of energy, as some may think, to spend so much Art upon a mere dinner cloth. That might fairly be urged if linen weavers were in the habit of squandering Art upon their productions. But there is no fear of that. The danger lies the other way. It is only from such efforts as this that we can look for any impetus in the direction of improved design in damask. It is necessary at this date to remind people that a tablecloth may be worth looking at: never before have they had the opportunity of seeing one so well deserving their attention.

LEWIS F. DAY.

NOTES AND REVIEWS.

THE selection of Mr. E. Onslow Ford as a Royal Academician gives due honour to one of the best of our younger sculptors, although to call him young may seem strange, for he is exactly forty-three years of age. Mr. W. B. Richmond was chosen chiefly because he was the best man for the Professorship of Painting, to which he was elected immediately after the balloting for the Academician. As an artist, with appropriate dignified presence, well trained, and not too old to be enthusiastic, Professor Richmond, son of the retired Academician, Mr. George Richmond, benefiting by his experience as Slade Professor at Oxford, possesses every element of success.

The works sent in for the National Competition—or, to be more precise, those the examiners deemed worthy of the honour—are being shown in the southern galleries, side of Exhibition facing the Science Department. This year seems notable for a fresh spirit influencing much of the work, especially the designs for the applied arts. The increase of specimens of the actual work wrought from them, side by side with the working drawings, is also highly commendable. The modelling from life shows a high level of excellence, Bristol and Birmingham being to the fore, while the South Kensington Schools maintain the reputation they have won in later

years. Novel examples are—an excellent poster, 'The Frogs,' by Léon Solon; 'Ex Libris,' by Harold Nelson and Arthur Maude; monumental tablets, by G. Smith, Joseph E. Read, Ernest Elvins, all of marked excellence; a really beautiful design for a lock by Léon Solon; a delicate and beautiful vase in silver, by John H. Parkyn; a good set of stencils, by Walter J. Bond; a bronze candlestick and a most satisfactory panel, by Lilian M. Simpson; a really delightful tea set, by Julia C. Middleton, in the actual metal, in which the clever treatment of the handle especially merits praise. More ordinary subjects include a novel and clever wall paper, huge teazle heads, by Maude Coggin; some very good tiles, by George Rusholm; some admirable embroideries and clever illustrations, by Mary L. Newill; a really fine panel of embroidery, by Hannah Sandemann; and a well-schemed composition, 'The Pied Piper,' by Gertrude M. Bradley. Designs for book covers are in great force, and, as a rule, both practical and good, especially those by G. M. Ellwood, Albert and George Carder, and Isabella Todd. In the paintings from the nude and from still-life, it was difficult to believe that South Kensington had awakened at last and was showing modern influence, but nevertheless a distinct trace of ideas from the other side was observable. The illustrations in black-and-white included gold medalled subjects by Winifred

Saville, a good work by Alfred Jones, Bernard Sleigh, and others, some already familiar to the public in reproductions. Altogether, the show is most gratifying, and it is pleasant to notice that the examiners, who have selected so many good things, criticise them most pertinently, and are by no means inclined to rest and be thankful.

At The Fine Art Society there is a little collection which looks like the herald of a new movement. To those who live among artists, there is no surprising novelty in the homage paid to the black-and-white men of the *Good Words* and *Once a Week* schools. Modern illustrators of many different tastes have long ago discovered the wealth of treasure left by Boyd, Houghton, Pinwell, Fred. Walker, and men who were their contemporaries. But the public has yet to discover that original drawings by this school will soon be fetching prices equivalent to their intrinsic worth, and one may look to see a craze setting in for first editions of books they illustrated, and reprints of their finest things. The exquisite pen-drawings by J. W. North, A.R.A., Pinwell, Fred. Walker, and the rest, fill but a single wall; on the others are hung some admirable water-colours by the same men. Among these 'Sweet Melancholy,' 'The Princess and the Ploughboy,' 'Hebe and Ganymede,' by Pinwell, and 'Mill Dam,' by J. W. North, A.R.A., are perhaps the most noticeable.

At Messrs. Obach's galleries are to be seen some very powerful etchings by Max Klinger, one—perhaps the most powerful—of the German "Secessionists." These works appeal as much by their anecdote as by their handling. With a strong tendency to the weird grotesque—which is called 'symbolic' by those who like it, and 'morbid' by those who hate it—there is undoubted power, although the effects are not gained in ways that belong peculiarly to the art of the etcher. A sea tossing up roses for foam, a group at the steps of the pier with a drowned boy, a composition with two imploring hands in the foreground and the eternally silent sphinx above, are some of the most striking subjects. Peculiarly fine in their way are a series of charcoal drawings by Mr. Frank Mura, a young artist settled in Hampstead. Obviously akin to Mr. Muhrmann, whose impressive pastels are also to be seen here, he has much that is his own, and deserves to be welcomed as a powerful recruit to a method which is too little practised here.

The Continental Gallery is given over to the Scottish Artists' Exhibition. It is a distinct disappointment to find the younger Glasgow School almost totally unrepresented. For the average painting in the show is certainly not above the level of the average Institute picture, and that, as all men know, denotes but a mildly exhilarating standard of excellence. Indeed, some of these Scottish paintings, notably a most primitive 'Boys Bathing,' by Hugh Collins, seem a veritable re-incarnation of the ideal of the Prince Consort period. Exceptions of singular excellence occur. Harrington Mann's 'Prodigal Son,' Francis Newbury's 'A Winding Shop,' A. Kay's 'St. Monan's Kirk,' R. G. Hutchinson's 'When Seas run High,' Alex Frew's 'Near Iona,' and, perhaps, J. C. Dobson's 'Little Minister,' are among the most noteworthy. It is curious how a majority of poor pictures reacts upon the rest, so that it requires more than one visit to

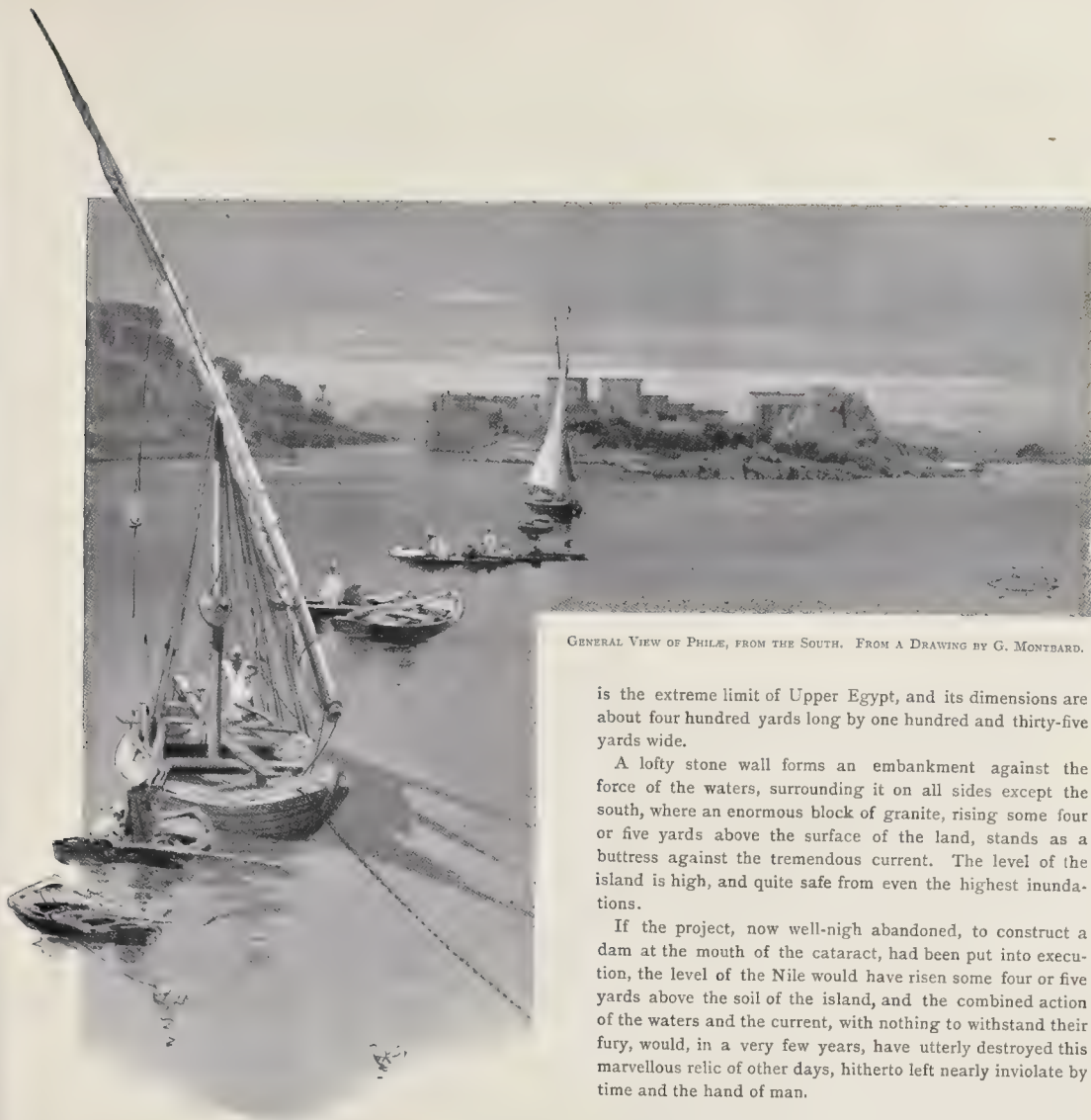
readjust the prejudice of the first impression. But this exhibition has been a mistake, and it is not of sufficient importance to be taken as a document from which to judge the state of Art in Scotland to-day.

It is said that hard times have induced the Worshipful Company of Barber-Surgeons to try to sell their famous Holbein, presented to the Company by Henry VIII. in 1537, and representing the King in the act of presenting the Company's charter. All the figures are life-size, and the portraits are historical. The price required is £15,000, and an effort is being made to obtain subscriptions to purchase it for the Guildhall Gallery.

The Dean of Peterborough makes a strong appeal for further contributions towards the restoration of his cathedral. The doorways are so injured that extensive repairs are absolutely necessary, and it is to be hoped that the appeal will be successful.

The seventeenth Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition will be held in Norwich from October 7th to 11th. Churchmen generally are being invited to contribute towards the Loan Collection, which promises to be of old plate, embroidery, wood and ivory carvings, paintings, and articles of archæological interest. Mr. John Hart, Arundel Street, London, is the Director.

Mr. Edward F. Strange's "ALPHABETS, A HANDBOOK OF LETTERING," published by George Bell & Sons, as one of their "Ex Libris" series, goes far to fill an awkward gap in the book-lover's shelves. It falls short of filling it altogether, mainly because the theme is so wide that it would take a series of volumes to treat it with anything like adequacy. The truth is, the author has attempted so much that he has had to dismiss some divisions of his subject rather summarily. Hence a certain want of proportion in the book, as when he passes over the inscriptions on old brasses with just a bare word of recognition in his final chapter, whilst he devotes seven or eight pages to the consideration and illustration of modern American printer's types, which we could better have spared. With the historical and palæographical part of the book there is no occasion to speak here, further than to say that it contains a vast amount of information for which the unlearned may well be grateful. What concerns us is the artistic side of the subject, and that Mr. Strange has treated with sympathy and with discretion. If he includes among his numerous illustrations some not very attractive alphabets, it may be taken that they are more or less necessary to a due understanding of the evolution of the later forms of lettering. Many of the more beautiful alphabets given are, of course, and of necessity indeed, old friends—the best known because they are the best; but Mr. Strange is familiar with his subject and with the material available for illustration, and he is able accordingly to give quite a number of examples which will be new to most of his readers. It is a pity they are not all reproduced more or less on one uniform scale—some of them are too small to be of much practical use. Among the nineteenth-century alphabets given, the most remarkable are the one by Mr. Selwyn Image, strikingly dignified in its severe simplicity; and the two by Professor York Powell, admirable for consistency and wise restraint.



GENERAL VIEW OF PHILÆ, FROM THE SOUTH. FROM A DRAWING BY G. MONTBARD.

THE SACRED ISLAND OF PHILÆ.

CLASPED in a green girdle of palm-trees and lentisks, covered with ancient monuments, rising luminous against the sombre rocks of Bigeh; the sacred island of Philæ, the Philak of the ancients, to which the tomb of Osiris was conveyed from Abydos, reposes in the Nile, reflecting in its waters the emerald tops of its palms and the graceful outlines of its temples.

On the north, so far as the eye can reach, are countless islands, capes, and promontories, black and jagged, and curiously huddled together, comprising what is known as the First Cataract, and extending to Assouan, a distance of about seven miles. Situated on the border of Nubia, Philæ

OCTOBER, 1895.

is the extreme limit of Upper Egypt, and its dimensions are about four hundred yards long by one hundred and thirty-five yards wide.

A lofty stone wall forms an embankment against the force of the waters, surrounding it on all sides except the south, where an enormous block of granite, rising some four or five yards above the surface of the land, stands as a buttress against the tremendous current. The level of the island is high, and quite safe from even the highest inundations.

If the project, now well-nigh abandoned, to construct a dam at the mouth of the cataract, had been put into execution, the level of the Nile would have risen some four or five yards above the soil of the island, and the combined action of the waters and the current, with nothing to withstand their fury, would, in a very few years, have utterly destroyed this marvellous relic of other days, hitherto left nearly inviolate by time and the hand of man.

Eight o'clock; our sailors are in the boat, extended on the seats, waiting for us to embark. I place in my cabin on board our dahabieh, a few nicknacks I have just purchased of an old, emaciated negress: baskets, glass-bead necklaces, a scarabæus, pretty in form, but of more than doubtful authenticity, and, armed with my pencils and sketch-book, I light a pipe and jump into the craft. The six oarsmen seize the oars. Mohammed, squatting in the stern, on the gunwale, works the rudder; old Mahmoud begins in a shrill voice a sad, monotonous song; the chorus is taken up by all the crew, and the skiff cleaves the waters, which mirror with intense distinctness.

The boat touches ground, and stops two or three yards from shore. Mohammed, who has leapt into the river, takes me on his shoulders, and softly deposits me on the bank, a long, gently sloping bank of fine sand, into which one sinks up to the ankles.

Hassan, who is there, has been watching for me for an

hour with his donkey, a beautiful grey donkey, with a clipped coat, ornamented with arabesques deftly cut out with scissors. Round his massive neck is a charming collar, made of brass sequins, which he jingles merrily. Hassan holds the stirrup whilst I bestride the animal; he dusts me from head to foot with a bit of his long garment, and lashing the beast's hindquarters with his switch, sets him off at a gallop. Hassan, in a blue gown over a white gandouran, caught up to the knees in a leathern thong, with a piece of linen of snow-like whiteness bound about his head, trots briskly behind, a cigarette between his lips, holding his brand-new, lemon-coloured babouches, or slippers, under his arm. A happy smile, which reveals splendid small, well-set, white teeth, lights up his handsome, dark face, with its regular, finely chiselled features, recalling, by its firmness and frankness of the lines, the pure and delicate touch of Florentine bronzes. His supple torso bends with the elasticity of a tumbler, and, on his meagre, hard legs,

with high, thin calves, a layer of fine light dust has settled, putting a slight amber glaze on the brown skin. Gay as a sparrow, nimble as a monkey, impudent as a page, he slips alertly through the crowd, distributing cuffs to those smaller than himself, receiving the same from such as are bigger, running along, chaffing, chaffed at, turbulent, indefatigable.

We follow the quay for a moment in the shade of the lofty palms, with trunks protected by walls of circular whitewashed masonry, which, from a distance, give them the appearance of long skinny necks protruding from collars too large for them; then we turn to the right, and follow the low-roofed bazaar.

Bisharis, with great luminous eyes as black as jet, draped in yards of unbleached linen, offer bows, quivers, lances, gazelle's horns, to gloved and helmeted tourists. A butcher, whose arms are red with blood, passes by leading a donkey laden with recently-severed sheep's heads and dripping with gore; and very pretty young English girls, in cool morning attire, turn aside with repugnance so as not to be con-

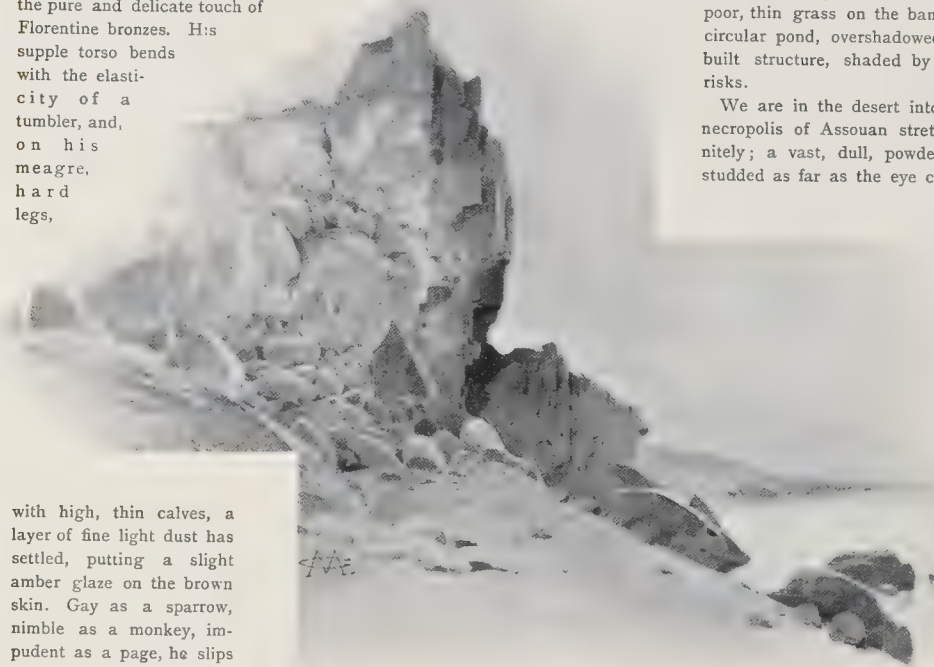
taminated by the hideous burden. In diminutive shops, mere square holes, saddlers in squatting postures are working with hands and feet at leathern articles, blacksmiths with greasy red tarbouches are fashioning lances from Khar-toum (!), poniards with curved blades, great straight swords for tourists. Then come dealers in cotton goods, ostrich feathers, sandal wood, warehouses where senna is sold, shops crammed with modern "antiquities."

We turn on the right into a side street. Shops are rare, the crowd decreases; pigeons come pecking at one's feet. We pass before the unbaked brick mosque of Hadji Hassan

Mohammed, with its broad courtyard, open to the sky, in which stands a solitary gigantic palm-tree. We amble through the old town, brush by some hovels, some ruined walls, and emerge to an arid, sandy plain. At the edge of it grow a few wretched plants.

Some black goats are browsing the poor, thin grass on the banks of a tiny circular pond, overshadowed by a clay-built structure, shaded by two tamarisks.

We are in the desert into which the necropolis of Assouan stretches indefinitely; a vast, dull, powdery expanse, studded as far as the eye can see with



ALONG THE CATARACT. FROM A DRAWING BY G. MONTHARD.

tombs, with cupolas, some built of clay and quite grey, the others whitewashed, most of them fallen in, showing blue patches of the sky through their shattered vaulted roofs. At our feet the soil is strewn with rubbish and broken stelæ; on some of these Greek characters are engraved, on others one reads Roman inscriptions; on a certain number hieroglyphs are cut out, sometimes resembling a mastodon at rest. A block of black granite pierces through the ground, bearing on one of its polished sides the sunken cartouch of a Pharaoh, the date of an expedition against the tribes to the south.

We leave the cemetery on the left, bearing obliquely to the right, in the direction of the Nile. The plain slopes upward, bordered by masses of rock, which hide the view of the river. To the left are gullies, rugged and devastated trenches,



THE TEMPLE HYPETHRE OR KIOSQUE OF TIBER. FROM A DRAWING BY G. MONTBARD

resembling beds of dried-up torrents, down which fire seems to have rolled, so blackened, eaten away, calcinated are their friable sides. Then, suddenly standing out against these dark, grey tones, a sparkling light spot appears, and a streak of sand bursts into view, filling up the obscure hollows, over-running the crags, leaving only their jagged edges uncovered. Then the dismal ravines reappear, the gigantic masses of rock formed of blocks dangling dangerously—rounded, worn, cracked, rent blocks, falling away in flakes beneath the bite of the terrible heat.

From time to time through a gap of this wall of stone one



A BISHARI. FROM A DRAWING BY G. MONTBARD.

catches a glimpse of the Nile, and it is a marvellous spectacle of wild grandeur. Within an expanse of three or four miles are thousands of islands, of islets composed of granite or basalt rock of an unvaried black aspect. By the odd way in which they are grouped together, they present strange forms; silhouettes of monstrous and unknown animals spread out as far as the yellow Libyan sands, breaking up with their dark bald summits the glittering surface of the Nile. The river, immeasurably widened, dashes tumultuously among these obstacles impeding its course, and an incessant muffled roar rises from below and fills the air with its continual wail.

Here and there, amidst the inextricable entanglement of these islands, a promontory with extravagant lines starts up, and the summit, overhanging the base, seems to baffle all the laws of gravitation. Or else there rises a rampart formed of granite rocks, split in length and breadth, pink at the top, black at the bottom, shining as if they had just been tarred. Upon this stone spur the river breaks and boils. Behind, between the double current overflowing on either side, stretches a sheet of grey, fine sand fringed with foam; horizontal stræ of darker shade rise one above the other, half-way up the rocks, in parallel tiers; these are the marks left by the low waters at each successive tide.

In places, in a little soil brought by the inundation, in a hollow in the rock, in a fissure, in some corner down below, a lentisk grows, a palm has taken root; clumps of verdure surrounded by poor grass, bright redeeming features, hardly visible, indicate the cupola of a khouba, the roof of a hut isolated on an islet.

Now and again, a triangular sail, fixed slantwise to its slender mast, and seeming to rise from the rock, appears amidst this chaos. For a moment only the white vision appears, then all at once, at a curve, vanishes; it reappears a little farther on, skims all pale along the sombre granite and again suddenly disappears, concealed by a cape, to show itself a few yards beyond; then flies away once more and escapes behind a pile of crags; and this game at hide-and-seek among the monster rocks lasts for hours.

Over all this the ardent sun expands its dazzling splendour, lighting up the ripples, streaming in waves of gold over the rosy necks of the formidable granite animals. And, from their sturdy, blackened sides, shadows of violet blue, with crisply marked outlines, are cast on the waters, where, breaking up, they scale the rocks, describing fantastical silhouettes. Right above, the deep, limpid, intensely blue celestial vault spreads over this grandiose confusion the majesty of its peaceful and eternal solemnity.

For some time we follow the steep path hewn in the slope of the cliff. The heat radiating from the ground is stifling, and one is almost blinded by the glare from the surface of the rocks. The road, encumbered with débris, rises and descends irregularly, according to the whim of the ground. Sometimes a huge stone detached from the ridge blocks up the way completely, and it is necessary to make a long and laborious détour to rejoin the pathway beyond.

My donkey stumbles at every moment, I am bathed in perspiration, Hassan wipes away the drops that stand like pearls upon his forehead; we regain the desert road. On the left we find the great gullies again, whilst beyond them are the famous granite quarries. Now the ground descends, imperceptibly at first, then the slope becomes more marked; shortly afterwards there is a steep declivity, and we are in a valley of sand from which accumulations of granite leaning against one another rise to a considerable height, intermixed in frightful confusion, the terminal parts standing out of the perpendicular, and maintaining an incomprehensible equilibrium.

And any one would think, at the sight of these gigantic piles, conveying the impression of half-crumbled-down barricades of the Titans, of those prominent blocks bristling with threatening projections, that, at any moment, at the least shock, at the slightest shake, at the displacement of the smallest stone, they would dash down, causing general destruction in their fall.

Graven on the sides of some are the cartouches of kings, the dates of warlike expeditions, eulogies addressed to divinities and the Pharaohs, that date from two thousand six hundred years before our era, colossal pages of history laid open in the midst of the desert.

The sand is fine, impalpable; one sinks into it up to the knees. To the left successive *khamisins* have driven it to the chain of rocks forming the other slope to the valley, and the minute dust has collected there, gradually over-running the layers of stone, filling in the clefts, the holes, covering almost the summits in places, so that only the upper crests appear, in a long line of peaks and edges, standing boldly out in black against the fine, light shroud brought there by the wind, and producing the illusion of glaciers and snowdrifts.

At the extremity of the valley doleful solitary sentinels start out of the ground, large blocks of rounded off and polished granite, on which one also finds hieroglyphic inscriptions, dating from different periods of the Pharaonic antiquity.

Parallel to the road, the same as formerly led to Philæ, and which Strabo says he followed in a conveyance, one notices the remains of an ancient wall built of baked bricks. This is the Megatichos of Juba, which once extended from Assouan to Philæ. It was erected to protect Egypt against the invasions of the Nubian nomads, the Ouauaï, the Khesa, etc., of the Egyptians, the Blemmyes of the Romans, who, according to the legend, had neither head nor neck, whose mouth and eyes were on their chest, and who are the Bisharis of modern times.

The valley opens on to level ground, across which stretches the railway we are skirting. A whistle resounds behind us, one hears something like the powerful breathing of an

animal, a muffled rumble; a dark elongated mass rushes by with a sound like thunder, making the ground tremble, leaving behind it an opaque cloud, which hangs suspended in the air too heavy to rise, contaminating with its thick steam the pure transparency of the atmosphere, the exquisite blue of the sky. . . . It is civilisation that is passing, the implacable and incessant destroyer of the past, a howling anachronism in the solitude of the desert, amidst those immutable souvenirs of times that are no more, those sculptured granites celebrating the mighty deeds of the Pharaohs, and the glory of divinities with animal heads.

For some time past we have ceased treading on the red pebbles of the desert; the ground has become softer; earth is visible, good fruitful earth. One perceives rows of palm-trees, groups of acacias, clusters of tamarisks, clumps of sycamores, and above, pointing upward, the top of a slender minaret. Here and there, through the dusty, pale green curtain of trees, one distinguishes the white façades of houses; we are before Chellal which faces Philæ. A short gallop brings us to the village, through which we soon pass, and opposite us, peacefully ensconced in the middle of the Nile, appears Philæ, the sacred island, the venerable relic of the past; Philæ, the pearl of Egypt, set in the most admirable mounting imaginable, and which a few jobbers, imbecile contractors and grotesque masons together, want to bury beneath the waters, for the purpose of erecting some ridiculous construction, some impossible dike.

And, a thing inconceivable! a lord, a British peer, the representative of one of the most civilised nations on the face of the globe, the man who is virtually master of the destinies of Egypt, fails to interfere, being supremely indifferent to all that is not of absolute and urgent practical interest,

GEO. MONTBARD.

(To be continued.)



ENTRANCE TO THE FIRST CATARACT. FROM A DRAWING BY G. MONTBARD.



THE WOODCUTTERS. BY JOHN LINNELL.

THE COLLECTION OF MERTON RUSSELL COTES, ESQ., J.P.*

THE long list of poets who have turned for their subjects to the deathless pages of Giovanni Boccaccio's hundred tales extends from Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Dryden, to Keats, Tennyson, Longfellow, Swinburne, and George Eliot in modern times, and it was George Eliot's fine poem, "How Lisa loved the King," that first suggested to Mr. Blair Leighton the subject, as it has given the title, of the picture which forms our etching.

with his wife and daughter. King Pedro of Sicily had recently succeeded in expelling the French invaders, and had celebrated his victories with jousts and tournaments and general popular rejoicings. Lisa is a young maid of fifteen, sweet-minded and pure, cherishing a secret ideal in her simple heart,—

"She had but dreamt how heavenly it would be
To love some hero, noble, beauteous, great,"—

and as the handsome king passed through the streets, hailed

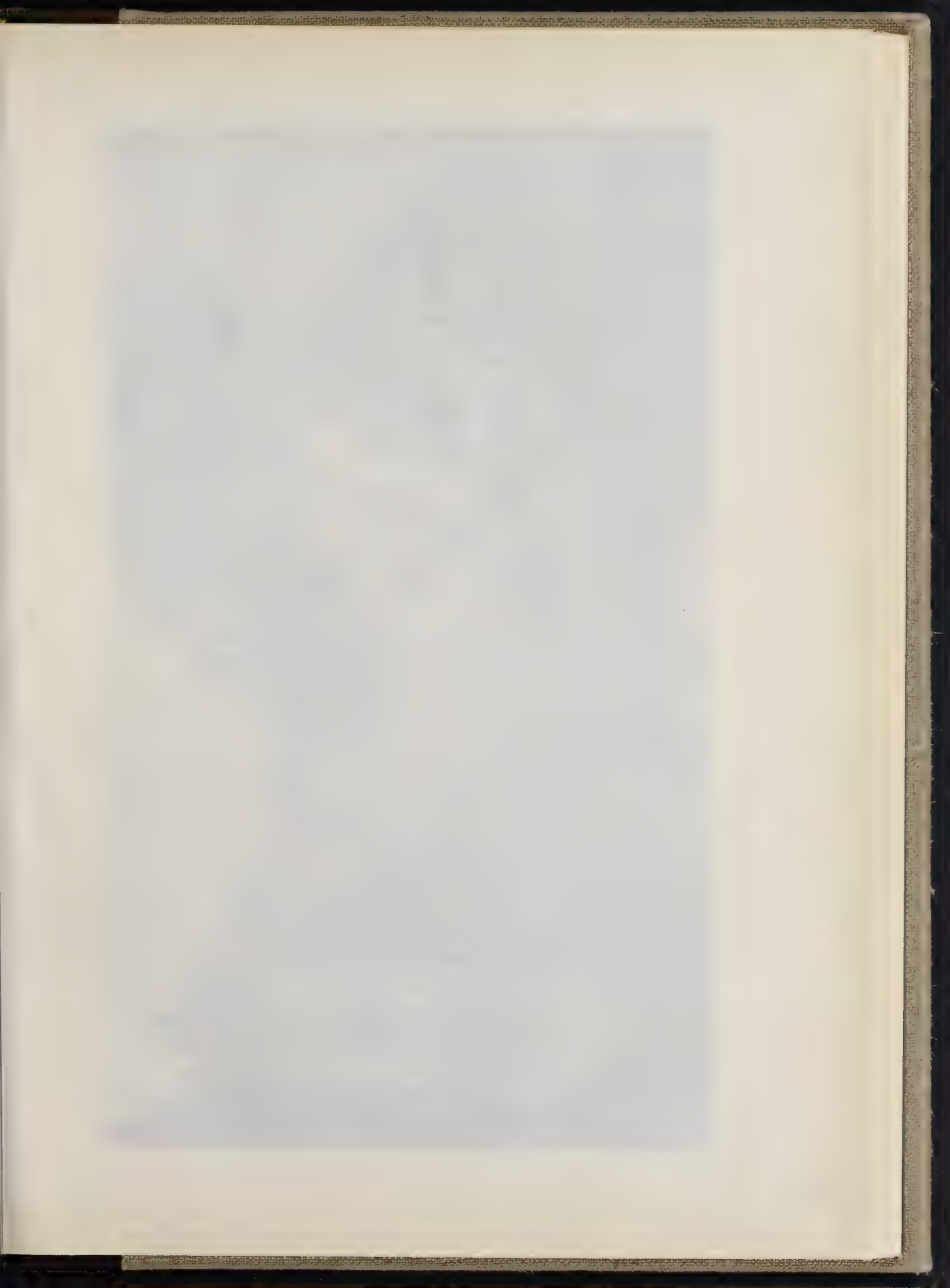


THE HIGHLAND FLOOD. BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

The scene of our present story is laid at Palermo, in Sicily, where Bernardo, a wealthy apothecary of Florence, had settled

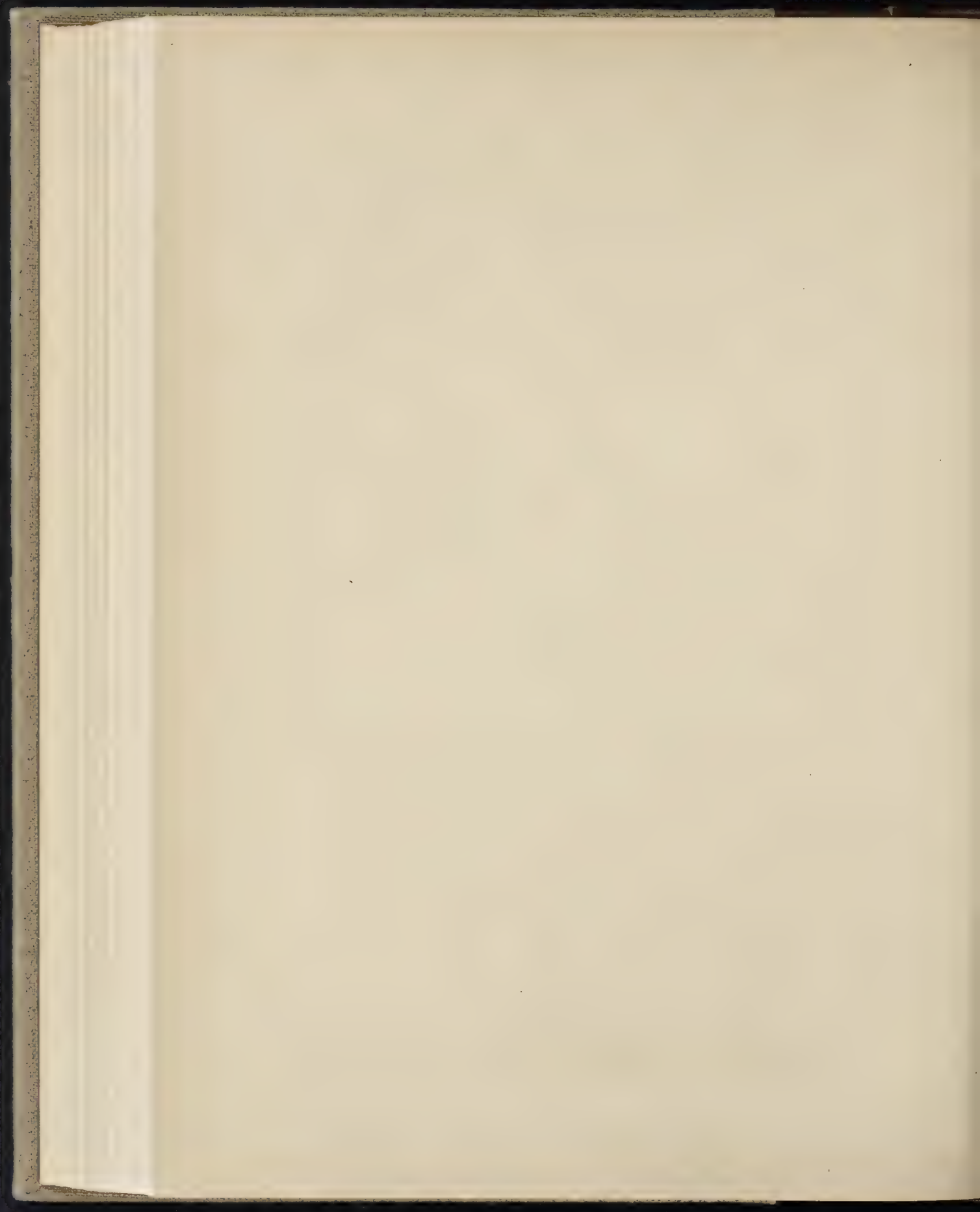
* Continued from page 284.

by the people as his country's saviour, it seemed to her that she beheld the hero of whom she had dreamt, the incarnation of her ideal. The little maiden realises, from the very beginning,









that her pure and innocent love is quite hopeless—for her hero is already mated to a beautiful queen—yet she cannot control it. But to Lisa, as to all finer natures, love does not mean self-gratification, but self-abnegation. "Sinlessly passionate and meekly mad," she desires only an opportunity to show her love in willing service, to die for the king, if necessary, if only he could know of her devotion. She falls into a decline, passing her days in gentle melancholy, which gives the greatest anxiety to her worthy parents. She asks that the king's minstrel, Minuccio, may be brought to sing to her, and her parents, hoping that music may ease her pain, send for him. To him she confides her secret—

"Tell him, O Love, I am a lowly maid,
No more than any little knot of thyme
That he with careless foot may often tread,
Yet lowliest fragrance oft will mount sublime
And cleave to things most high and hallowed;
As doth the fragrance of my life's springtime,
My lowly love, that soaring seeks to climb
Within his thought, and make a gentle bliss
More blissful than if mine, in being his,
So shall I live in him, and rest in Death!"

Such is a hasty summary of the story up to the scene in the picture, and for the sequel—how the minstrel told the king in a song, and he with right royal grace came with his queen to see and comfort her, how she recovered and married an honest youth who long had loved her—the reader must be referred to the original story, or to George Eliot's paraphrase.

Mr. Blair Leighton has used this charming theme as an occasion to work out a well-studied scheme of effects of light and colour. He has placed the group upon the balcony in the cool shadow of the house, while beyond is the contrast of sun-lit sky and warm-toned landscape.

Our other subjects from Mr. Russell Cotes' collection are of more prosaic character, but poetical enough in their treatment. 'The Woodcutters,' by John Linnell, is a picture almost impossible to render in black and white reproduction, as the special charm of Linnell's work lies in the quality and strength of the colour. The woodcutters have made a con-

venient clearance in the forest for the artist to find a well-arranged composition without difficulty, and the general arrangement of the subject recalls forcibly the best qualities of Rousseau and Diaz of Barbizon fame.

'The Highland Flood' is a reduction of the large picture executed by Landseer for an Art publisher, Flatau, who exercised great influence fifty years ago. This picture is entirely different from the Linnell, and it gains rather than suffers from translation into monochrome. This is a usual quality with Landseer's works, and it sometimes happens that, in choice proof, his picture is really as fine a work of Art and as desirable an artistic possession as the original painting. 'The Highland Flood' depicts a scene, happily not common, even where it is so often "a wee bit shoory." Descending in spate during a violent storm, the rivulet, swollen until it possesses the strength of a terrific destructor, comes down the valley with malevolent force. The cottage is wrecked, and only time has been found to lead out the blind grandfather and the little infant and its cradle. Such dramatic pictures were specially suitable to Landseer's powers, and the force displayed throughout this remarkable subject is characteristic of the artist, who up to the present has had no follower to entirely fill his position.

Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., is the one who comes nearest to Landseer, and it is only just to say that several of his important pictures are equal to many of the best Landseers. But Mr. Riviere is more engaged with the artistic quality of his work than the subject, and while his individual canvases may, in the future, be recognised to have more quality, this will never make him the popular idol Landseer was. 'Tick, Tack' is a small picture by Mr. Riviere, where an inquisitive puppy finds himself in close proximity to his master's watch. No modern machine-made article is the watch, but a good old-fashioned turnip-shaped watch of loud ticking capacity, quite enough to overcome the prudence of any large-minded pup, however well trained he may have been.



TICK, TACK. BY BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.



GROS POINT DE VENISE. EXAMPLE I.

THE LACES OF QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY.

LAMENTATIONS over a lost art are but a product of pessimism; moreover, that lace-making *is* a lost art still remains to be proved. The revolutions of the wheel of progress touch in most arts at times a revival point, and signs of resurrection in the dainty fabric called lace show that this art has touched that point of recent years.

A century and a half ago it was lace, *not* learning, which kept women from their domestic duties, and this doubtless was one among many factors which brought it into disrepute from a manly point of view. In earlier days lace-making was no mere feminine frivolity; its teachers were grave and reverend seigneurs, who kept their beards in bags to avoid a bother with the bobbins; and later, in Denmark and in Devonshire, men made lace, sailors being especially apt disciples of the art.

Seeing that most things beautiful have come to us from Italy, that she is the universal art-mother of us all, these reproductions of her famous laces, graciously lent by H.M. Queen Margherita, are specially interesting.

The writer of an article is at a distinct disadvantage when compared with a lecturer. The mere writing of "look on this picture and on this" with no other pointer but my pen, together with the stating of bare facts as to specimens, wearies the wits. I will therefore proceed to set forth certain matters of interest which have been until now insufficiently noticed, taking these lovely laces as my illustrations, albeit my discourse will lack the glamour of the

lime-lighted lecture. 'Tis a saddening conviction, but I am persuaded, after my researches in connection with these laces, that Italian ladies' knowledge of lace is profound, and comes as a matter of course; while we of England possess but a smattering, and this belonging to the few rather than the many.

Italy has certainly beaten us chronologically as a lace-making country; and, curiously enough, the most recent discoveries as to the earliest carrying on of the art have only come to light during the last few years, when the subject was under constant consideration for Chicago. In May, 1892, Professor Brizio, of Bologna, during some scientific excavations, found a lace-maker's pillow and bobbins much on the same lines as those used at present. The seat of his labours, Claterna, was said to be ruinous as early as 393 A.D., so that the glories of our own shroud of St. Cuthbert of the twelfth century pale before such antiquity, and even here it is whispered that our relic is of Italian origin.

As a collector, the Queen is cosmopolitan in her tastes, but I would first notice the work of the modern Burano Lace School,

of which she is president. She has been a most generous patron of the school, giving them beautiful specimens and allowing her own laces to be copied there. I am personally indebted for Example II., a cushion presented to her Majesty on her silver wedding, by the Baroness Salvadori, a daughter of the original foundress, the late Contessa Marcello, to whose fostering care much of the



LACE CUSHION PRESENTED TO H.M. THE QUEEN OF ITALY ON HER SILVER WEDDING. POINT DE MURANO (MODERN). EXAMPLE II.

present prosperity of the Burano School is due. The réseau appears to possess the virtues of the grand bride of point d'Argentan, and the various fillings are beautifully executed. The reproduction of punto di Venezia a rilievo, is a Burano specialité, and the workers are adepts at all needle laces.

A short preliminary canter in lace-words is a necessity, since no art has so suffered in its technical terms as lace. Of all misused words of tongue or pen "point" stands first. What man is there who does not invariably class all thick-looking lace as "point"? From time immemorial the word has been misapplied. This error has crept into high places, and it is most important to expunge it if we would overcome the difficulties which surround the classification of lace.

Its origin was probably the dual signification of point and

points" means nothing but a "lace of needle stitches," and is a perfectly realisable and saleable article.

Again, "gimp" has been used by accepted authorities to signify the whole pattern with its component parts of "toile," "modes," etc., instead of simply the single larger thread which outlines the same, and they have created certain complications with "cordonnet," too confusing to be survived by any mind save that of the connoisseur.

To find "toilé" and "gimp" used as alternatives means despair to the lace student. Habitual harking back to derivatives takes toile to the modern and gimp to the ancient French. In our own tongue, the language of the fisher, the thread merchant, and the upholsterer, point the same road, and our lace workers show at once their one large thread as



POINT D'ARGENTAN. EXAMPLE III.



POINT D'ARGENTAN. EXAMPLE IV.

punto, *i.e.*, point and stitch, both in French and Italian. England has been the greatest transgressor, witness her "pillow-point," not merely a contradiction in terms, but a misnomer, since this lace is purely pillow with no pretensions to the higher rank of needle-made lace possessed by the various old Belgian laces called point d'Angleterre (see Examples VI. and VIII.), where the sprigs are often made upon the pillow and united by the needle.

Point was of old a trade term, used possibly for the delusion of dainty dames sighing for it as "what's worn," but ignorant of its nature. And to-day there be those who apply point to anything and everything, except that to which it ought exclusively to be confined—the stitch made by the needle.

Any linguist knows that point à l'aiguille means a needle-stitch, not its point of steel! Really correct translation bears transposition without suffering in sense; a "lace of needle-

"t gimp." The floral design of Examples VI. and VIII. is a good illustration of toile, Anglicé cloth-work, and this lace possesses also the usual gimp of pillow-worked patterns.

The derivation of "cordonnet" implies sewing, the production of "a little cord," by sewing over or button-holing together of a bundle of smaller cords, a mode which no one who has handled half-worn point with loving fingers can forget. This term would gain much in significance were it kept entirely to needle lace, instead of being applied as impartially to pillow laces as to the laboriously oversewn outline of Example III., and the carefully button-holed "bunch of small cords" of Example I. But accuracy of diction finds little favour in these hurried days, and new notions on nomenclature may cause a revolution in the world of lace worse than the celebrated *Revolte des Passements*.

Although lace has fairly established its claims to be called

a Fine Art, no writer has ever ranged those claims. To me, with such illustrations as the Queen's laces, it is a tempting task, and brings up much that is interesting. The diligent student finds no other name for lace, unless one were to group it as a science, from the mathematical accuracy with which geometric and other problems are carried out in its patterns. The art of the lace-workers was, albeit unwittingly to themselves, an apt illustration of certain scientific theories. This is a new notion, and I give it for what it may be worth to those followers of Helmholtz who would fain produce an actual example of his well-known theory of "repeated images."

In sitting at their lace the worker's tired eyes, glancing up from the minute stitches, would see the design reversed, that is, the heavy part *à jour* and *vice versa*, and, with the facility of changing their pattern at will, possessed by all good "hands," they would proceed to repeat the dazzling and momentary vision in their next mode or filling as an absolutely scientifically regulated variety.

Example IV. possesses numerous modes which may well have been the result of a repeated image.

In faithful following of, together with a profound love of, Dame Nature, I rank the highest claims of lace to be called a Fine Art.

Each minute picot of "Point de Neige," close cousin to Example II., is a copy of an individual snowflake, these having ever been a favourite model for Art-workers in search of shapely form.

Our English Midland lace-workers copied their loveliest patterns from the frosted window-pane; whilst endless laces get their *motif* from the pretty bunch of coral brought by a Venetian sailor as a token to his love. From this she wove the kind called "Mermaid," or, for traditions are apt to grow, copied a whole collection of marine curiosities, which are possibly set forth in Example I.

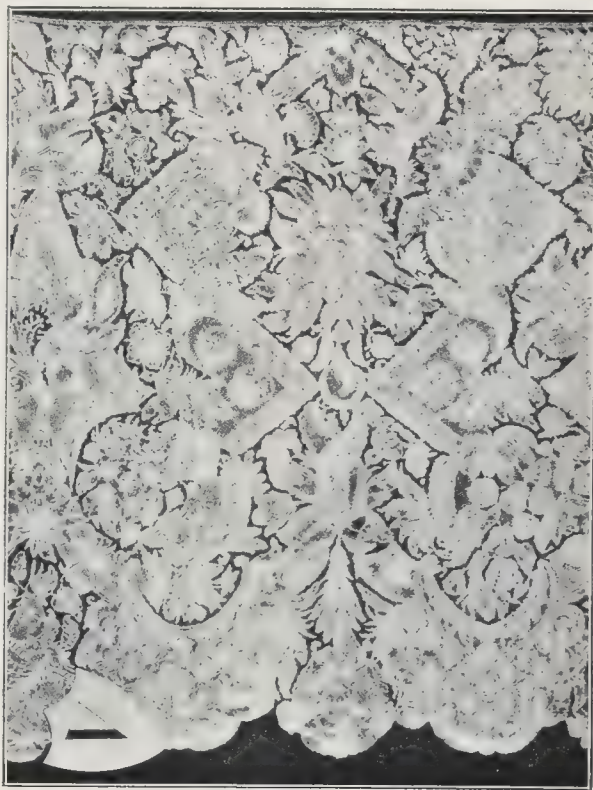
The lines taken by lace ally it very closely to the sister arts. The same fruits, flowers, and fables are important factors in them all, and an earnest student of all arts and crafts is struck by the constantly recurring use of the same objects in each.

The Art-workers and their mediums be many, but they are of one mind as to the fitness of things, in so far as their applicability to Art is concerned. Without the aid of pomegranate what would have become of painting, poesy, or point? The fruit has somewhat missed its mission as a succulent edible, but it has done an abundant life's work as a friend to Fine Arts, and the hard-skinned beauty appears in the highest walks of Art, coming finally to lace of "Pomegranate Pattern," made by an English worker in a country cottage.

In Example V. appears our Pomegranate, in native worth, and this lace is specially rich in flowers favoured by Art.

Both the fuchsia and the fritillary are here, though this last is difficult to recognise, as the projecting nectaries are not so prominent as usual. The carnation, beloved of Michael Angelo, is pressed into the service of lace, and descending to lowlier Art-workers, the love of carnation and snake-weed still goes hand in hand, for I have found it constantly recurring lately in many hundreds of old Dutch tiles, painted by self-taught artists.

Of fables, that of the "Stork and Fox" is almost art-ridden to death, the figure of the stork and its picturesque surroundings lending itself easily to ready effectiveness. Example IV. is of the fable type of lace, and, like Example III., a similar type,



POINT DE FLANDRES. EXAMPLE V.

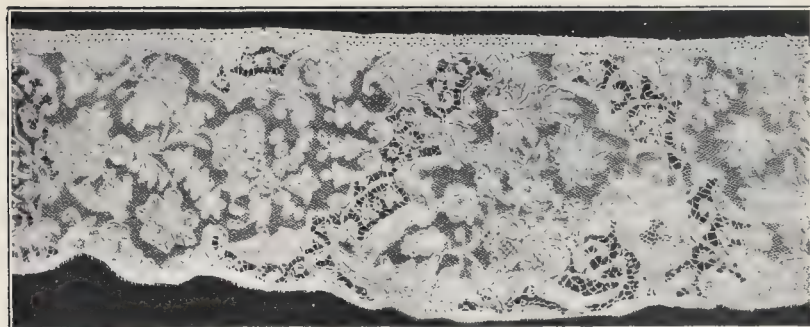
was probably for the decoration of a Princess' apartment rather than her dress; a somewhat consoling reflection, since figures, however skilfully modelled, do not make a graceful draping for the female form or the folds of her frocks. The modes or fillings of Example IV. constitute a complete sampler of the wheel devices used in the eighteenth century.

Even when making and wearing it was not an indictable offence, lace was put to such violent uses that one wonders that a scrap remains to tell tales of its departed glories, indeed, the existence still of so much lovely old lace is but an illustration, to revert momentarily to scientific theories, of the doctrine of survival of the fittest. Very forcibly is this possibility borne in upon us, when we consider the purposes to which it was put during the comparatively short period of

its greatest splendour. It was used for boots and for babies, for baths and for bathing-gowns. Not only were the baths surrounded by wide flounces of priceless point, after the fashion of Example I., but the peignoirs and bathing-gowns, and, later, the "night-rails," or, in modern parlance, tea-

like the tourist who *does* the mountain but sleeps through the sunrise, have *done* their lace and it is no more to them. The labyrinthine knowledge stitches, that sheet-anchor of the lace lover, finds them soon *impatientes*; they know nothing of the heart-warming experienced by *nous autres* when we

greet as an old acquaintance the "point de Paris" ground in the "cat's-stitch" of our English Midland counties; and again in the Antwerp "pottenkant," or that sprig of "right Macklin" (Mechlin) which meanders through the aforesaid point de Paris réseau and reappears in Normandy; and again



SAID TO BE POINT D'ANGLETERRE. EXAMPLE VI.

jackets used for an invalid audience by the fascinating *malade imaginaire*, were recklessly decorated both with this and finer laces. The babies' bearing pillows were surrounded with lace, and the great jack-boots of the men positively bristled with Genoa Point, and one shudders when one thinks of a spurred heel in close proximity to so much that was precious.

As an accessory to Art, lace has always played a most conspicuous part. Example I. is the only kind which could have prompted the "Scolpito" of the Italian poet Firenzuola, who, in his lace-loving day, wrote sonnets, not to his "mistress's eyebrow," but to the collar worked by her nimble fingers. Here one can say "indisputably needle-made" with a clear conscience, and any one learned in lace will note with satisfaction the honesty of this exquisite cordonnet. So even and so solid is it, not a thread of the underlying structure can have been "skimped." This is verily a perfect example of the "little cord" which in the poet era proved that "she who wrought was very mistress of this art."

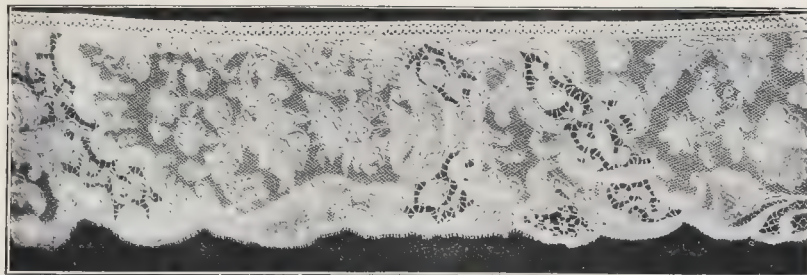
Having proved the right of lace to be called a Fine Art, I would finally sound a note of warning to certain folk, which the history of Examples VI., VII. and VIII. renders specially impressive. These good folk I am

inclined to call lace tourists, in distinction to lace lovers. Almost before they have looked at one's treasure they demand, breathlessly, the name, date, and place of manufacture. They know little or nothing of the subject as a rule, and reduce it to a mere catalogue making. Your answer may be lost in their eagerness for the fray argumentative; but they,

in Lincolnshire, to lose itself, for by this time it has become coarse, and too big for the width of lace it decorates in our own central lace-making counties. What would be the horror of the lace tourists were they told that this point de Paris ground did not originate in France at all, but was a sport worked one casual day by a Brussels lace-maker! Possibly it might not perturb them much, they care for none of these things. "Tis point de Paris ground to them, 'tis that, and nothing more."

It is curious that this, one of the most beautiful, is almost the only réseau of which we find no specimen in her Majesty's treasures, and yet it is used in some South Italian laces.

The assignation of any work of Art with rightful origin is often but guess work, and specially is this the case with lace where the same patterns were worked simultaneously in divers places without any knowledgeable collusion on the part of the workers. In aiming at this well-nigh impossible task it has been known for a professed connoisseur, after a particularly precise statement as to the birth-place and



SAID TO BE POINT D'ANGLETERRE. EXAMPLE VIII.

origin of a lace, to be compelled to remove his statement and his lace to a diametrically opposite part of the world, which is, to say the least of it, humiliating. Personally, I prefer the position of the hero of the Arabian proverb, "Who knows when he knows not"; and I would choose such an one as a guide deliberately, even as I would select my doctor and my

divine, knowing that they will have the courage of their opinions, and will not invent either a disease or a doctrine to suit the exigencies of the moment. The would-be cataloguists leave in their path countless unconsidered trifles, they do not reflect that the lace may be made by no special school, but by ladies of high degree, copied from various treasured scraps, and taught to their maidens and daughters and to those of other noble houses living under their roofs. Later these daughters would be sent for education abroad and much fine needle-lace of foreign appearance was probably made after their return to the solid solemnity of the paternal mansion in England.

The old adage, "Doctors differ," is nowhere compared with the argument of lace-lovers; but there are many adherents to the term *Punto d'Inghilterra* for Examples VI., VII., and VIII., although little agreement as to whether they be pillow or point.

Example VIII. may be very old Valenciennes; this is possible, since quantities of lace were smuggled into England, and rechristened to avoid custom-dues, not only in the seventeenth but late in the eighteenth century. In Crockett's delightful book, "The Raiders," we have mention of "rinnin' the bonny faulds o' lace" by smugglers, the word "Valenceens" recurring frequently; and this charming writer speaks, as does the "Revolte des Passemens," of the lace being "linen-wrapped."

To-day, Lady Trevelyan's workers at Beer produce a lace which might pass for Example VII., and I have seen the work of a Devonshire dame which would rival Examples VI. and VIII.; but the "D'Inghilterra" of these two examples is probably a relic of contraband commerce, since almost as long as lace has been made it has been smuggled to England from that delightfully vague part of the world, "the Low Countries." The names of these laces were legion, and they were, as I believe Example VII. to be, pillow-wrought.

Of Examples VI. and VIII., dare I say, undoubtedly of Belgian origin? But is it pillow or needle? There's the rub! Without the testimony of my finger-ends (and even those possessed of this witness differ), how can I vouch for the faith that is in me that it is of the kind, where the pattern was pillow-made, united by the needle in the hand of the deft-fingered *rassembleuse*. *Picottées*, such as these, were made

by both pillow and needle, and they occur in an oft-figured example of *Point d'Angleterre* belonging to our Queen Charlotte, catalogued as "pillow"; but the *réseau* of these Examples strikes one as being notably needle-made.

Since those who know differ thus as to the make and origin of laces, one turns from the lace tourist with an "aisy mind," feeling that in lace-lore, at least, the more useful is the more general knowledge.

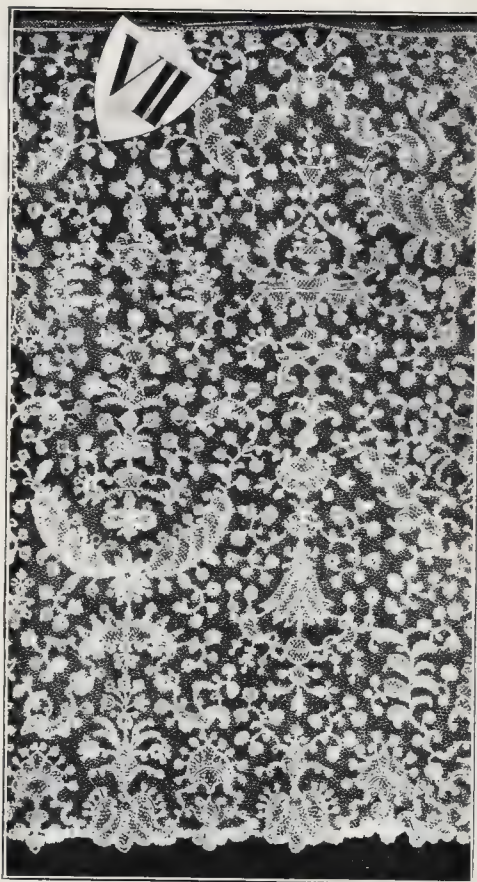
To be *au fait* with *how* the lace is made—a difficult matter now that lace-cleaners are no longer "courted and caressed" as of yore, to be able to point out in what places we find examples of its make, or of kindred sorts, its peculiarities of and changes of stitch, to indicate its beauties and, if need be, its faults, this should be, and in many cases has been the aim of the lace-lover, and I am content to follow in their footsteps.

The finale of a lecture is a vote of thanks from the chair, but the writer of an article desires and possibly deserves none of

these things. For the moment—until the critics be upon him—he is in the blessed position of having carried all his resolutions *nem. con.*, and even afterwards? For which of us is too old to ask, "What happens next?" He can still say, with Herrick,—

"I'll write because I'll give
You critics means to live,
For, should I not supply
The cause, the effect would die."

EFFIE BRUCE CLARKE.



SAID TO BE POINT D'ANGLETERRE. EXAMPLE VII.

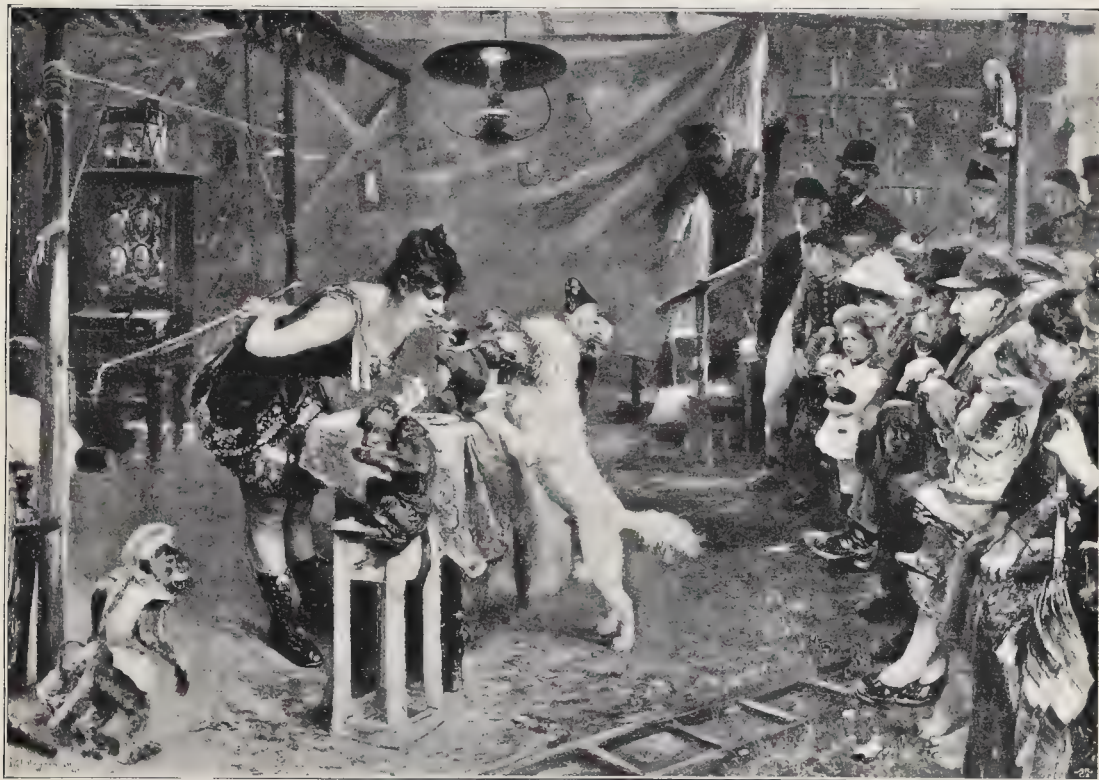
PAUL MEYERHEIM.

THIS German artist, to whose labours we propose to devote some attention, shares, with other persons famous in Art history, the peculiarity of being not only a member of a numerous artistic family, but also, as in the cases of the Santi, Holbein, Lippi, and other historical families, of exhibiting the inherited artistic bent and facility, culminating and ending in himself. We see in him an example of that physiological phenomenon—a special family gift gaining in power with each generation, receiving in one member an unexpected impulse, and then as suddenly dying out.

The family of Meyerheim hails from Dantzic, that old Baltic port, which, with its rich and splendid architecture, seems as if specially created for the fostering of a young

entrusted to an artist or restorer of the highest reputation. The greater part of his work was done in the beginning of this century, at the time of the two French wars, from 1806 to 1813-15.

F. E. Meyerheim, his son, was at first trained for his father's trade, but was soon impelled by the strength of his talent to become an artist. Accordingly he studied diligently at Dantzic, and afterwards in Berlin, where he quickly passed through the initiatory classes. Artistically, as well as socially, his interests were furthered by the talent for music which he had inherited from his father, and which he transmitted to his two sons. He is almost invariably represented in the older German collections by small pictures, which are worked out in



THE WILD MADONNA. BY PAUL MEYERHEIM.

imagination. The grandfather of Paul was an exceptionally able house-painter, with a great name as a decorative artist, who made successful small attempts at portraits, and who was worthily entrusted by the town with the restoration of old pictures and frescoes—work which nowadays would only be

1895

a careful and laborious manner, grounded on a most tender appreciation of nature. He possessed in Berlin a great reputation as a painter from the year 1806—the year of the completion of his first large picture, the representation of a Westphalian "Wappinschaw"—till the year 1870, though he

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has not at home, and still less abroad, achieved the fame of his friends Adolph Menzel and Edward Hildebrandt. Although as a painter of the bright exuberance of spirit and the quiet dulness of country and provincial life, he is not placed in the first rank because greater talents such as those of the above-mentioned outshone him; yet as a pioneer of realism in modern Art there is assigned to him in the Art history of Berlin, and even of Germany, a position far higher than his otherwise humble existence could have commanded. At a time when Art in Munich, Düsseldorf, and

Berlin was still occupied with the high style of historical or romantic representation, and when ordinary everyday life was regarded by artists as at least Philistine, this modest, quiet man introduced through his sketches of carefully studied everyday life, and without exciting wonder or resistance, that peculiar Berlin realism which Menzel was to bring to such a wonderful pitch. His love for the poetry of country and peasant life showed also Deffregger and Vautier the way to new territories of Art hitherto despised as plebeian.

His nephew, Robert Meyerheim, inherited the family talent, and studied landscape painting in Düsseldorf, under Gerde and Oswald Achenbach; he then married an English dilettante, his pupil, and removed to London, where he found much appreciation through his natural representations of forest and pastoral idylls enlivened with cattle, but with his further fate I am unacquainted. Besides this talented nephew, Meyerheim

had two sons, of whom the elder, Franz, most resembles his father in his careful observation of fact, which he displayed in the faithful delineation of costume and accessories in his historical *genre* pieces, but who died in 1880, a year after his father's death. Franz was also talented as a musician,

but, like his cousin above-named, in comparison with his father and brother, was of much less inherent capacity. His uncle, W. A. Meyerheim, and two other relatives, P. W. and William Meyerheim, also sink into insignificance beside their more famous relations.

The brightest genius of the family is embodied in Paul Meyerheim, Franz's younger brother, born in 1842 in Berlin. The others seem but to play the part of pioneers, or were like clustering branches of a plant, one of which suddenly blossoms forth into exotic splendour and abundance. When we consider the cau-

tious and restrained power which distinguishes the work of all the other Meyerheims, and which lends to this one a certain anxious and concerned Philistinism, it is wonderful how this

last scion of the family develops in a normal manner from his predecessors. He is his father's successor, and at the same time there awakes in him a wealth of qualities which directly contradict the traditions of his family. He has a passionate, warm temperament which shows itself in numerous works possessing miraculous charm of colour, and which in combination with a light-winged yet deeply penetrative imagination have, especially in decorative work, passed from one success to another. He has also, differing from father and brother who clung to stern facts, an exalted sense of humour which represents the simplicity, the folly, the clownishness of mankind with a masterly realism as yet unexcelled, and which has produced animal types so overpoweringly comical, that you seem to hear their author laugh-

ing over his own absurdities. This is at times so sharply satirical and yet so well-considered and calm, that a recollection of Dickens, the great humorist, is unavoidable. He overcomes the family traditions also through the breadth of his reproductive power, and in the freedom and sureness of



LIONS. BY MEYERHEIM.



PROFESSOR PAUL MEYERHEIM.

his technique, which in his best works scarcely comes short of Menzel's skill.

Though he is known, and with right, chiefly as one of the greatest animal-painters of the later centuries of Art history, yet none the less are his best human pictures of great originality and striking power. Nor does this prevent him being a celebrity as a decorative painter — producing landscapes which in their ravishing blending of colour and their piquant drawing and composition deserve high valuation in German landscape painting, and realistic allegories that have never been surpassed by any living German artist. That these last, chiefly painted as frescoes in private palaces and state buildings, are so little known, is due to two causes. Firstly, because a sight of such work is obtained with difficulty, and secondly, because at the time of their production, when Berlin lacked an independent body of Art critics, German journalists pushed aside even brief notices of monumental works of Art as lacking in interest, while they had columns to spare in their paper for a description of the calves of a good-looking ballet-dancer or the high C of a tenor.

An uncommon measure of good luck, such as other strugglers seldom enjoy, accompanied our artist through life, and we must not leave this out of consideration. Though we must ascribe the better part of what he has achieved to the force of his temperament, to the innate qualities of his character, his diligence and continuous impulse to development, he began his journey in the great land of life and Art under extremely favourable circumstances. Brought up in his much-respected father's house, in an element charged with happiness and the domestic comfort which success brings with it, and led through play to the study of Art, he started out with an inheritance of easily acquired technique. Through his father's friendship he was from his earliest years intimate with Menzel, one of the greatest German geniuses, whose influence becomes more evident in his works, the maturer they become. He also came into personal contact with Hildebrandt, another of his father's friends, and a

colourist, who inspired his strong inborn colour sense with bold courage. Schmitson, too, that fleeting Berlin personality, unfortunately so soon cut off, a forerunner of modern German



THE YOUNG LIONS. BY PAUL MEYERHEIM.

art who outstripped all his competitors, filled the young artist with confidence. In addition to these advantages there was his family gift for music, an art which the artist passionately adored, deepening and refining his emotions, and at the same time restraining him from artistic extravagances. His contact with the greatest minds of the capital enriched him with a great fund of material from which to draw in his representations. Thus supported by every favourable circumstance of life and character, he stepped forth in the beginning of the sixth decade of this century. This was a period of public exaltation, Prussia and Berlin soon contributed their political successes, and in Munich, Düsseldorf, and Berlin, as an outcome of this quickened condition, the realistic representation

of German civic life broke forth on its victorious path. From his upbringing, Paul Meyerheim belongs as much to his father's school as to that of the Berlin Academy. The thorough preparation of the former made a long course at the latter unnecessary. The thoroughly German love of wandering, which comes out in his best works, drove him soon into other countries. After he had roamed through Germany, he



THE CARD-SHARPERS. BY PAUL MEYERHEIM.

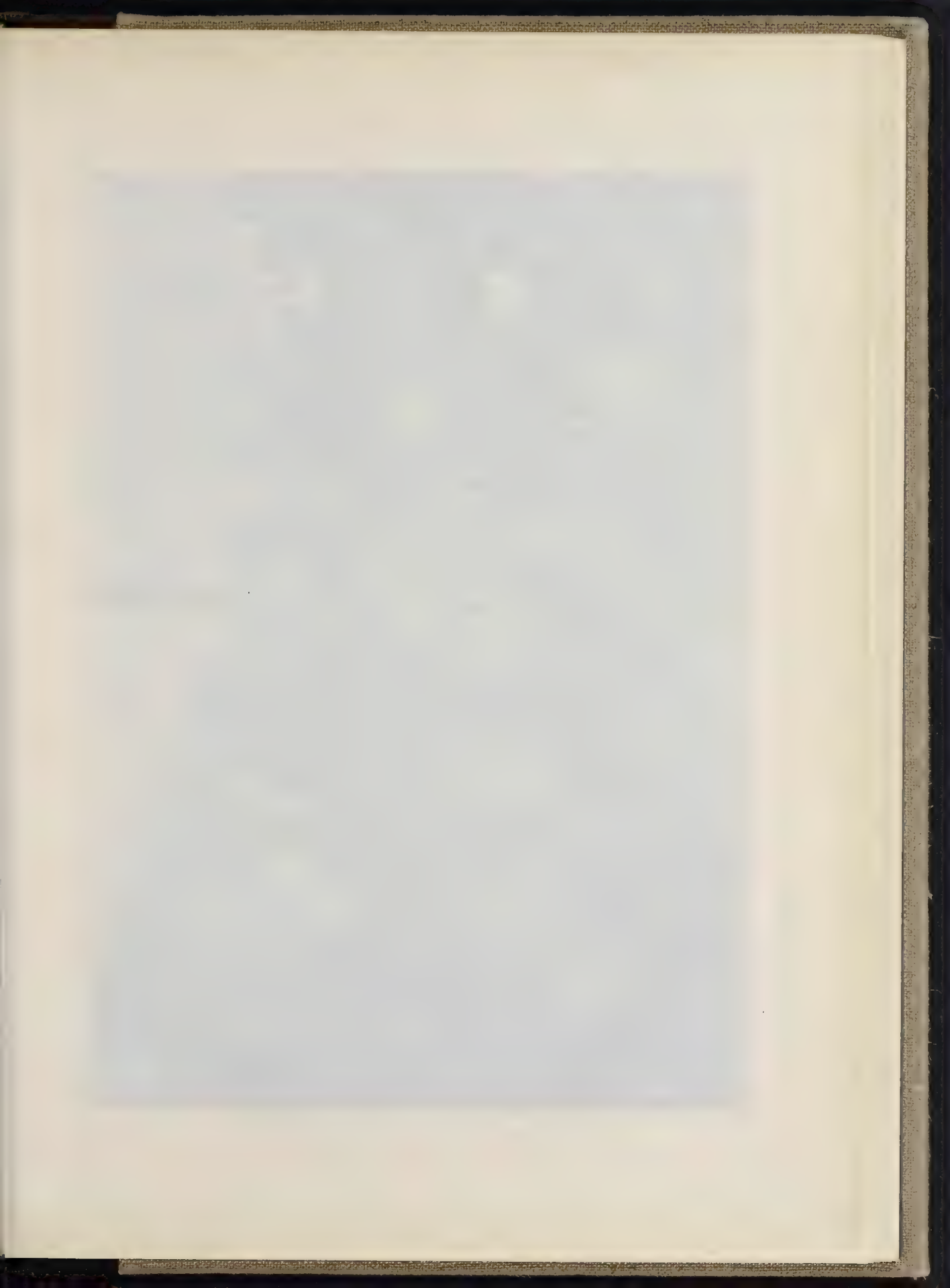
visited the Tyrol and the Netherlands. Then he went to Paris—at that time the El Dorado of German Art students—and this stay was of great importance in his career. He went away with the impression of the thin, narrow, restricted Berlin manner, he was met with the brilliant colour schemes of the French painters of the third Empire, and he returned filled with slumbering colour-dreams and with the accomplishments of a matured and splendid technique. It was natural that he should now, by more brilliant achievements, increase the fame he had already acquired from his pastoral *motifs* and in the first of his Academy pictures, 'An Elephant in a Booth.' Among these newer works 'The Scissors-grinder' and 'The Goat-seller' display a striking maturity of technical skill. The latter depicts an old peasant in a Westphalian village street bargaining over the selling of a goat, and is a brilliant painting, not only in the startlingly true portrayal of the flock of goats which surround the human figures, but also in the characterisation of the two chief figures—the indignant peasant woman drawing her fingers through the goat's silky hair to display its beauty, and the knowing dealer repeating with determination his depreciative offer.

'The Snake-charmer,' painted in Paris, which contains the germ of the artist's later and more dazzling method, possesses a wonderful depth of local colour and those finely-balanced contrasts which eclipse the tone painting of the old school, while the plasticity of the figures standing in the free air is enchanting. The snake-charmer, in his shirt sleeves, stands on a box inside a tent, lined with the beasts' cages, and, to the astonishment of the spectators, who

exhibit every shade of admiration and enjoyment, is winding a powerful boa round his body. A dromedary stands behind him, stretching his ugly head over the barrier; a lion in a cage looks idly on; cockatoos sway, scolding and screaming, on their perches; while a pelican, strolling carelessly about, has alarmed, with its gaping beak, a few children. The picture is so interesting and real, its composition and

character so distinct, and its colour so charming, that its great success in the Paris Salon of 1861 is easily understood. The artist, then twenty-four years of age, received for it the second gold medal. His partiality for strolling artists and jugglers, which is a national peculiarity and has always been clothed with tenderest poetry in German literature, painting, and music of all periods, is shown also in another picture of this same period. This represents Savoyards on a common in a village, with their marmots, whom the village children are feeding with milk. Both *motifs*—animals in connection with jugglery, and animals combined with landscape and contrasted with town or country spectators, are themes which Meyerheim has often handled, but with constant variety of treatment, and always with striking genius.

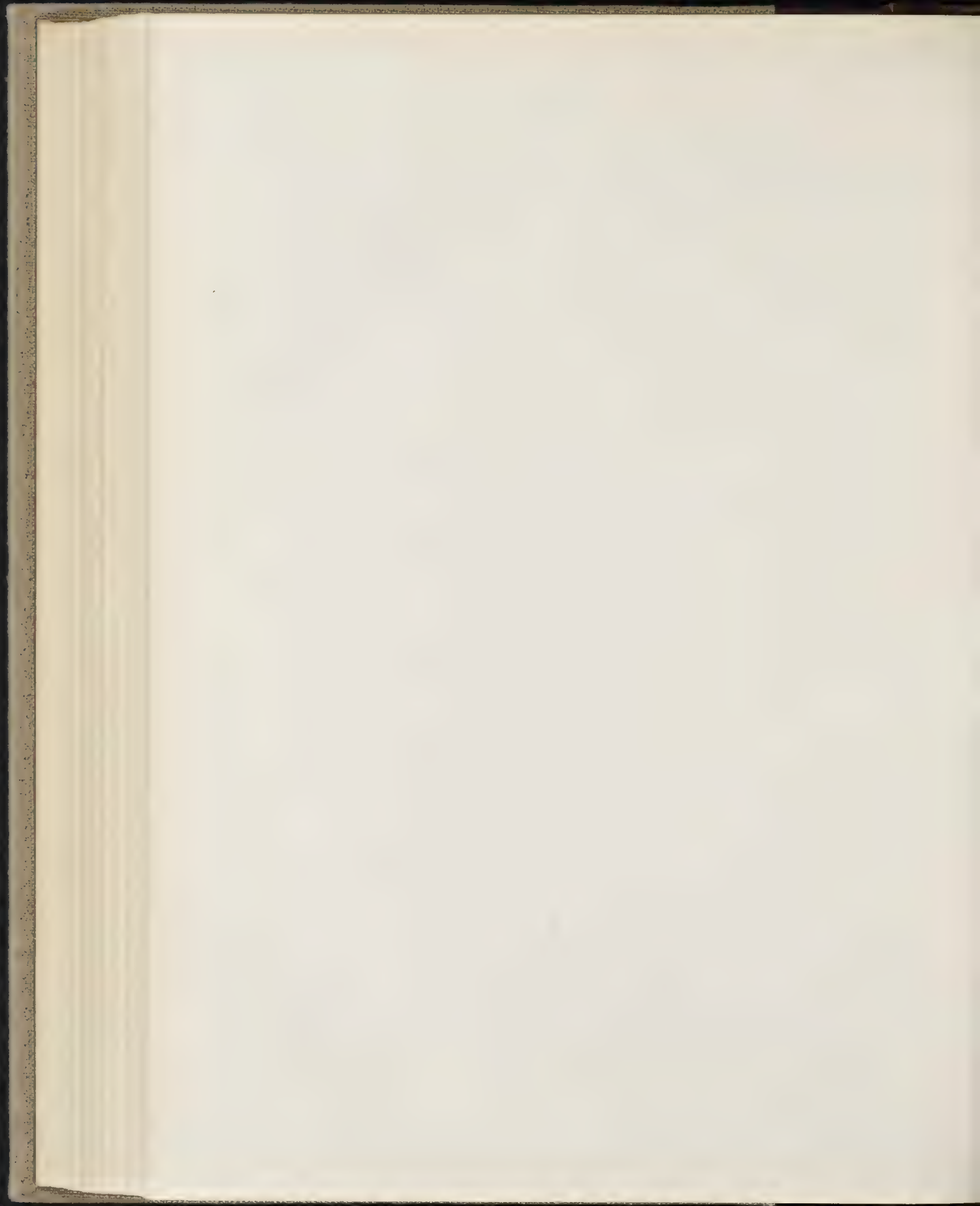
After his final settlement in Berlin, our artist displays such astounding fertility and many-sidedness, that to enumerate his outstanding works in every department seems an almost impossible task. Amongst his best known is one, the 'Amsterdam Bookseller,' which represents a curious old personage offering his treasures to the public. To an old man with a tall hat he displays rare editions of old works, and to an inquisitive foundling girl bright-coloured pictures, while a smith's apprentice passes by with a mocking glance at what is going on. The charming brick architecture of the homely Dutch town towers above the booths and the articles for sale. Another good example is the lively and well worked-out 'Sheep-shearing' (1872), with its wonderful effect of light which won for the artist the Berlin gold medal. The 'Wild Man's Tent' (1874), in which two brown niggers are executing a war-dance before spectators, is full of grotesque humour, and is a gem in the beauty of its colouring. With these may be ranked the 'Coal Cart,' the 'Hay Harvest,' the 'Wood Cart,' a menagerie picture depicting elephants, and the 'Gypsies in the Wood,' begging from some people on horseback. Equally good is 'The Wild Madonna' (which we illustrate), a splendidly depicted circus scene in which a comical *équestrienne* is conducting a comedy enacted by a monkey and poodle. Their action is reflected with wonderful effect in the faces of the audience, young and old, rich and poor—and amongst these, the painter has portrayed himself, standing at the end of the row, with spectacles, and a round felt hat, his smiling face surrounded with a full beard. 'The Young Lions,' another of our illustrations, is a more mature picture and one of the best he has done. The look of the lion parents at the Lion Queen playing with the cubs is wonderfully suggestive.







THE MENAGERIE.
FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL MEYERHEIM



As yet we have only occupied ourselves with Meyerheim's *genre* pieces, but his representations of native and exotic animals exceed these both in number and in style. With his wonderful plasticity and harmony of colour, he has succeeded in penetrating deeper than any other artist into the individual life of the animal world. The Berlin Zoological Garden has become to him almost a second home. Though he has been a Realist from his birth, he yet does not refrain from depicting foreign animals amidst their native scenery and in their native state; but even then his creations have a natural impression that is astounding, when one reflects that Meyerheim has, according to my knowledge, been but once as far as Spain and Algiers. To the lion, in lonely repose, in captivity or at play with its mate (as in our illustration), he gives a majesty of power which oppresses the spectator. For the wild suppleness of the tiger, he has a totally different, but equally striking, means of representation. He individualises gazelles, giraffes, dromedaries, elephants, and dogs, with wonderful knowledge, but he has obtained his most popular success in his incomparable representation of monkeys, which, with grotesque humour, he portrays as sharers in the tragi-comedy of human life. Chief among these are 'The Tribunal,' a caricature of the Court of Justice, where a good-for-nothing baboon is being sentenced; and 'The Surgeon's Waiting-room.' Then there is the 'Monkeys in a Studio,' where with deep comicality, artists, of all mankind the most gifted with the imitative faculty, are represented by those members of the brute creation which possess that faculty in the highest degree. 'The Card-Sharps,' one of our illustrations, is a clever piece of work, with the most innocent-looking monkey passing a card to his partner.

Meyerheim has also produced a great number of charming landscapes, mostly of mountain scenery with cattle. In this style his works contain a fresh originality which allows them to be placed alongside those of the great masters of this branch. Indeed, he almost surpasses them all in his peculiarly imaginative treatment of nature, and in the intuition by which he feels and expresses in painting the mysterious life and movement of the mountain forests.

Of portraits alone, or in combination with landscape, we have numerous examples from his brush. Here also he has obtained signal successes. One of these is the characteristic portrait of his father, who is represented, in entrancing simplicity, at work in his studio. Meyerheim's rich colour seems like a magic wand when he turns to reproduce on his canvas female beauty, as, for example, in his picture of Marcella Sembrich. Some of his pictures of young girls might pass, in their unadorned freshness, for the work of a pre-Raphaelite.

Fans painted by Meyerheim possess a great vogue in Berlin, and are treasures coveted by the feminine world. They chiefly represent animals in comical situations, with a grace of tone in drawing and a fertility of invention which is often wonderful.

This mere recapitulation of his chief work in the various lines in which he excels will convey, by its extent, some idea of what this man of fifty-two has achieved. We have not yet fully touched on one sphere in which he is as fruitful as in any of the others, and in which he shines as the first man in Berlin—I refer to his faculty as a decorative artist. Like his old home, his present villa in the Hildebrandtstrasse—the artists' corner of Berlin—is an object of interest throughout. From the walls and objects there smile on the spectator the sunniest and most ingenious creations of an untiring impulse for reproduction. In the same way, on the walls of public buildings and private palaces, proofs of his highly inventive

spirit are to be found. The best known of these are 'The Four Seasons,' which adorn the frieze in the staircase of the Berlin National Gallery. His colouring in fresco work does not show to such advantage as in his oil paintings, but the realistic landscape enlivened by turkey-cocks, birds, gnomes, and forest animals, is of intense freshness and strength, while the fantastic imaginative spiritualisation of the animals compensates for this loss. Opposed to this fanciful imagination, the artist's serious decorative work is marvellous, through its earnest actual realism in subject and treatment; for example, those seven paintings on gigantic copper plaques inserted in an open hall in the Villa Borsig in Berlin, and these represent the life-course of a locomotive, the last picture portraying the family of the famous German railway king. The design is carried out in a thoroughly realistic and yet poetical style, the colouring is uncommonly fine, and the whole proves, as do his other works, the undoubted rôle of the artist, as at once a pioneer of, and a means of transition to, the modern school. The first picture in the series—'Obtaining the Ore'—captivates at once through the robust power of its composition and drawing, and the tone is exquisite. At the time of the production of the cycle its like could only have been produced in France—certainly not in Germany. The iron in the blast furnace, its preparation through hammering, and the placing together of the engine in the workshop follow, while the fifth scene, which excels in artistic effect all the foregoing, displays the work completed. High above the Rhine at Coblenz, where the river flows in its musical course by fertile fields and picturesque villages, there swings the railway bridge (also a work of the Borsig factory) resting on the far side of the river where the sunlit fortress Ehrenbreitstein stands. Across it puffs a steaming train. On the lower road, near the river's bank, a yellow mail-coach, the symbol of the past, trundles along, driven by a lustily-blowing coachman, behind whom the artist is seated on the box throwing a coin into the hat of a wandering apprentice. Another very attractive picture shows us the warehouses and quay of a seaport, where an engine is being embarked on a Swedish ship by means of a gigantic crane. The concluding picture of the series, as above stated, shows us the manufacturer in his country house, surrounded by his family, and receiving addresses from his people at their celebration of harvest-home.

A much-respected member of society, long in possession of all external honours which the State and society are accustomed to bestow on artists in Germany—a member of council of the Berlin Academy, and possessor of the great medals of almost all Art centres, Paul Meyerheim leads in his charmingly picturesque way a life of never-failing spiritual and artistic activity. That he takes an active and competent interest in the doings of other lands in the department of Art, is proved by the fact that, in the middle of the eighth decade, he was sent by the State to study the artistic condition of the people of England and Scotland, and that long before its success on the Continent, he recognised the importance of the young Glasgow school, and drew the attention of others to it. There is no artistic personality in Berlin whose name has been and is more frequently on the lips of the artistic public than Meyerheim's. I think no more powerful eulogium of his art can be employed, than the assertion that the best works of the best years of his manhood, before a somewhat acute shortsightedness had dimmed the sharpness of his eye for line and colour, will only be fully estimated by future generations.

FRANZ HERMANN MEISSNER.

THE ILLUSTRATION OF BOOKS.*

FOURTH LECTURE.—THE REPRODUCTION OF LINE DRAWINGS.

AS illustrators, or would-be illustrators, your work is not at an end with the completion of your drawings; you must look after them while they are being engraved, and you should see them through the press. From the time you are given a commission to illustrate a subject until the printed result is in the hands of the public, the work in all its stages should be the object of your untiring attention. It is true that at present the fact that you take an interest in your profession will be counted against you in some quarters, for should you happen, as is not unlikely, to know more of drawing, engraving, and printing than the art editor, the engraver, or the printer, your suggestions will not be received with enthusiasm, nor your criticisms with delight. Suggestions, to these people, mean changes, and criticism means objections to their way of doing things. Therefore you hurt their pride, or may open the pocket-books of their proprietors; and it must be said of them, if they are careful of one thing, it is of the purse-strings of their employers, even if, by cutting down remuneration and destroying ambition, they are ruining the publishers whose assistants they are supposed to be.

Then you may not feel a great interest in the scientific part of your work, yet chemistry plays an important part in illustration. The mechanical reproduction of drawings is based entirely on chemical action, and you must know something of these matters if you would get good results.

But let us consider the whole subject. Drawings in line were originally, in the fifteenth century, reproduced by wood cutting, that is to say, the drawing was made in line with pen, point or brush on the side of a plank, and all those portions of the block which were not drawn upon were cut away with knives and chisels, the design only remaining in relief; this relief was dabbed over with ink or paint, and a piece of damp paper was laid on it. The back of this paper was rubbed, burnished, or pressed on to the inked surface of the block and took up the ink from it; on removing the paper, an impression in reverse of the inked block was found on the paper. And this was the method, with improvements employed in printing from type, for three hundred years.

About the beginning of this century, the design began to be drawn upon the end of a block of box-wood, a cross section of it. And the parts left blank were cut away with graver's tools used by engravers in metal. Also lights were cut through the blacks which printed as white lines. The grain of the cross section was firmer and finer, and with the gravers more delicate lines could be engraved, and more true results obtained; and at the same time, continual improvements were being made in the construction of presses, steam being substituted for hand power, and the manufacture of paper and ink absolutely revolutionised.

These methods were employed until about 1865, when instead of the drawings being made by the artists on the block of wood, they began to be drawn on paper in line and then photographed on to the wood. This was a great improve-

ment, because the artist could now make his designs of any size he wished and have them photographed down to the required dimensions and reversed for him; the mere reversing in many cases was both tedious and uninteresting.

The final step which brings us to the present, though not by any means, I am sure, to the end of the chapter, is the superseding of the wood-cutter or wood-engraver in line by the mechanical engraver in metal or gelatine.

Now, you may do your drawings, if you wish, in line with a pencil or brush upon the prepared piece of boxwood, and the engraver may cut away all those portions of the wood block which you have not touched, remembering always that though you draw freely he must engrave laboriously, and the more free your drawing becomes, the more complicated must his engraving be. So when you make a sketchy drawing on wood, none but the most accomplished engraver can retain that look of freedom and sketchiness; if the lines of the drawing become really complicated, in cross hatching, he cannot follow them, he must suggest them. Hence, unless the engraver really loves this sort of work, it is but drudgery, and the better the reproduction, the more skilled labour wasted.

Now, photography has changed all this. A photograph of the drawing of the required size it is to appear on the printed page, is taken. The drawing may be enlarged or reduced to this size, and the negative thus obtained is placed in reverse in a photographic printing-frame in contact with a sensitized zinc-plate coated with a thin film either of albumen or bitumen, or it may be that a gelatine film is the material used. In the first method the albumen-coated piece of zinc is removed from the printing-frame as soon as the photographic print has been made; it is then coated with ink and placed in water, the albumen and ink upon it adhere to those parts of the zinc which have been exposed to light, and may be washed off the other parts, thus leaving the picture on the zinc in ink. By the bitumen process the picture is printed in the same way; the plate is placed in a bath of turpentine, the picture appears on the zinc, and the bitumen dissolves off the other parts.

If these two prints are now covered with powdered resin, gum, and ink, they may be placed in a bath of nitric acid and water, and the exposed parts bitten or etched away. This is a most interesting and delicate process, and success depends, in good work, more upon the skill and artistic intelligence of the etcher than the chemicals used. The object is to remove all the whites as in wood engraving, half remove the greys, and leave the blacks. After the zinc has been bitten a short time it is taken out of the bath again, covered with gum, resin, and ink to protect it from the acid, heated, when the protecting mass melts and runs down the sides of the bitten lines and protects them also; this process is continued until the block is sufficiently etched. When the exposed parts are all eaten away the picture appears in relief. This occupies a few hours, maybe but an hour or less; the

* Continued from page 264.

zinc picture is mounted upon a piece of wood to make it the same height as the type, placed in a printing press and copies are made of it, or from electrotypes or stereotypes, at the rate of from two to twenty thousand an hour. This is, I hope, an intelligible outline of the photo-engraving process—every mechanical engraver has some variation which is his carefully guarded secret. The blocks may be of zinc or copper or other metal, and all sorts of chemicals are used. But I cannot too strongly impress upon you that good work in mechanical engraving is only to be obtained by artistic workmen; still remarkable results are to be seen all about, even in the cheapest prints. But the very best process engravings are produced only by men who are artists and care for each block. In the case of the best engravers, they will know better than you which process to use, and there is no more necessity for you to try to tell a mechanical engraver how the work is to be done, than for you to tell a wood engraver what tools he shall use. Bad work may look better by one process than another, and good work may be spoiled more by one method than another. But every good engraver will try again and again until he gets the best result he can.

The gelatine process consists in printing the picture on a sensitized film of gelatine. Now if this gelatine is soaked in water, the parts representing the whites of the drain swell and the darks, really the picture, remain as they were, as the light has rendered them insensible to water; from this swelled gelatine mould a cast in plaster-of-Paris can be taken, from this a wax mould is made and finally an electrotpe. The process is only used I believe by one firm, the results are good but no better than the others.

Let us consider for a moment what are the advantages and disadvantages of mechanical reproduction. The first is rapidity of production; a fac-simile wood engraving may take weeks to produce, a mechanical engraving takes a day or so. This is not an artistic but a commercial gain. The wood engraving loses the more intricate, and complicated, and close the detail becomes; the mechanical or process engraving not infrequently gains.

The wood engraver may make mistakes in cutting the lines in the wood block, but if the lines are properly put down, the camera and the process engraver should not, and if they do, much less time is lost and labour wasted than with wood engraving.

Mechanical engraving is a much less costly method. These are not any of them very artistic reasons, but they count with publishers and they count with you.

But the great artistic advantage is that the artist may make his drawing of any size he wishes, it is not cut to pieces but preserved; and if it is properly drawn, as I have explained to you, it should produce in complicated work a more faithful result. In simple line work it is almost impossible to tell a wood engraving from a process block.

The drawbacks are that the line is sometimes too faithfully copied, that the engraving is shallow, and that the wood yields a richer, fatter effect than any metal mechanical block. These are artistic drawbacks, but they may all be overcome by the artist. The line, if good, cannot be too faithfully copied; the engraving, if shallow, can be made deeper,

engraved anew by the wood engraver. The fat line, so much prized, was made with a brush, and, as I have said, brush work reproduces perfectly. And in the majority of cases the original wood block or the process block are never printed from, but casts of them, called stereotypes or electrotypes, are used; therefore the fat line of the wood is more or less the product of the imagination. I do not mean to say the original wood or metal block will not give a richer impression than any cast from it, but I do say that it is only in the case of proofs that the original is used.

If a pencil or other drawing in line is to be reproduced in which the varying colour of the pencil mark is to be retained—its greyness, for example—or if the pen line is very delicate, or there are many single unsupported lines in the drawing another method must be employed. A microscopically-ruled glass screen ruled, at right angles usually, with fine lines made with a diamond and filled in with ink is placed in the camera in front of the glass plate on which the picture is to be photographed. There are many various ways in which this is done, in all with the object of breaking up into line the tones which would otherwise print perfectly black, or of supporting those weak lines which would print too heavily. This negative thus obtained is printed on to the zinc or copper plate and then etched much as in the case of the simple line block. This process, usually called half-tone, was invented for reproducing wash, but is much used now for line, especially when the dots or line of the screen are cut away by the wood engraver in the whites. The photo-engraver is now endeavouring to so shift or adjust his screen that the dots will come only where they are wanted to break up the solid black, and some most interesting results have been obtained. When I describe the reproduction of wash drawings, I shall return to this subject.

Spaces of tint on line drawings can be obtained, and almost always are, by the use of what is known as shading medium; that is, pieces of gelatine with lines or dots engraved in them, are filled with printers' ink, and these lines or dots are transferred by the engraver to the parts of the picture on the zinc plate, where they are wanted, before the plate is etched. There are many ways in which the artist can get the same effect by inking bits of silk and pressing them on the drawing, by inking his thumb, or by drawing with a pencil, or chalk, or even pen, or a rough book-cover—the only object is to get a bit of tone in a line drawing. In cheap work it is often very effective; in the best work it is usually out of place. All the artist need do is to indicate the spot and the outlines of the parts where the tint is wanted by a blue pencil. If the engraver knows how the block is to be printed, he will use the tint that will print best. These methods are all useful, but not very sympathetic.

Photo-lithography and kindred methods are either of little importance or will be referred to under Lithography. Finally, if the lines are too black or too strong, they can be cut away or thinned, or darks opened up by the engraver just as on a wood-block; or a little wheel in a handle, called a roulette, may be run over parts of the engraving which are too heavy. The teeth of the wheel break the lines into dots and lighten them.

JOSEPH PENNELL.



THE PIANO. FROM THE PAINTING BY CAILLEBOTTE.

THE CAILLEBOTTE BEQUEST TO THE LUXEMBOURG.*

II.

TAKING into consideration his strictly bourgeoisie origin, Caillebotte cannot have been attracted towards the Impressionists by the travail of an inquiring temperament, but rather by the fascination of a colouration that charmed a nature that was perforce drawn towards the sun, happiness, good-nature, and all simple and healthy distractions.

A lover of the country in blossom, that harmonizes with the red-tiled cottages of the suburbs, Caillebotte, if I may so express myself, has ever been, by virtue of this phase of his talent, the painter of Sundays on the banks of the river.

At Argenteuil, where he owned a small property, he was able to follow and paint the going and coming of the Sunday promenaders, the motion of the sails gliding on the river, the kaleidoscopic mixture of gay colours furnished by the flags of the pleasure yawls, the striped jerseys of the rowers, the polish of the freshly-varnished mahogany of the boats—in one word, all this brilliant and sun-illuminated pageant that the Parisian boating exhibits in the environs of the town in holiday-time.

Moreover, the passion that he showed for navigation was translated in divers manners. An

accomplished yachtsman and boatbuilder, possessing himself a creditable fleet, he had been appointed vice-president of the Sailing Club.

It was the sympathy of his comrades that placed him at the head of this nautical society, for G. Caillebotte professed a holy horror for everything that symbolised a semblance of supremacy. This did not prevent the title of Municipal Councillor of Gennevilliers being also forced upon him, where his sojourn must have left imperishable traces in the annals of the community. Never, in the memory of man, had there been such a functionary!

So as not to be worried by the administrative red-tape, or to be obliged to subject himself to verifying his memory, he paid everything out of his own pocket, the paraffin for lighting purposes, the stones for the roads, the clothing of the firemen! All at once he discovered the little town was wanting in gas-lamps. Without waiting for the decision of his colleagues he ordered them on his own account, and naturally credited the expense to himself. It was a vision of Utopia—a land flowing with milk and honey.

Certainly his generosity was unlimited, and since we are speaking of the private life of the man, I think we cannot



ARGENTEUIL. FROM THE PAINTING BY CAILLEBOTTE.

* Continued from page 232.



BEZIQUE. FROM THE PAINTING BY CAILLEBOTTE.

offend any one by stating that he was in reality the spirit of benevolence to the small clan of Impressionists. For the preliminaries were hard for the founders of the new Art.

Monet, Sisley, Renoir, Basile—who was killed in the war, 1870—had met at the studio of Gleyre. Saturated with antique traditions, the professor did not exactly encourage them in the path upon which they subsequently entered.

"Never paint landscapes," amongst other axioms, the gentleman said to Claude Monet. We know how the great artist followed this enlightened advice.

Perhaps he may even be grateful to his first master for this inspired counsel, which doubtless anchored him to the career which he has adopted with the result that is well known.

These young people, who were suffocated by the four walls of the studio, often exchanged their quarters for Fontainebleau. Renoir, already infatuated with open-air work, went to seek encouragement from Diaz and Corot.

These were, moreover, the masters in landscape who actually became the fore-runners of Impressionism.

Monet and Renoir very soon definitely abandoned the "pompiers" studio of the worthy Gleyre, and established themselves in the forest of Fontainebleau.

At this epoch the celebrated sites of the quarter of Seine and Marne were not what they have subsequently become. There you could live regally for two 1895.

francs fifty-five a day—the price is authentic. Note the five centimes which must certainly have represented a considerable item in the profits made by the innkeeper.

Notwithstanding, the young artists lived happily. Their wants were assured, and the sale of bitumen-coloured panels spotted with lights, and sold for about three francs each as Corots by historical picture-dealers, enabled the constellation to settle their bills. Happy time, blessed youth. Nevertheless, the period of the lean kine shortly set in. The proprietor of the pothouse found that he was far from making two ends meet in catering for this joyous band with appetites sharpened by the open-air life, and decided to raise the price of their board to the fantastical sum of three francs. This occasioned a regular revolution in the artistic colony. Renoir affirmed with decision that such extortion was positively shameful, and the band nobly quitted Barbizon for a cheaper neighbourhood. The dealers

had also become more exacting. They clamoured for more paint for their money.

Business was no longer good. Renoir and Monet set up together, and at one moment having no credit with their baker, they were so much in want that they obtained flour from their grocer and made their own bread.

These are the miseries that the larger number of great artists commence with. Nevertheless, as far as those we are concerned with, their gaiety did not desert them, and Renoir recalls these years of Bohemian life with hearty laughter.

It is easily understood what a windfall it was for the



LES PETITS RABOTEURS. FROM THE PAINTING BY CAILLEBOTTE.

Impressionists when, a few years later, they fell in with such a good and honest fellow, so disinterested an individual as Caillebotte.

In addition to the fraternal symposiums he gave in the Rue de Miromesnil, comprised of his special friends, he organized exhibitions, hired halls, and lent a helping hand in times of trouble, with a discretion and tact unluckily very seldom found in our times.

A painter who knew him well told me that he kept himself "in petto" posted up as to the state of their affairs, and when one of them was in a state bordering on want—the Impressionists had more particularly to struggle against Fate's unkindest cuts—he went to his studio and would look casually at some picture. "How much do you want to sell that canvas for?" he would say.



THE SWING. FROM THE PAINTING BY RENOIR.

"If it is for yourself . . . so much"—and the artist would name a price for a friendly purchaser.

"Not at all," answered Caillebotte, "you would sell it for double to anyone else . . . and then it would be considerably beneath its value. It is worth three times as much. Here is the price I value it at, and I shall take it with me and thank you for it!"

The painter pressed his friend's hand, and when afterwards the envelope was opened, it was found to contain double the amount the good fellow had mentioned.

It is thus that a great part of the legacy was collected, and it is easily understood that the disappearance of this exceptional nature caused a profound sorrow to his numerous friends. Through living on such intimate terms with the artists, by sharing their tastes, their enthusiasms, their ideas, Caillebotte, though born simply an amateur, made a real professional personality for himself.

What attracted him beyond the region of blossoming nature was the activity of the large town in its exterior and interior conditions. The huge buildings of modern construction, like large vessels in the canals of streets, exercised a very special fascination for him. He portrayed their appearance like monsters in which life is born, perpetuated, expires, and always in a whirl, is born again with its joys, its hopes, its sorrows, and its resignations. . . .

With regard to the interior, by an original contrast he applied himself rather to the tender intimacies, to the restful *tête-à-têtes*, to the placid scenes of family life that pass between affectionate relations.

After having repeatedly traversed the cross-roads, noted the attitudes, observed the movements of the passers-by in the noisy din of the street, it pleased him to return to the tranquil domesticity of the home—to the conversation in slippers by the chimney corner. His was a simple nature that led a kindly existence, only desirous that every one that surrounded him should reflect his contented disposition by avoiding the harassing worry of material cares.

His dream—which, alas! he had not time enough to realise—would have been to transcribe in painting the work of the great manufactories at full speed.

He would like to have, in some manner, portrayed with his brush the history of modern industry—a huge project which death laid waste before it was ever commenced. These large conceptions and extended horizons always struck him, and a glimmer of them is to be found in the curious effects of perspective, which sometimes astonish us, but are in reality logically mathematical.

'Les Raboteurs de Parquet,' which the commission have added to the legacy—although, with great discretion, Caillebotte did not leave a single canvas bearing his signature to the State—is a proof of this. We find, in this next study (second edition of the 'Raboteurs'), 'Le Piano' and 'Les Rameurs,' where this research for lines is significant. Caillebotte obtained, in this very note, amusing decorative effects, and a sketch, in the possession of the late artist's brother, shows a street refuge, from a bird's-eye view, in which the houses seem to bend in a rotating line which is very peculiar.

'Les Peintres en Bâtiment' gives proof of a great knowledge of vanishing lines, obtained in a clever but really very simple way. We have given an illustration of it at page 230. In a long street that points to the horizon, on a footpath, as if outlined by a string, house-painters carelessly look at the little work which, without doubt, they have less than completed. The attitude is most natural, and renders perfectly the exact note of the "flânerie" of the Parisian workman, who is a good fellow, jolly and light-hearted, but has a touch of the loafer in his temperament.

Moreover, in all his canvases, Caillebotte has forced himself to assimilate the superficial atmosphere of the surroundings, thus following in another branch, and with a due sense of proportion, the example set by Emile Zola in his novels.

Realism has been the guiding spirit of his talent, and he has always insisted on the plastic perception of things with a great optical sincerity, a palette of a light key, and no exaggeration intervenes to blur his schemes.

JEAN BERNAC.

(To be continued.)



DE MORGAN TILES AND VASES.

ART WORKERS AT HOME.

POTTERS AND PAINTERS.

"Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure."

Rabbi Ben Ezra.

THE life's story of most eminent potters is one of unending struggle against disheartening difficulties only partially conquered by persistent hopefulness and patience. William De Morgan, who may be taken as London's representative potter, has shared, with men like Palissy, many of the trials which make the old French potter's life so stimulating to those struggling towards success; for if De Morgan did not have to use the household furniture wherewith to kindle his

kiln, he, in his early experiments, set fire to the house in Fitzroy Square, where he had fixed up a small muffle. That is now twenty-five years ago, and all this while has our London potter been experimenting and searching for more excellent ways; and from what one knows of the man, he will



DE MORGAN WARE.

continue in his pioneer course, for, like the artist-craftsman he is, there can be nothing finite in his work. De Morgan has taken those lines of Browning's to heart and acted upon them:—

"So, take and use thy work
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain i' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!"

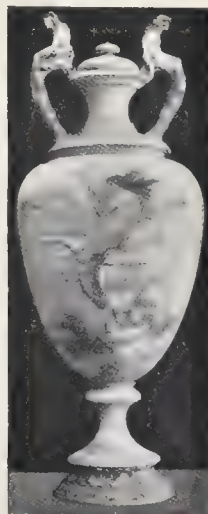
The end is never, but always something to be reached, for achievement is only a halting-place or coign of vantage from which to make fresh efforts. Alexander should have been a potter, and then he would not have said there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

Where Mr. De Morgan lives in a social sense does not concern us, for he is most "at home" at his pottery in Chelsea, and it was my privilege to be taken round the place by the master potter himself. Everything there has been thought

out and constructed under De Morgan's own initiative, for, as he told me, he never accepted what came to his hand, but has had to reach everything for himself by experiment. Even when he stayed in the potteries years ago, expressly to acquire technique, he did not learn what he easily might have been taught through this desire to start *de novo*, and it is in this spirit he still works. At one time he imported tiles from Stourbridge, and would only paint them at his pottery, but as all the tiles in the potteries are made of compressed dust, they will not stand exposure to the varying temperatures without breaking, or the surface flaking off, and Mr. De Morgan said that this fact has done more to discourage the use of tiles in decoration than anything. Now he makes his own tiles from clay sent from Stourbridge mixed with ground firebrick and old seggars. These tiles stand the weather perfectly, as a specimen shown to me testified, which had been in a London window-box for eleven years.

The painting, too, instead of being done on the tile itself, is done on thin paper, and this is stuck down on the surface of slip which De Morgan always uses to cover the dark body. The glaze is then put over the paper and in the firing this entirely disappears. De Morgan has no secrets. His experience, gained at so great a cost, is freely at the disposal of any potter. "Perhaps I know," he said to me, "more chemistry than many potters do, and more art than most chemists."

His pots are all finished on the wheel, for he does not believe in throwing them rough and then finishing them on the lathe, as is the usual practice. "It is a most deadly occupation for the men, as the dust



LAMBETH FAIENCE.

produced in lathing clay, which must be 'bone dry,' is most injurious to the lungs."

Mr. De Morgan hopes soon to make articles of household use, and he showed me some teapots in hand with a special kind of strainer contrived with much ingenuity. There are two large kilns and two smaller ones in use; the largest is capable of holding some thirty thousand six-inch tiles.

I confess I write sympathetically about potters as I did about glass painters, for I was trained to both methods in my youth, and at one time had a kiln of my own. De Morgan was led from painting glass to turn his attention to pottery as I did. I mention this simply because, to realise a potter's difficulties, one needs an acquaintance with the craft. When one remembers that fire is a potter's necessary servant (and we know what a bad master it is), we at once realise that he has difficulties to encounter which do not beset the painter, who has not to submit his efforts when he has completed them to such a trying ordeal as a kiln, even if he have to submit his works to the hanging committee of an exhibition. It is an ignorant arrogance, therefore, which makes a quite mediocre painter of pictures look down upon a potter as of coarser clay than himself.

With the usual lack of patronage bestowed upon the unobtrusive worker, who cannot or will not advertise himself, and on the stimulus supplied by his desire to conquer, De Morgan has slowly overcome the technical difficulties which were before him and produced work most excellent in its kind. And what are these difficulties? The body or clay used in the pottery, the colours, the glaze, and the firing; these are the several arcs of the circle, and the problem is to make them into the "perfect round."

Mr. De Morgan was invited by the Minister of Public Instruction at Cairo to draw up a report on the "Feasibility of a Manufacture of Glazed Pottery in Egypt."

De Morgan took as his samplers the Persian pottery of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (also known as Damascus and Rhodian), which is noted for the richness of its glaze, giving the painted decoration (always under the glaze) a soft gem-like brilliance quite unsurpassed in pottery. The glaze, as every potter knows, is the most important consideration; and the thick coating of glass De Morgan gives his pottery, mingling with the colours, produces a softness (the colours

melting into the glaze softens the edges of the painting) and gem-like transparency which, as a practical pottery painter, I always envied.

Perhaps the most interesting work turned out at the Chelsea Pottery is the celebrated lustre ware. De Morgan's attention

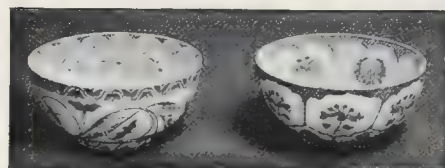
was first directed to lustre by noticing the iridescence seen on glass when the yellow stain, due to chloride of silver, is overfired. Copper and silver are the two metals used at Chelsea



DE MORGAN TILES.

in the production of lustre, the former yielding a ruby, and the latter a yellow lustre. The Hispano-Mauresque ware is decorated in lustres, and the old sixteenth-century majolica is lustrous, but I doubt whether lustre of old times is superior to the best specimens produced by De Morgan. As a good deal of misconception exists as to what lustre is, I may state briefly that it is the result of reducing the metals which are painted upon the glazed surface (usually a tin glaze) mixed with some infusible earth, by charging the muffle when at a dull red heat with wood or other vegetable smoke. When cold, the material used with the metals is rubbed off, leaving the lustre beneath. The most exact conditions have to be observed to produce good results, for too much heat and an excess or lack of smoke will spoil the kiln. The excitement attending the opening of a kiln must be lived through to be realised; so also must the disappointment when nothing but failure is encountered, and the painter's labour is thrown away.

De Morgan, in the conclusion of a lecture on Lustre, delivered before the Society of Arts, said: "I can only say that if any one sees his way to using the material to good

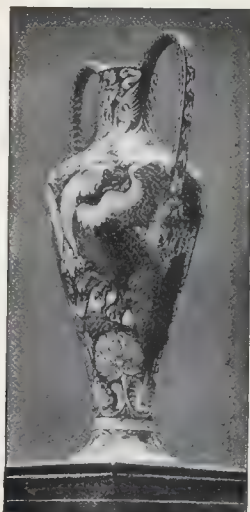


AMATEUR'S WORK BY THACKERAY TURNER.

purpose, my experience, which I regard as an entirely chemical and mechanical one, is quite at his disposal." Nevertheless, he is largely his own designer, and I shall leave the specimens given in this article to speak for themselves. The colour beauty, which is always the chief charm of pottery, cannot be indicated in the illustrations.

Martin ware is another production of London. The kilns are in Fulham, and it has been noted for its salt-glazed ware for some years. The master-potter is one of those unobtrusive, non-advertising craftsmen, content to turn out excellent work year after year, trusting to the patronage of the discriminating. The show-rooms used to be (and I believe still are) in Brownlow Street, Holborn, and those collecting modern pottery should examine Martin ware, as it is excellent in its kind.

In dealing with a firm like Doulton's, the personality which,



DE MORGAN WARE.

in De Morgan's case, is so interesting, is wanting. Doulton's is a big concern, a manufactory carried on on a gigantic scale, and might, without much stretch of metaphor, be likened to a sponge, which, seemingly one organism, consists in reality of a colony. Originally founded in Vauxhall, in 1815, John Doulton and J. Watts established themselves later at Lambeth, and in 1846 the present head of the firm and son of the original John Doulton, commenced the manufacture of stoneware drain-pipes and other sanitary pottery, and it was not until 1866 that the opportunity was taken to connect Art workmanship with the previous rough productions. Within the last twenty years, the productions of Lambeth pottery have been prominently before the public. It deserves to be stated here that the individual has not at Lambeth become merely a sort of cog on the wheel of the huge machine, for it has been the custom for Doulton's craftsmen to sign the pieces they are severally responsible for; and in this way, the two Miss Barlows' spontaneous sketches of animals and birds incised in the wet clay are known to those familiar with modern pottery.

From what I saw during a visit to the pottery, I take it that a fair measure of liberty is allowed all those who rise above



LAMBETH FAÏENCE.

expression of some mood or emotion about it, the higher will the productions of the Lambeth pottery rank. Women have always been largely employed at Doulton's, and it is work certainly well within the faculties of women, for the manipulation of wet clay is one necessitating patience, finger dexterity and deftness, qualities associated more with women than men.

The Lambeth kilns produce two classes of pottery—stoneware, which is salt-glazed; and painted ware, which is glazed afterwards with a moderately soft glaze. The former is, I should say, that which will gain for Lambeth its distinction, as it was evolved naturally from the ruder drain-pipe. The *process of salt-glazing* is not applicable to any other kind of ware than stoneware, as the glaze is really formed by the partial fusion of the clay itself. During the last stage of firing, when the ware is just on the point of vitrification, common

salt is thrown into the kiln. The decomposition of the salt fills the kiln with dense fumes of salt vapour, producing on the wares a thin glass or glaze of silicate of soda exceedingly hard and thin, exactly even over all parts of the surface and hiding not the least touch left by the etching or modelling tool. Salt-glazed ware is an ideal pottery, and



JOSEPH IS SOLD TO THE MIDIANITES. TINWORTH MODELLED TERRA COTTA.

the rank of mere "hands," so that, within certain limits, they can give their art instincts proper expression.

This is as it should be, for it is only in this way that uniqueness can be imparted to the productions of the Lambeth pottery. To feel that you have one of an infinite number of similar vases detracts from the satisfaction of possession, and the mechanical uniformity of manufacture is avoided if each piece has some individuality attaching to it. Art cannot be manufactured, and the sooner that is recognised the better. Messrs. Doulton have of necessity to cater for a general, and therefore perhaps an uncritical, unresponsive, public; but the more they seek to develop originality in their craftsmen, so that each piece has a spontaneous flow of life and thought, the

1895.

there is a charm about the surface and colour of salt-glazed ware which is unlike any other. "Doulton ware," as it is termed, follows in style of decoration the Grès de Flandres of the seventeenth century, modelled or applied decoration being its leading feature.

I have a feeling that the fault of a good deal of modern pottery is that it is over-decorated, a fault as bad as a woman being over-dressed. It lacks selection and restraint, and the piece is made an excuse for the employment of decorative motifs. The ware, which in itself is beautiful, or should be, is so broken up that a busy rococo effect, rather than dignity and repose, is the result, and the eye gains no satisfaction from the ware itself. As a painter would say, it lacks breadth.

Stoneware, being fired in an open kiln and to a very high temperature, is not adapted for much painting. Blue was the chief colour used in the Flemish ware, but the palette has been extended to include celadon and browns of different shades. These have to be painted on with fluxes, which fuse only at the high temperature the ware is put to.

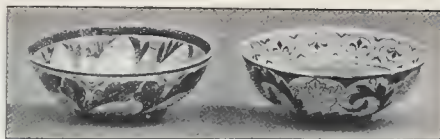
The painted ware, or "Lambeth Faience," as it is termed, is decorated in the biscuit state, and afterwards glazed and fired. The temperature this ware is fired to is much lower than stoneware, and the articles are not exposed to the flames but are protected in fire-clay boxes. The palette is much more varied, and the treatment of the decoration is therefore confined to the work of the brush and is chiefly floral, though some excellent figure work is produced. The colouring of this faience, owing to the warm soft glaze, is very harmonious.

The modelled decoration of George Tinworth, John Broad, and others, is of a very high character indeed, and evinces fine technical skill and artistic perception. A pottery is certainly one of the most interesting hives of industry to visit, and few who have watched a "thrower" evolve from a lump of clay with his thumb and finger and revolving wheel a beautiful shape, have not wished to try their hand at such cunning

work, in which high manipulative skill has to be accompanied by quickness of eye and a rare intuition.

A few years ago china-painting was the rage, and almost every young lady, whether she painted on any other material or not, thought she could decorate a china plate. The craze died out, and it is rare now to hear of an amateur painting china. Mr. Thackery Turner told me that he took up china-painting in 1882, when he started in practice as an architect, as an exercise in designing. He got a firm at Burslem to supply him with bisque (unglazed china), and when painted he got them to glaze and fire for him. Mr. Turner at first tried French colours, but gave them up for the Staffordshire trade colours. I quite endorse what he says about underglaze painting having the quality of a wet pebble, but while it was easy to get work painted in enamels on the glaze fired in London, it was difficult without sending to the potteries to get ware glazed and fired, and amateurs, therefore, wisely confined their chief attention to overglaze work. Considering what strange crazes the world takes to, china-painting cannot be said to have been the maddest. Indeed, ten years ago some most excellent work was being done by amateurs.

FRED. MILLER.



AMATEUR'S WORK BY THACKERY TURNER.

PICTURE SALES OF 1895.

THE picture sale season of 1895, though it has only included a few notable collections, has brought under the hammer some remarkable pictures and objects of Art, and may be characterized as one of unusual interest. It continues to be abundantly evident that for good pictures there is always a ready market, while the readiness with which immense sums of money—resulting in some sensational prices—were offered at this year's sales, seems to show that the financial depression of a year or two ago has practically passed away.

The following are the totals of the largest collections that have been dispersed this season. At Christie's: the Lyne Stephen's collection, £141,003, consisting of—porcelain, decorative furniture, and objects of Art, £76,946—pictures, £46,786—jewels, £17,271; the James Price collection, £87,144, comprising only ninety-one pictures, and a veritable triumph for the sound judgment which got them together; the Huth, £27,548; the Ricketts', £20,400; the Hawkins' (objects of Art, plate, &c.), £14,914, and others. At Robinson & Fisher's: the Viscount Clifden collection (miniatures and objects of Art), upwards of £100,000.

We proceed to give our usual account of the principal pictures that have changed hands, with the previous auction prices where they can be ascertained.

The British masters, as is only right and just, continue to be first with collectors in their own country. This year,

however, it is a Gainsborough that has fetched the top price, his 'Lady Mulgrave,' which we reproduced in our August number (p. 255), being bought for £10,500 at the Price sale. It must be remembered that a woman's portrait—especially a beautiful woman's—nearly always brings in more money than that of a man by the same artist, even if of equal artistic merit. Gainsborough's 'Lord Mountmorres,' from the same collection, brought only £2,100. The record for Gainsborough is £10,650, the price of the 'Duchess of Devonshire' stolen in 1876. 'Lady Mulgrave' was bought at Christie's in 1882 for £1,120 10s., and Mr. Price refused 7,000 guineas for it in 1890; a second, but inferior, portrait of Lady Mulgrave went for £3,675. Another fine Gainsborough from the Price collection, 'Lady Clarges seated at a harp,' brought £2,100, and was certainly very cheap at the price. It was bought in 1878 for £367 10s. The portrait of Madame Le Brun, from the Duchess of Montrose's collection, sold for £2,320 10s. The portrait of Viscount Hampden fetched £682 10s. In 1888 it was bought for 200 guineas. Portrait of General Wolfe, £546. On the other hand, Gainsborough's landscapes do not at present receive the attention they merit. 'Repose,' one of his most perfect works, and his marriage gift to his daughter, was knocked down for £1,470. Its previous records are: 1851, £945; 1863, £819; 1872, £945.

None of the examples of Reynolds, Constable, Romney, or Hoppner have been very remarkable, though they have mostly

brought good prices. The chief Reynolds was the portrait of Lady Smyth and her children, from the Duchess of Montrose's collection. Unfortunately, the work is not perfect, as the face of the lady has been repainted; it went for £5,040, but it is said that the Duchess gave £5,250 for it. It changed hands in 1878 for £1,312 10s. The portraits of Lady Melbourne and the Hon. Mrs. Seymour Damer in the Price collection sold for £2,415 and £2,310. One of Sir Joshua's many portraits of Kitty Fisher changed hands at £1,365, but its authenticity is not certain (previous price £735, in 1878). The same may be said of the Montrose portrait of 'Sylvia,' the price of which was £1,627 10s. 'The Countess of Rothes' fetched £1,744; 'Captain Winter,' £761 5s.; 'Admiral Viscount Hood,' £546; 'A Holy Family,' £294.

Romney's works rise year by year in appreciation, and, as in the case of Gainsborough, it becomes increasingly true that "none but the wealthy may possess the fair." A portrait of the inevitable 'Emma, Lady Hamilton,' brought £2,131 10s. Other highly-priced portraits were: 'Miss Harriet Shaw,' £1,953; 'Lady Urith Shaw,' £1,890; 'Hon. Mrs. Beresford,' £1,722; 'Lady Reade,' £1,102 10s. (bought in two years ago for £525); 'Mrs. Willett,' £735; 'Sir John Reade,' £535 10s.; 'A Child of the Romney Family,' £420. None of these were first-class examples. It is instructive to remember that in no case did Romney receive more than fifty guineas for painting any of these works. A genuine portrait ('Mrs. Davies, wife of Somerset Davies') by Romney, turned up at a "lumber" sale in Chancery Lane in July, yet it realised £1,354 10s. Only one great picture by Constable has come into the market this year—that in the Huth collection, 'The White Horse,' which sold for £8,925; the price paid to the artist in 1820 was £105. His 'Mill Tail' realised £378; 'Near Bergholt,' £346 10s.; 'Brighton Beach,' £325 10s.; and 'Lock on the Stour,' £105.

Hoppner, another great master of English portraiture, long unduly neglected, now realises good prices. His fine portrait of 'Lord Nelson,' sold in 1865 for £100, brought £2,677 10s. Other portraits were: 'Lady Coote,' £1,890; 'Lady Gordon,' £1,144 10s.; 'Hon. Maria Pelham Carleton,' £1,102 10s.; 'Master Russell,' £1,050.

There has been a good opportunity this season of testing the hold that Turner's pictures maintain upon the public, some fine specimens of his art having passed under the hammer. The most important were those of the Price collection. 'Helvoetsluys' was sold for £6,720; in 1863 its price was £1,680. The superbly luminous 'Mortlake' (reproduced in our August number, page 255) fetched £5,460. The 'Val D'Aosta' (snow-storm, avalanche, and inundation) brought £4,200; price in 1878, £955. 'Going to the Ball' and 'Returning from the Ball,' a well-known Venetian pair, went for £2,940 each. Their previous records are:—'Going to the Ball,' 1853, £546; 1872, £1,785 10s.; 1878, £1,260. 'Returning from the Ball,' 1853, £640; 1872, £1,575; 1878, £1,260. The 'St. Mark's Place, Venice,' passed to an American purchaser from the Price collection before the sale was arranged. Its price is said to have been £10,500. Other oil paintings that may be recorded are the 'Dream of Italy,' £1,312 10s., and the 'Trossachs,' £630.

The prices of a few of Turner's water-colour drawings show occasional fluctuations, but the general upward tendency is marked and continuous. The 'Lake and Town of Zug,' and 'View of Arona' (from Mr. Ruskin's collection), £1,155 and £735 respectively. 'Carew Castle,' £735; previous

prices (1874), £1,155; (1886), £745 10s. 'View of Oxford,' £525 (bought from the artist in 1839 for £105). 'London from Battersea,' £367 10s.; in 1860, £315. 'Portsmouth,' £252; in 1859, £107 2s.; and there were many others of less importance.

Other deceased British painters are:

Sir W. Beechey, R.A. Portrait of Frederica Charlotte Catherine, Duchess of York, £1,260. 'Lady Barnard,' £1,239. 'The Gleaner' (a portrait), £441. 'Sir John Reade,' £336. —W. Collins, R.A. 'Trying on Father's Sea Boots,' £546. 'Cromer Sands,' £110 5s. Collins' work appeals less to public taste year by year. In 1879, 'Cromer Sands' brought £162 15s., in 1881, £262 10s.—J. S. Cotman. 'A Grand Marine Subject,' £2,310. This magnificent picture is attributed by some authorities to Callcott; in any case it is a *chef d'œuvre*. 'Off the Northumbrian Coast,' £273.—David Cox. The appreciation of this master's work can only be regarded as remarkable. Paintings for which the artist was glad to obtain trifling sums, now run well into four figures. Thus the 'Welsh Funeral, Bettws-y-Coed,' which, in 1849, was drawn as a £20 Art-Union Prize, selling again for £162 15s. in 1870, brought £2,520 at the Craven Sale in May. 'Windsor Great Park' brought £1,417 10s.; price in 1867, £185 17s. 'Haddon Hall,' £630; in 1867, £399. 'Beeston Castle,' £630. 'Bolsover Castle,' £493 10s. 'Broom Gatherers, Chat Moss,' £493 10s. 'Vale of Clwyd, Harvest Time,' £477 15s.; in 1860, £287 5s. 'The Hayfield,' £472 10s. Another view of a hayfield, £420. 'A Welsh Pass,' £315. 'Changing Pasture,' £304 10s. 'Gravel Pits,' £210. 'Going to Market, Early Morning,' £210. Many of these drawings the artist himself found it almost impossible to dispose of in his lifetime.—Old Crome. 'On the Norfolk Coast,' £441. 'View at St. Martin's River, near Fuller's Hole,' £325 10s. 'View near Whitlingham,' £283 10s.—W. Etty, R.A. This master appears to be a waning star, though we think it is at least doubtful whether he will remain so permanently. 'A Bather,' painted about 1843, brought £430 10s., price in 1872, £493. 'The Return of the Prodigal' (a really choice example) obtained £483. 'Cupid Angling,' £267 10s.; price in 1864, £325. 'Venus and Cupid,' £210; in 1866, £514.—Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. 'Chevy,' which we chronicled last year as having realised £3,937 10s., came into the market again this year and fetched the increased price of £5,985. This, however, must be considered as an exceptional price obtained by the competition of two wealthy dealers each desirous of possessing this particular picture, rather than as an indication of a revival of this master's popularity.—Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. 'Portrait of Lady Owen,' £997 10s. 'Mrs. Towry,' £546. 'Anne, Lady Ellenborough,' £483. 'Master George Fane, Lord Burgherst,' £236 5s.—J. F. Lewis, R.A. 'The Bezestein Bazaar of El Khan Khalil, Cairo,' probably his finest work, obtained £1,470. Previous prices, 1867, £126; 1870, £341 5s.; 1892, £1,144 10s. 'The Midday Meal, Cairo,' £729 15s.—John Linnell shows a steadier upward tendency than a few years ago. 'The Coming Storm,' a really fine work, and another version of the picture in the possession of the Corporation of Glasgow, realised £609; price in 1885, £477 15s. 'A Cornfield,' £577 10s.; in 1863, £138 12s. 'Woodcutters,' £304 10s.—George Morland's best works, and he was very unequal, continue to increase in popularity. The 'Visit to the Child at Nurse,' a beautiful work, sold for £1,102 10s. It was bought for a small amount by the late Mr. Huth. 'Mutual Con-

fidence,' £987; price in 1864, £63; in 1876, £126. 'A Storm,' £630. 'Pheasant Shooting' and 'Partridge Shooting,' £500 each. The original price was under £100 each.—W. J. Müller. 'Carnarvon Castle,' £2,415. This fine work is destined for the National Gallery. 'Ruins at Smyrna, Arab Encampment by night,' £546.—W. Mulready is another artist whom the fashion is deserting. His 'Idle Boys,' an unusually large picture for this painter, brought only £1,050. Its price in 1886 was £1,585 10s. A small 'Bathers' went for £126; price in 1884, £105.—John Philip, R.A., is declining in popularity year by year. His 'Early Career of Murillo' (reproduced in THE ART JOURNAL for 1894, p. 55), fetched £3,990, the same price as in 1886, but this must be regarded as an inflated price due to a cause similar to that of the Landseer referred to above. Other works were—'A Thing of Beauty is a Joy for Ever,' and 'Seville,' £430 10s. each; 'Holy Water,' £231.—D. G. Rossetti's 'Washing Hands' fetched £504.—W. Shayer, sen.: 'The Bell Inn,' £283 10s.—J. Stark: 'A Norfolk Lane,' £294.—Fred. Walker, A.R.A.: the price realised for this artist's 'Fisherman and Gillie, Glen Spean,' £451 10s., cannot be regarded as very satisfactory. In 1887 it changed hands for £756.—E. M. Ward, R.A.: a version of 'Dr. Johnson in the Anteroom at Lord Chesterfield's,' a subject he painted several times, went for £131 5s. In 1871 its price was £52 10s.—Sir David Wilkie, R.A., once such a prime favourite, continues on the "down grade." 'The Errand Boy' sold for £850 10s.; previous prices, 1861, £465 15s.; 1865, £1,102 10s. 'A Turkish Coffee House,' £420. 'The Letter Writer at Constantinople,' a finely coloured though unfinished work, £420. At the Wilkie sale it fetched £446 5s. 'John Knox preaching before Queen Mary of Scotland,' a replica with numerous alterations of the well-known work painted for Sir Robert Peel, realised only £115 10s.—R. Wilson, R.A., 'A View on the Arno,' £651; in 1827, £493 10s.

The following are the chief sales of works by living British painters:—L. Alma Tadema, R.A.: 'Interior of a Temple, with Procession,' £404 5s.; 'Glaucus and Nydia,' £231, price in 1883, £414 15s.—Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.: 'The Hesperides,' £2,688; The Pygmalion Series (four pictures), 'The Heart Desires,' 'The Hand Refrains,' 'The Godhead Fires,' 'The Soul Attains,' in one lot and at one bid for £3,675 10s.; 'Vespers,' £472 10s.; 'Night,' £451 10s.—Tom Faed, R.A.: 'God's Acre,' £304 10s., price in 1887, £1,470; 'The Keeper's Daughter,' £231.—Birket Foster, R.W.S.: 'On the Shore, Bonchurch,' £252.—Sir John Gilbert, R.A.: 'Miss Flite introduces the Wards in Jarndyce to the Lord Chancellor,' £252.—Colin Hunter, A.R.A.: 'Trawlers waiting for darkness, Loch Fyne,' £220 10s.—J. C. Horsley, R.A.: 'Pay for Peeping,' £131 5s., price in 1877, £598 10s.—Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A.: 'Greek Girls playing at Ball,' £735.—W. McTaggart, R.S.A.: 'Adrift,' £325 10s.—Sir J. E. Millais, R.A.: 'Pippa,' £252.—W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.: 'The Story of a Life,' £745 10s., price in 1869, £362 10s., in 1874, £300; 'A Hundred Years Ago,' £199 10s.—W. Dendy Sadler: 'The Middleman,' £110 5s.—Marcus Stone, R.A.: 'Edward II. and his Favourite, Piers Gaveston,' £504. In 1877, £514 10s.; in 1879, £159 12s.

The position of the great Dutchmen not only continues unassailable, but strengthens every year. A fine Cuyp, 'The Prince of Orange and his Sons preparing for the Chase,' realised £2,100; price, in 1848, £556 10s.—A. De Hooch, 'Lady buying Asparagus,' sold for £378.—Gerard Dow,

'Saint Jerome,' £252; price, in 1821, £94 10s.—Hobbema, 'View of a Canal in Winter,' £1,522 10s.—Hondecoteer, 'Poultry in an Italian Garden,' £4,357 10s.—Isaac Ostade, 'Scene at an Inn Door,' signed and dated 1665, £1,743.—No important Rembrandt has changed hands this year at auction. The 'Portrait of a Young Man' brought £1,155; in 1848, £54 12s.; but the 'Portrait of Eliazar Swalmius' fell from £798, in 1892, to £420.—Rubens seems the only Dutch master who is losing his hold. 'The Holy Family,' surrounded by a garland of flowers by Breughel, a fine picture, went for £582 15s.; its last price was £1,512.—Jacob Ruysdael, 'Entrance to the Y,' £4,410; in 1809, £280.—Terburg, 'Gentleman paying Addresses to a Lady,' £2,047 10s.—Abraham Van Beieren, 'Still Life' (gold and silver vessels with fruit), £420.—H. Van der Goes, 'The Stem of Jesse,' £640 10s.; in 1876, £283 10s.—An important Vandyck, 'The Portrait of Marchese Spinola and Daughter,' was sold in New York for £10,000.—H. Van der Velde, 'View on the Y,' £850 10s.—Jan Weenix, 'Dead Hare, Partridges, &c.,' £714.

The other Continental Schools are as follows:—

SPANISH.—Murillo. 'Faith presenting the Eucharist,' a companion to the 'Immaculate Conception,' in the Louvre, £2,567 10s.; in 1865, £2,700. 'A Holy Family,' £4,200. 'St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus,' £997 10s.; previous price, £440.—Velasquez. 'An Infanta,' £4,315; in 1867, £2,000. 'Mariana of Austria,' £2,415; in 1853, £185. 'Infanta Maria Theresa,' £808 10s. 'Daughters of the King of Spain,' £304 10s. A fine old copy of the portrait of Philip IV. brought only £409 10s.; its price in 1867 was £2,840.

FRENCH.—Madame Vigée le Brun: 'Portrait of a Lady,' £2,362 10s. 'Princess Elizabeth, Sister to Louis XVI.,' £525.—F. H. Drouais: 'Madame la Comtesse du Barry,' £724 10s.—Greuze: 'Girl in white and pink Dress,' £745 10s.; 'A young Girl praying,' £588.—Lancet: 'Nicaise,' £1,365; 'Les Deux Amis,' £1,102 10s.—Nathier: 'Lady of the Court of Louis XV.,' £4,095.—J. B. Pater: 'The Swing' and 'The Dance,' a pair, £808 10s. each.—Toqué: 'Marie Leczinski, Queen of Poland,' £1,176.—Watteau: 'La Gamme d'Amour' (a work of fine quality), £3,517 10s.; 'Les Plaisirs du Bal,' £1,100 10s.—(Modern). Rosa Bonheur: 'Going to Market,' £1,512; price in 1870, £1,785; in 1888, £1,050.—Corot: 'Les Saules,' £630; 'Biarritz,' £462; 'Entrance to Arras,' £336.—Daubigny: 'The Plague at Villerville,' £315; 'Fontainebleau,' £283 10s.—P. Delaroche: 'The Christian Martyr' (replica), £325 10s.—Jules Dupré: Three Landscapes with Cattle, £614 10s., £483, £241 10s.—J. L. Gérôme: 'General Buona-parte at Cairo,' £367 10s.; in 1877, £735.—J. F. Millet: 'Winter,' £1,155.—Th. Rousseau: 'In the Forest of Fontainebleau,' £357.—C. Troyon: 'Group of Gamekeeper with Three Dogs,' £2,992 10s.; 'A Hay-cart and Horses,' £840; 'The Timber Waggon,' £183 15s.; in 1892, £220 10s.

ITALIAN.—A. Appiani, 'Napoleon I. in Coronation Robes,' £787 10s.—Canaletto, 'Interior of St. Mark's, Venice,' £325 10s.—'Scala dei Giganti,' £472 10s.—'Westminster from the Thames,' £294; in 1869, £157 10s.—A 'Madonna and Child,' ascribed to Lippi, went for £525; price in 1863, £255 3s.; in 1881, £215 5s.

Space does not permit us to refer to the objects of Art dispersed, but a full list will be found in THE YEAR'S ART for 1896.

* The Doetsch collection of old Italian masters, dispersed on June 22nd, we have not taken into account. It seems to have been as conspicuous an instance of bad judgment in picture collecting as the Price collection was of the reverse.



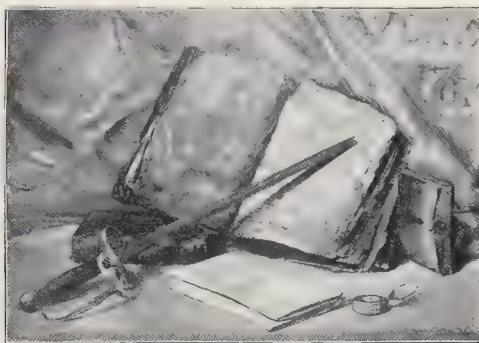
A FRENCH DRAWING SCHOOL FOR BOYS. FROM THE PICTURE BY J. GEOFFROY. EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON, 1895.

ART NOTES.

THE great exhibition of lithography which is being prepared in Paris for the centenary of Senefelder's discovery in 1796 will not be without representation of English artists past and present. A select collection chosen by a body of Englishmen, with the President of the Royal Academy at its head, will officially bear witness to the experiments and achievements the art of the stone has provoked from our own draughtsmen. No doubt Mr. Whistler's success has set others busy in reviving an unfamiliar art, and the only danger is that newer recruits will think it needful not merely to echo Mr. Whistler's material, but his method, which would be mere folly, since it is the exquisite individuality of his dainty songs on stone that should preserve them from the coarse flattery of imitation. It is only natural that etchers should most readily fall in with the conditions of lithography, and among the younger Englishmen whose works are most noteworthy, they form a good proportion, although the most individual artist of the group, Mr. C. H. Shannon, has done comparatively little with the brush. Mr. C. E. Holloway, Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. Frank Short, Mr. C. J. Watson, and Mr. R. A. Bell have been producing some notable work in this method, and one can but hope that before long lithography, the most completely accurate of all reproductive arts, will receive the attention it deserves.

We publish a reproduction of a water-colour drawing by the Scottish artist, Mr. James Hay, entitled 'Covenanting Relics,' which is intended to form a souvenir of the Jubilee of the Free Church of Scotland, held in 1893, and represents some of the most interesting relics in the loan collection that was exhibited on that occasion. Mr. Hay has grouped the various objects with considerable skill. The leading features are Peden's Pulpit Bible, the sword of John Brown

of Priesthill, the National Covenant of 1638, the watch said to have been presented to John Knox by Queen Mary, a diary written by George Turnbull, Minister of Alloa from 1690 to 1699, Cardinal Beaton's bible, and in the background, the Avondale Covenanters' banner, carried at the battle of Drumclog. The work appeals primarily, of course, to North Britons, but in no small degree also to all who have felt the fascination of the stirring history of Scotland.



COVENANTING RELICS. A SOUVENIR OF THE JUBILEE OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY JAMES HAY.

Mr. Onslow Ford's new statue in the Knightsbridge Road, after the manner of London monuments, has provoked much adverse criticism. This has been chiefly devoted to the gilding, which the artist has added to certain parts of the figure and its trappings, rather than to the idea or execution of the horse and its rider. But the pedestal and general mass

of the whole deserves nothing but praise. Indeed, one can scarce recall a more dignified and beautiful treatment of any equestrian statue than this. After passing it with a glow of pleasure, one feels its success still more strongly when the unfortunate Wellington monument at Hyde Park Corner looms into sight. The Strathnairn group preserves the effect of a huge mass, despite the scale of the houses close by; the Wellington group looks as if it awaited the glass shade finished with a band of crimson chenille, beloved of French clockmakers. No two works could show more clearly the immense advance in the sense of the sculptural—quite apart from all questions of modelling and beauty of detail. It is an object lesson of vast importance to visit these two works and note their contrast and their effect as decorative objects set in the thoroughfare of a great city.

The exhibition of photography at the Imperial Institute was full of interest, as any well-arranged collection of the achievements of this youngest and most helpful ally to the older arts must need be. As usual, it proved that photographs, charming as they often are when studied separately, fail to sustain the interest that large galleries of frames demand. The white mount with its darker rectangular patch of monochrome, does not decorate wall-spaces effectively. In the Photographic Saloon, where nearly every picture is framed close, this distressing effect is much less apparent. The year, if it has shown no epoch-making sensation, like Mr. Ives's ingenious colour-photography of last year, has at least witnessed a notable advance all along the line. Especially is process-work, of English and foreign make, reaping the benefit of greater care in the printing. Heretofore one has seen the best Paris and American work with a sense of shame, and felt that the apathy of the English printers was a sore obstacle to the advance of an illustration. Now signs of better things appear, and in all the exhibits at South Kensington none were more grateful than the specimens of good typography applied to the process-block.

It will be learnt with regret that the authorities of the British Museum have, for financial reasons, been unable to purchase for the nation the fine collection of old Japanese colour prints made by Professor William Anderson, the president of the Japan Society and Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Academy, during his long stay in Japan. This interesting collection, which contains a nearly complete series illustrative of the handblock colour printing of the old Japanese artists from the earliest date up to the middle of the present century, has been in the hands of the authorities for nearly two years, but, as they have felt unable to purchase it, it has passed into the hands of the well-known collector, Mr. Ernest Hart. It is thus fortunately saved from dispersal.

The Liverpool Autumn Exhibition has opened this year under circumstances of unusual interest. This being the twenty-fifth, or silver anniversary, the committee have signalled the event by bringing together a collection of pictures of so striking a character as to render the exhibition a memorable one. Nine rooms are occupied with a large proportion of the successes of the past London season, in addition to a goodly number of works not before exhibited. The general effect on entering the galleries is almost magnificent from the display of large and imposing canvases. The profes-

sional hangers this year were G. P. Jacomb-Hood, R.P.E., Mrs. A. L. Swynnerton, and R. Talbot Kelley, R.B.A., who are credited with having performed their onerous task with great taste and discretion.

The place of honour in the Grosvenor Room is given to Sir J. E. Millais's 'Speak, Speak!' lent by the trustees of the Chantrey fund, by whom it was purchased for the nation. On the opposite wall is Sir Frederic Leighton's 'Twixt Hope and Fear,' beautifully set off with electric blue plush, and forming a charming centre in the group. A centre on another wall is formed of Frank Dicksee's, R.A., 'A Reverie,' which the Arts Committee have recommended the City Council to purchase as an addition to the City's permanent collection in the Walker Art Gallery. Other notable subject pictures are Mr. G. P. Jacomb-Hood's 'The Passing of Summer,' Mr. Solomon's 'Narcissus,' Mr. Shannon's 'Tales of the Jungle,' and many more. Amongst the landscapes are good examples of David Murray, A.R.A., Alfred East, R.S., M. R. Corbett, J. E. Johnson, Ernest Parton, E. Waterlow, and others, including some works by the veteran John Finnie, headmaster of the Liverpool School of Art. The collection of Sculpture is not large, but it includes works by most of the leading sculptors. E. Onslow Ford, R.A., sends his charming bronze figure, 'Echo,' and five other contributions. The Water Colours represent some of the leading artists in this medium, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that this exhibition is one of the finest displays of contemporary art ever got together for sale in a provincial gallery.

The Finance Committee of the Liverpool Corporation have resolved to continue the carvings in front of their noble St. George's Hall, at a cost of £3,000. It will be remembered that the first series of six panels were executed some time since by Mr. T. Stirling Lee, mainly at the cost of Mr. Alderman P. H. Rathbone, the enthusiastic Chairman of the Arts Committee, and it is through this gentleman's energy and enterprise in the cause of Art that the work is to be continued.

The hundred years since 1795, when Josiah Wedgwood passed away, have not submerged his memory, or diminished the popularity of his productions, and the centenary of his death was fitly celebrated by a loan exhibition at the Wedgwood Institute, Burslem, of selected pieces of Old Wedgwood ware, made at Burslem and Etruria between the years 1759-1794. It is interesting to note that the Wedgwood Institute, built some twenty-five years ago, is situated upon the actual site of the great potter's first venture in production, and is therefore peculiarly appropriate for his centenary celebration. The exhibition has been arranged and catalogued by Mr. Frederick Rathbone, who also furnishes a short introductory essay, in which he expresses a hope, one that we cordially share, that, at least before the next Centenary Exhibition, our metropolitan museums may have Wedgwood collections of equal importance with those to be found in the chief provincial museums. Every department of the master's activity—his plaques, medallions, cameos, portraits, vases, domestic ware, busts, and personal ornaments—is adequately represented, and the visitor has an excellent opportunity for forming a comprehensive estimate of the value of the work of our greatest English potter, whose art is certainly entitled to higher recognition than the chilling criticisms of Mr. Ruskin, even if it may not quite warrant the glowing eulogy of Mr. Gladstone.

OBITUARY.

The death of Mr. H. H. Emmerson, at Cullercoats, North Shields, which took place on the 28th August, removes an artist of considerable reputation, especially in the north of England. He was a painter in genre, and made his first hit with a picture entitled 'The Village Tailor.' As a young man he underwent a time of hard financial struggle. He received his early training under Mr. William Bell Scott, poet and painter, in the Government Art School at Newcastle, pro-

ceeding thence to London and Paris. His advancement was rapid, and he was honoured with many commissions for noblemen, including Lord Salisbury, Lord Armstrong, and others. He was a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy, where two of his pictures, 'The Queen's Letter' and 'The Critics,' produced much sensation, and proved very popular as engravings. His last important work was entitled 'God's Nursery,' a conception of children of all races united in Heaven, and he was engaged upon a companion picture at the time of his death, which occurred in his sixty-fifth year.



OLD BOOKS ON THE PARIS QUAIS. FROM THE PICTURE BY J. SALA. EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON, 1895.

RECENT BOOKS ON THE FINE ARTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the repeated attempts—hitherto unsuccessful—to establish a high-class artistic periodical in Scotland, certain enthusiastic individuals in Edinburgh have just commenced "THE EVERGREEN, A NORTHERN SEASONAL," to be issued quarterly by P. Geddes in Edinburgh Lawnmarket. This publication has been so well thought out and is so well produced, that it ought certainly to have a lengthy life. It is not too general, and yet there are papers likely to be generally interesting. It is not too local, but there is a goodly proportion of articles on subjects purely Scottish. We understand that the writers and illustrators are all of the northern soil. The illustrations follow the Birmingham text-decorators a little, but they are sufficiently original to be very promising.

Another publication specially interesting to Scottish readers is "JOHN MILLER GRAY" (Douglas, 2 volumes), a sympathetic notice of the young Art critic and curator of the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland, recently dead. It is a great pity Mr. Wedmore did not write the biographical notice of J. M. Gray, for no one knew him better, and at least the result would have been literary and delightful reading. Mrs. Turnbull, who is, however, happily in complete sympathy

with her subject, writes all round, but never really touches it. The only essay worthy of serious attention is "Art Criticisms of J. M. Gray," by Mr. W. D. Mackay: this is good so far as it goes, but it is very short. On the whole, the volumes are worth reading, as they set forth the experience of a clever and intellectual man.

The enterprise of the Keeper of the Museum and Art Gallery of the Corporation of Birmingham is so well known, that one ceases to feel surprise at the excellence of the publications produced under his direction from time to time to increase the educational value of the collections under his care. The "HANDBOOK TO THE INDUSTRIAL ART COLLECTIONS" at Birmingham, which Mr. Whitworth Wallis has compiled, is a neat, cloth-covered, illustrated volume containing just the information, in a compact form, which the student of a public collection has as a rule to hunt up for himself, or do without, as the case may be.

We have seldom seen a work embracing more arduous research than Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies' "ARMORIAL FAMILIES" (T. & E. Jack, Edinburgh). This bulky volume, with over a thousand pages of closely printed text, every line bearing

evidence of the severest investigation, and with more than five hundred illustrations, is a monument of work which cannot but be the outcome of much prolonged labour. The author declares that this is the first attempt to draw a distinction between arms legally used and those otherwise. He does not pretend that his work is an official publication, because no one can issue a work bearing such a title, but he sets forth his authorities, which makes it of equal value, while it is less fettered than an official publication could be. He is entirely without mercy for the person "whose right to arms has not been established to the editor's satisfaction," and in some cases he is unnecessarily severe. To those whose right to bear arms the editor admits the volume will be considered well-nigh perfect; to those who are not so favoured the decision may possibly be of an opposite character.

Weird designs and pictures have a greater fascination for the artist of German origin than any other. Stuck's book, published last year, was strange enough, and the clichés we printed from it aroused the energetic protest of various well-meaning people who consider art should always be pleasant and graceful. Such people would die of fright if they saw "A MODERN DANCE OF DEATH," by J. Sattler (Grevel), a small portfolio of thirteen of the most weird, yet fascinating, drawings we ever have seen. The artistic qualities displayed are of the highest order, although skeletons on every page are apt to shake the nerves to an unwonted degree.

The pleasure of Eastern travel is twofold, and Mrs. Miln, in "WHEN WE WERE STROLLING PLAYERS IN THE EAST" (Osgood), very well defines it as appealing to the intellect and to the artistic sense. She has a very quick eye both for the interests of landscape and for the charm of people. Throughout India she sees little but the conventional sights, but she describes them in a very fresh and unconventional manner. Rangoon and Burmah are less well known. Burmah is the home of an uncorrupted Buddhism, which is far better worth studying than that of any part of India or China, and is found within certain limits less sophisticated, more living, and more truly an influence over the whole population than is the Buddhism of Japan. Of Japan Mrs. Miln has much to say, but chiefly about the people; she lived chiefly in the towns, and has little to say of Japanese art; in fact, she seems to have mistaken the contents of the shops and the attractiveness of the bazaars for a study of Japanese art. In this she revelled, and her one desire in Japan, she says, was to buy everything, and when her money gave out, to steal them. If, therefore, we have to recommend, as we do, Mrs. Miln's account of her adventures as a strolling player in the East for sympathetic perusal, it will be rather in virtue of its spontaneity and freshness, its humanitarian sympathy and unprejudiced acceptance of Oriental standards, than for any extended insight which it gives to the art, life, or products of the Eastern countries which she visited.

Mr. Holman Hunt has printed for publication his "ROMANES LECTURE ON ART" (Frowde), and we commend to the advanced critic these matured opinions of the last practiser of the pre-Raphaelite cult. These opinions are, of course, entitled to our respectful attention, but they are not likely to have any serious influence, and only exemplify the saying that "an artist's business is to paint," and not to write a lecture. When Mr. Holman Hunt publishes his long-expected book on "Pre-Raphaelitism in England" his literary endeavours will be more warmly welcomed.

"OUR SQUARE AND CIRCLE," by Jack Easel (Smith, Elder), is the annals of a London house which gives many really interesting details respecting the interior decoration of a metropolitan house at the end of the nineteenth century. Besides this, there are several true pictures of every-day people; and, altogether, a rather uninviting book with an absurd title turns out to be an entertaining series of sketches by some one evidently well acquainted with the artistic world.

Mr. H. P. FitzGerald Marriott has employed his time at Pompeii so well that he has gathered together a lengthy series of "FACTS ABOUT POMPEII" (Hazell, Watson), which form an important addition to the literature of the buried city. He has especially dwelt on the houses, town walls, masons' marks, and portraits, all of which are illustrated; and his researches open out several new ideas, well worthy of being further developed.

Two publications on photography are worthy of commendation—"A DICTIONARY OF PHOTOGRAPHY," by E. J. Wall (Hazell) has reached the sixth edition, with greatly increased bulk because of its many important additions. "EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR PHOTOGRAPHY," by F. W. Mills (Dawbarn & Ward, 6, Farringdon Avenue), is specially useful to architects, and it gives the latest information on interior photography in a practical way.

Messrs. Hanstaengl, of Munich and Pall Mall, London, have been authorised to make permanent reproductions in carbon of the Queen's pictures in Buckingham Palace and in Windsor Castle. These photographs are published in large size, and all the charm of the originals is retained in the reproduction. Specially successful are the portraits by Vandyke at Windsor, and Terburg's celebrated picture 'The Letter,' in Buckingham Palace.

One of the best of the smaller Art-promoting societies is the Art for Schools Association, which from Queen Square, Bloomsbury, carries on quietly but energetically the supply, at nominal figures, of good reproductions for use in decoration of schools. Two of their new publications is 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' from the picture attributed to G. Bellini in Earl Brownlow's collection, and 'The Newhaven Packet,' a fine seascape by Henry Moore.



WINDING WOOL. PAINTED BY J. H. LORIMER.

J. H. LORIMER.



extreme both in action and in re-action. What century has
NOVEMBER, 1895.

THE nineteenth century, like the seventeenth, has been an age of experimental activity in the arts. It revolted against the finely-ordered ranks of the eighteenth century from which Watteau and Chardin had been the only stragglers of note. Such reactions are not uncommon in the smaller fields of family life, and the trim father often marvels at the unkempt son. Our age has questioned everything, even the necessity of convention, the very bed-rock of Art; its indefatigable energy has rebounded at every spring, and we have seen painting

been so enthusiastically archaistic as ours, and what other



"SWEET ROSES." PAINTED BY J. H. LORIMER.



PROFESSOR JAMES LORIMER.
PAINTED BY HIS SON, J. H. LORIMER.

path, avoiding faults but sometimes missing beauties, it escapes censure too often at the cost of all that can stimulate an ardent worship. Especially at a time of new birth like the present, a positive attitude alone wins a ready sympathy, for people act on the principle that he who is not with me is against me. Be a mystic, be an old English or a new Scottish decorator, above all be an Impressionist, and you sail with a crowd who catch a favourable turn of wind. Steer your course by them, trim your sails by theirs, and you may progress without trouble or discomfiture before the eyes of all men.

Mr. Lorimer is a moderate man, a conscientious artist, and anything but a charlatan, and yet he has won respectful consideration, not only from the public, but from the profession; not only from England, but from the Continent. So it is that one like M. Besnard, who receives the broadest impressions of light from a scene in nature, is powerfully affected by the sincerity of a picture by Mr. Lorimer; that a deeply poetic visionary like M. Ary Renan, who combines classic culture with a Celtic mysticism, singles Mr. Lorimer from the Academy as one whose pictures answer to Mr. Ruskin's definition of "true Art" as "that in which the hand,

so recklessly glut-tonous of novelty? Who more reverent and religious in the cult of "pastiche" than some of our painters, and than others who are more confident in their own eyesight, more fearless in their reliance on individual impressions? In the midst of violence, moderation passes unobserved. In the arts, moreover, it follows a dangerous

the head, and the heart of man go together."

These two are men of genius, and one wonders less that they should recognise merit in spite of a foreign dress and an unfamiliar manner, than that official bodies, who are proverbially guided by routine, should see below the mere externals of a quiet style, neither particularly novel nor

particularly clever and audacious. Yet Mr. Lorimer has been medalled in France, and his pictures have been hung in good places in the Paris Salons and in the exhibition at



COLONEL ANSTRUTHER THOMSON.
PAINTED BY J. H. LORIMER.

Munich. It is not surprising, then, that Mr. Lorimer's canvases should be well treated in the Royal Academy, or that the work of a man praised alike by English and foreign critics should occupy the public eye in exhibitions and a considerable share of many conversations on the future of British painting. With justice he may be counted one of those men whose art at present excites some measure of curiosity and expectation amongst artists and lovers of pictures.

As Mr. Lorimer began to study professionally nearly twenty-five years ago he is coeval with those who have brought about a great change in the aims and direction of British painting. But although carried with the rest of the world some way on the tide which sets towards an art matured in France, he has himself scarcely struck out towards innovation, and has not voluntarily sought to lessen the distance which separates English art from universal art. Nowadays, when impressionism is allowed its place in Art, when, indeed, it has recruited as many bad artists as any other sect, perhaps one need not



THE BONNIE, BONNIE BANKS OF LOCH LOMOND.
A DRAWING BY J. H. LORIMER.

fear to be misunderstood if one expresses a warm admiration for some of the pictures of Sir Frederic Leighton, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Lorimer and others, who have not ostensibly joined the ranks of modern art.

Perhaps Mr. Lorimer may feel more with Mr. Orchardson than with Corot, Millet, Manet, Duran, Whistler, Degas, Sargent, or the two Marises, yet his work is by no means anti-impressionistic. He has travelled by the right road, and he is well-advised not to travel too quickly. No man should quarrel lightly with his past, should forestall his maturity, or should consent to see with the eyes of another. Mr. Lorimer is not likely to stop where he is for ever; already he loves luminosity and freshness of tone more than the school from which he has sprung. To my own taste his pictures lose the delicate sentiment that M. Besnard likes, and the meditative poetry that M. Renan so much admires?

The growth of Art is wayward and full of surprises. Mr. Lorimer may turn to decoration and a style of marked conventionality, or, which seems more probable, he will learn to keep his personal view and his English flavour while he fortifies and broadens his art by an impressionism modified to his own use.

There is in the history of Mr. Lorimer's education much that gives one a high opinion of the originality of his eyesight and the sincerity of his convictions. However he may paint,

and however he may hold himself aloof from the art of the Continent, it is not from want of experience of modern art, or from lack of a thorough understanding of what is being done abroad.

A short view of his career, a brief account of his course of study, will show that his originality, like all true originality, has not been preserved in a hot-house, but has been exposed to every influence of the century. He has never been led astray from his own course, but he has held his luff, so to speak, and now, if he chooses to run free, he will start from a point of vantage.

Mr. Lorimer was born in 1857, and began his professional studies in Edinburgh, where his father held the Chair of Public and International Law. At first he worked in the School of Art on the Mound, where he went through the usual South Kensington course, a training, by the way, but ill-fitted for the education of a painter. However, he soon



THE ELEVENTH HOUR. PAINTED BY J. H. LORIMER.

the tones of light, but he seems afraid to trust it to reveal forms altogether as it does in the actual world. If he strengthened his faith in the power of light, would his pictures lose the delicate sentiment that M. Besnard likes, and the meditative poetry that M. Renan so much admires?

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passed into the life school of the Royal Scottish Academy, and later he visited Holland, Belgium, France, Spain, Italy and Germany. Possessed of the sound belief that the individuality of a painter is not to be destroyed by a study of the resources of his material, he copied Velasquez in Madrid and Tintoretto and Bellini in Italy. During six months spent in Venice he made a certain number of sketches from nature as well as copies of the old masters, thus enlarging his knowledge of effect and his view of beauty, a quality which at that time received a narrow and provincial interpretation in the schools of Great Britain. It was long before Mr. Lorimer saw anything of French art except in flying visits to Paris. In 1884, however, he joined the atelier of M. Carolus Duran in order that he might get a practical knowledge of those

French methods of teaching and working which had long exercised so potent an influence on all Continental art, and were even then beginning to affect the insular independence of English painting. Mr. Lorimer has the greatest respect for M. Carolus Duran as a teacher, and constantly quotes his pregnant sayings, yet not one of those persons who fear the contagion of French teaching would pretend that in this case the master has suppressed the pupil's individuality, or taught him to "paint with a French accent."

The pictures of Mr. Lorimer's later life, the outcome of the course of study just described, are well known to the public. Those charming interiors, such as 'The Eleventh Hour' (Academy '94), 'Grandmother's Birthday—Saying Grace' (Academy '93), and many another, are by no means only elegant and formal schemes of decorative art. The last-named painting has been purchased by the French Government for public exhibition, the greatest compliment France can give to a painter. These pictures are instinct with feeling for the true character of face and figure, expression and type, colour and light. In them Mr. Lorimer has given much study and thought to the setting of his personages, to the style and beauty of the surroundings in which they are placed. These fascinating interiors strike no one as fanciful or offhand, as cold compilations of archaic research, as commercial combinations of fantasy, bric-à-brac and the odd corners of a furniture shop. They are natural, habitable, intimate, and, even to a thoughtless observer, the inevitable home of the figures that people their dainty seclusion.

Mr. Lorimer enjoys the advantage of living in an old castle



LULLABYE. PAINTED BY J. H. LORIMER.

in Fife, built probably between 1300 and 1400, and refitted in the late times of the Renaissance. When Mr. Lorimer is not in Fifeshire he is working in a pleasant old house in



THE PEDLAR. A SKETCH BY J. H. LORIMER.

Edwards Square, Kensington, which has been fitted up after the fashion of the old castle.

In the illustrations to this article, you cannot see the exquisite harmony of fawn and cream of 'The Eleventh Hour,' nor the contrast of blue and chastened orange of 'Evening,' but you can see something of the feeling for delicacy of tone and nicety of detail which Mr. Lorimer only surpasses, perhaps, in one or two of the sketches made direct from nature for these pictures. You may judge, too, of that sense of arrangement, neither too formal nor too eccentric, which is one of his chief merits. 'The Ordination of Elders' and 'Lullabye,' are based on graver and darker schemes of colour; the first picture is, perhaps, a little hard, and its chief quality to me lies in the sympathy with which several marked types of Scottish faces have been seen and rendered. 'Lullabye' attains to more repose and a higher beauty. With its studious handling, its grave colour, its low-toned lighting, it reminds one of the conscientious realism of some old Dutch painter. We give two portraits—a gentleman in riding costume standing against a plain, brownish-yellow curtain, and a dark, magnificent portrait of Dr. James Lorimer, the painter's father. This last picture is one of the best things Mr. Lorimer has ever painted; it is intensely studied without being hard or trivial; it has all the breadth and force of presentment of a Holl or a Pettie, but without their theatrical emphasis, unnatural colouring, or enforced reliefs. It remains for me to mention the suggestive and impressionistic drawings, 'Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond,' two girls in graceful attitudes which reduplicate and interweave the lines of their figures, and the study of an old man, in which the interest is vigorously concentrated on the head, although plenty of character is shown in the suggested figure.

R. A. M. STEVENSON.





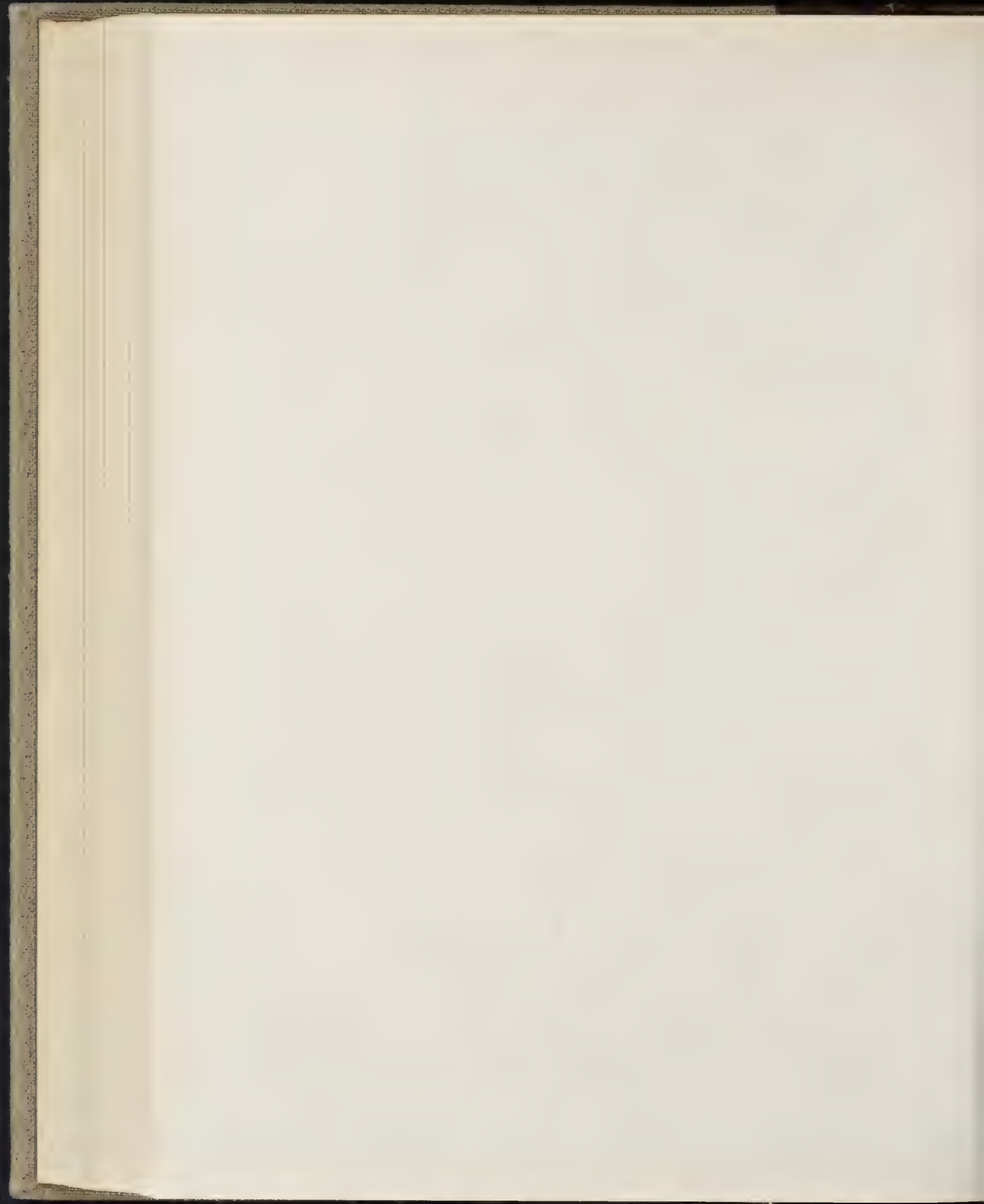


GRANDMOTHERS BIRTHDAY.—SAYING GRACE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. H. LORIMER, A.R.S.A.

Purchased by the French Government.

J. H. Lorimer





THE READING-IN ROOM. FIRST PROCESS IN MANUFACTURE OF AXMINSTER CARPET. NO. 1.

THE MAKING OF AXMINSTER CARPETS.

TO the average person, the very name of Kidderminster suggests carpets, as certainly as Everton recalls toffee. To travellers of experience it comes, indeed, as a surprise to discover that anything resembling the industry associated with its name should still be maintained in any particular locality. But their wonder is qualified when they find that the special product known as Kidderminster carpeting is (I believe) only woven in a single factory, and to no very considerable extent; so that the ordinary rule of place-names affording no evidence of the actual locality of the productions they entitle, need not be credited with a very prominent exception.

So for the carpets that concern us here you may search the town of Axminster in vain. It is no more occupied with their manufacture to-day than is Brussels with the popular fabric whose name it bears.

it is a king of carpets, and at Messrs. Tomkinson & Adam's works you will find the largest and most complete factory



THE YARN ROOM. NO. 3.



IN THE DYE HOUSE. NO. 2.

The chief product of Kidderminster, from an artistic point of view, and very possibly from a commercial one also, is Axminster—Royal Axminster, as it is not inaptly styled, for
1895.

devoted solely to its manufacture in this country, employing two thousand hands. Indeed, the Axminster known as the "Royal Axminster Aristo," which is the most popular product of the firm, is made nowhere else in Great Britain. Therefore, we may take this as the typical head-quarters of a very important industry, one that, from its intrinsic excellence and artistic standard, may fairly be left to represent English products to all the world.

Great factories are as often found in picturesque valleys as great towns by rivers—and the water is the secret of the choice of either site. For although in these days of steam, the streams which once supplied the motive power are reduced to mere channels for waste fluid, they are as responsible for the initial industry as for the valleys they have slowly carved among the hills wherein these mills and factories are placed. Yet, many as are the attractions of the town itself, which would supply

ample material for an interesting article, it is not possible here to describe even the fine mediæval church, the picturesque old houses, or the statues of more than average excellence which commemorate Richard Baxter and Sir Rowland Hill, two local worthies of more than local fame.

For the special subject which concerns us here can scarce be adequately presented in the given space. It would not be an easy task to describe the effect of a fine performance of a great symphony to a person unfamiliar with any but pianoforte music. But if, besides the general impression, you tried to convey to him not merely the emotional effect of the composition and its tone-colouring, but the technical construction of the work, its scientific achievements as well as its artistic beauty, the enterprise might well appear hopeless.

Is it absurd to compare a first hearing of a superb symphony with the effect of a rapid survey of a huge manufactory? In each case you are conscious of being confronted with new

we found that self-coloured threads (also running parallel to the selvage) were brought to the surface in alternative order to supply the pattern, while the threads not required for that purpose were woven into the back unseen and to a certain extent wasted. In Axminster, the governing idea is a parti-coloured chenille that runs across the fabric. Speaking of tapestry, by way of familiar illustration, the system of its manufacture was compared roughly to that of a bead-curtain, where the separate items of colour strung on threads yielded a pattern when duly placed side by side. So we might compare the building up of the design in an Axminster to the same strings of beads, not hanging, but laid side by side *across* the width, and sewn into place. This is a vague and not very illuminative simile, but it may help to make clear the essential differences between the two makes of carpet.

In Axminster, all the coloured wool which forms the visible pattern is ready to stand the wear and tear to the last thread. When the pile of Wilton or Brussels is woven, a great part of the more costly wool is wasted. Here to the last shred it is visible, and offers such a resistance that even ten or twelve years of constant wear hardly leaves any appreciable result on its fair surface.

In starting on an imaginary tour through these factories, we are not concerned with the preparation of the yarn itself. That is spun elsewhere, and we discover it—a fairly spotless material in great bales—being dipped into huge vats of boiling dyes. A most picturesque scene it presents, as in a large well-ventilated shed the giant cubes swing slowly from powerful travelling cranes to be lowered into the bubbling tanks of coloured liquid. When thoroughly impregnated with the pigment, the great sodden masses of wool are placed in a whirling cylinder known as the extractor, and therein revolved until they have given off their superfluous moisture. Hence they pass

through a series of heated chambers to emerge warm and dry, ready for storing. The whole scene is delightfully paintable, whether amid the primitive conditions of the old dye-house, with its heavy beams and rough walls, or in the new shed (see Illustration No. 2), fitted up with all modern improvements, the movement, colour, and atmosphere supplied liberally by the steaming vats; it is a pearl of colour to delight the eye of an artist.

Indeed, when visiting many of our great industries, few things appear more inexplicable than that they are neglected by artists. In almost any one may you find pictures that cry out to be painted. Except for traditional associations, there can be no valid reason why such essentially commercial incidents as sheep-washing, horse-shoeing, anchor-forging, or shipbuilding, should be reckoned legitimate themes for pictures; while the stress and toil, the light and colour, the movement and grace of the routine of our mills and factories, with their complex machinery, are left severely alone. Even the rail, despite a few exceptions by Turner, Frith, Sidney Starr—(a curious trio, yet one can recall no others readily) is still



THE THREADING ROOM. SECOND PROCESS IN MANUFACTURE OF AXMINSTER CARPET. NO. 4.

ideas that are succeeded by others almost before you can grasp their meaning. The one may leave you with a vague sense of the tragedy, pathos, joy, and despair of life newly presented to you; the other makes you realise, as you never did before, the importance of commerce as a factor of civilisation and the romance of mere routine when its complexity is mastered and arranged in infinite order.

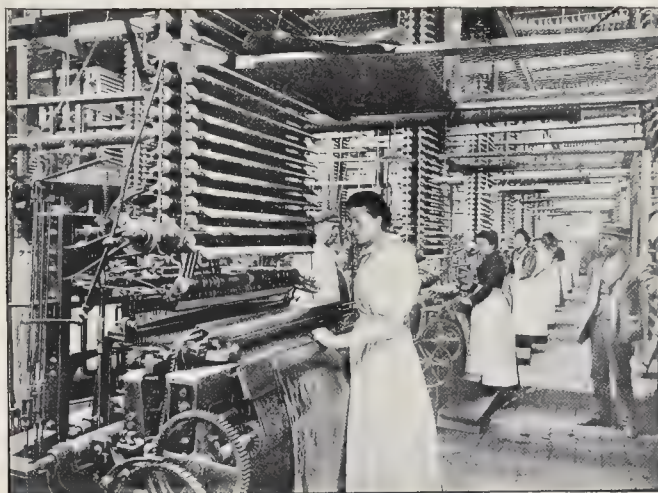
In a former paper, the making of Tapestry and Brussels Carpets was briefly described. With Wilton (practically a Brussels with a cut pile), Kidderminster (a woven fabric employed, it is true, for floor-covering, but different only in degree from other woollen cloths), and lastly, and chiefly, Axminster, we shall have mentioned all varieties of English-made carpets worth considering.

Before going into the method of its production, it will be best to explain the peculiarities of Axminster as distinguished from any of the other species.

In tapestry we discovered that the threads of wool running parallel with the length of the fabric were parti-coloured in an arbitrary manner so as to supply the pattern. In Brussels

untouched. The accidental conditions of the local colour, in this particular instance, the atmospheric effects of the boiling vats, with their coloured steam like some brew in a witch's cauldron, which the dyeing-sheds offer, the admirable groupings in the final process, as the machines gradually yield up the finished carpets, all these subjects and many others, even in this one factory, offer every opportunity to a painter who cares to leave the beaten track. For the problems of colour and the complex effects of lighting are just those which the modern artist loves to tackle. The workers are comely and picturesque to a remarkable degree, and no less worthy to be chosen as models than the cigarette-girls of Seville or the bead-stringers of Venice. Nor would obstacles be thrown in the way of the artist. In many modern mills the space is large enough to admit a painter and his easel without hindrance to the workpeople. The proprietors are usually men of culture, and quite ready to help Art outside their particular domain to any reasonable extent. Of course, the value of such pictures must depend on their authors, who may, indeed, paint them so as to enrich Art with new masterpieces; but even if they were far less satisfactory,

as sordid and unfit for song or picture, is a reproach to Art. From the dye sheds you follow the wool to long galleries, where, stored in gigantic skeins upon endless tiers, you see



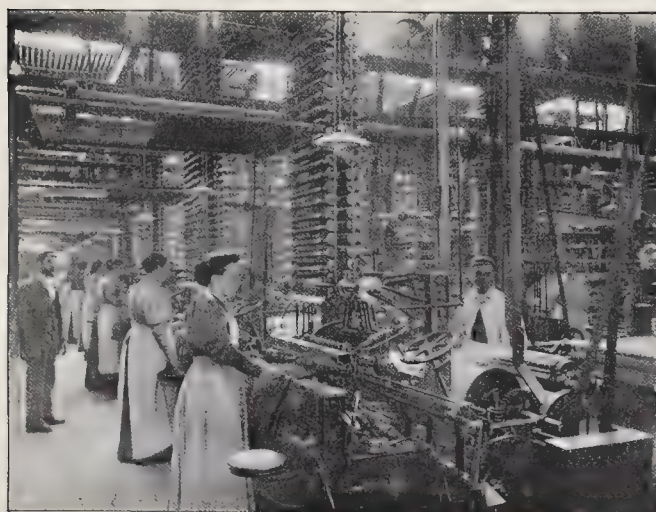
A LOOM ATTENDANT. No. 6.

sufficient raw material for thousands of yards of carpet. Here (see No. 3) again are interiors that a painter might depict with advantage.

Leaving, however, their æsthetic aspect, you note in progress the preliminary steps for the next stage of the manufacture. The wool all being matched for any given pattern, the samples of the required shades (which have been plaited in a rough fringe upon a stick) are handed to one of the staff, who quickly identifies each shade in turn, and despatches the necessary quantity to the next department. A record of the shades in each pattern is kept, by means of the wool wound on a series of tiny spools which are stored in separate boxes duly labelled and numbered. Thus, for the repeat of any particular design, the foreman in charge has but to turn up its number. When you find that from five hundred to a thousand shades of wool are in ordinary use, the method that this particular department demands, to insure accuracy without waste of time, is in itself impressive.

The next room is full of a clatter of bobbins set on machines which line the long gallery, a vanishing perspective.

And here we face the peculiar preparation required for Axminster of the classes known as "Royal" and "Aristo." At present it is only needful to explain that the work-girls have in front of them the painted design, and are engaged in rolling the coloured yarn on long spools in the exact order of the colours arranged



THE ROYAL AXMINSTER CARPET-WEAVING LOOMS. THIRD PROCESS. No. 5.

they should yield documents of lasting interest, which would doubtless in time find their way into permanent galleries, and be preserved as records of the energy of the district. That agricultural and a few other pursuits should be deemed purged of the taint of commerce, and other crafts ranked

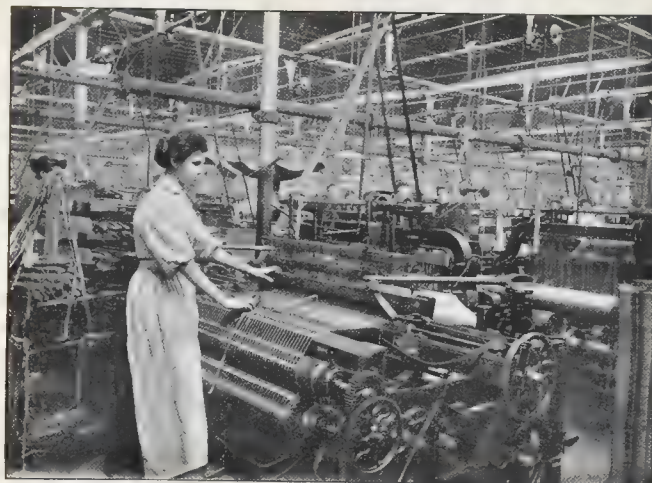
in the design line after line. The bobbins, each charged with its particular shade, stand at the back of the machine in a tier of rows on an inclined plane, the threads (as the Illustration, No. 1, shows) are brought forward in the proper order. The ends are secured by an ingenious appliance, the spool is set in motion, rapidly winding enough yarn to supply each one a whole yard of carpet, then the ends are cut with a knife, and, if other spools of the same pattern are required, they are filled until the required number is attained. The threads are next arranged in due order for the succeeding line of the pattern, and so on until as many spools are prepared as there are lines in the repeat of the design. Two hundred and fifty to three hundred may be taken as the average number to produce a single repeat of the pattern. Thus we see that the amount of yarn provided for one set of spools will suffice for two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards of the finished carpet.

So far, the wool appears to the ordinary vision merely a

In the next room (Illustration 4) these spools are handled by girls who thread each yarn through a small tube, one of many upon a corrugated strip of metal containing as many orifices as there are threads in the fabric. Here the rapidity which each worker displays is marvellous. Armed with a little implement not unlike a crochet-needle, she seizes the end of each successive yarn in due order, until they all appear through the strip of tubes; these are then properly adjusted, and the spool, labelled and neatly tied, is set aside ready for feeding the machine. And now, having deferred it so long, one must needs endeavour to describe the peculiarities of weaving the carpets known as Axminster, which are the sole product of these huge works. These are made by two entirely distinct processes. The Royal and Aristo Axminster being woven by a very complex loom, invented in America by Mr. Halcyon Skinner; and the chenille Axminsters, which are woven chiefly on a very ingenious loom invented by Mr. W. Adam, of this firm,

many years ago. This superseded the old hand-power loom, except for a few special makes that are still carried on upon it in the older buildings the other side of the road, wherein the main factory stands.

Few machines are more fascinating to a visitor not technically learned in mechanics, than the Royal Axminster loom which the halcyon American happily contrived. The extremely complex movements which produce the carpet may be beyond one's power to follow; yet the broad principles upon which they work will be comprehended readily. Although, except for a little adjustment of the ends of the work, and a constant oversight against accidental wrong-goings, the weaving is automatic, yet it is hard to realise that the peculiarly delicate movements which follow one another so rapidly that the eye can scarce disentangle their sequence, are really guided by cogwheels and rods. So intricate and dexterous is the pre-



WEFT-WEAVING, THE FIRST PROCESS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF CHENILLE AXMINSTER CARPETS. No. 7.

coarser variety of that employed for fancy work, and you hardly realise that it is this soft and silky fibre which is really all that is visible in an Axminster carpet, or that it can withstand the wear of a dozen years without showing disastrous signs of age. Yet it is so; other materials are employed for the back of the fabric, but merely as support to its working face. The back is invisible to sight or touch, hidden as it is by the closely-fitted pile of the "chenille" wool that supplies not merely the pattern, but the essential substance of the carpet itself.

For the strands of the so-called "chenille" itself, it is difficult to find a simple parallel example; unless, indeed, you liken it to the tiny bottle-brush which smokers use to clean a pipe. When it is made—whether beforehand as in the chenille Skinner process, or with the magic celerity of the "Aristo" process—it appears a thread of some hard fibre, with radiating spokes of wool. By an ingenious process these radiating spokes are doubled up into a V-like form, until they appear closely packed together on one side only of what was the central thread. And this process, whether accomplished suddenly in the "Royal" variety, or previously prepared for the older makes, is ruled by the same general principle.

recision of each separate act, that it seems as if it must needs be the direct result of human intelligence. That a great printing press, and many another machine, is no less elaborate and no less wonderful is very possible, but in none of these (save possibly in paper-making) do you see the result of all that has taken place concentrated in a single incident and presented so clearly. Although each machine would occupy the cubic space of a fairly large room, the actual moment of weaving is confined to quite a small space. As you watch the bobbins come down and yield the needful supply of yarn which adds one line of the pattern, and see the veritable carpet spring into existence line by line under your eyes, it is as fascinating as the skilful legerdermain of a master-conjuror. True that the machine does not hide its deftness, and betrays clearly the magic of its cunning, but all the same, the skill seems in either case well-nigh superhuman. In the weaving of tapestry and Brussels the forethought that planned the subtle mechanism is the most striking impression. Here, you forget for awhile the marvel of perfecting so involved a system, for the result set before you is so engrossing and so intelligently wrought that you gaze and gaze open-



AN AXMINSTER RUG. No. 8.

eyed, with a distinct pleasure at being able to understand, however inadequately, the working of the parts that are immediately before you. At the first visit you soon grasp the main features of the process and promise yourself increased pleasure on successive visits. But here again the penalty of a little knowledge is quickly enforced, and after the fifth or sixth inspection, you feel you know much less about it than you did at first.

For having grasped the sequence of movements that the yarn

undergoes from the time it leaves the long roller on which it is wound, until it slides away an integral portion of a practically completed fabric, you begin to attempt to trace the evolution of those various stages, and fail miserably. Once you lose sight of the thread of the yarn, you are hopelessly lost in a whirling medley of rods and wheels. Yet the mighty machine, driven by steam, is comparatively quiet in all its action, and under the perfect control of its attendant, usually a girl; who with a pair of scissors now and again clips a projecting straw of yarn, or inspects closely the growth of the fabric to see that no imperfections occur.

Although, to describe the machine so as to give a layman any adequate notion of its construction and the meaning of



THE FINISHING ROOM. No. 10.

its divers parts, would be a hopeless task, it may be possible to record the impression it gives on a first visit. The attendant, standing in front, has beneath her hands the end of a piece of the woven fabric—the other end passing down below the platform on which she stands, and gradually winding itself on the growing roll of carpet in a hidden recep-

tacle. The linen threads of the warp are stretched before her, until they are lost to the spectator in the ordered confusion of machinery, among which they quiver. In front of the attendant hangs suspended, like laths in a Venetian blind, a series of long rods—looking like ordinary window-blind rollers, covered with striped yarn in various colours. These spools are arrayed upon an endless chain. You see them hanging from the level of her hand up, roller after roller, for a considerable distance. There, as the height required for so vast a number (between two and three hundred) would be probably unmanageable, they spread out on either side and are carried along horizontal racks. All these horizontal layers, however, are like the vertical rods upon the same endless chain, and pass out of sight, only to traverse the circuit until they appear once more to fulfil their allotted part in the scheme. As each spool reaches the lowest place before the operator, you see that the threaded portion (spoken of earlier in this paper) projects

towards the operator. At the given moment, automatic hands of metal (I know not their technical name, they appear too human to call them anything but hands) catch the spool as it leaves the chain. Then it is moved forward, the thread of the warp passes over the yarn, which is unwound to a rigidly defined length, a knife cuts it off, and the spool is, by the same hands, restored to its place in the chain, while the yarn itself is doubled up, and slides forward on the threads of the woof, to take its place as part of the fabric. Another knife sweeps across it and cuts the pile to a smooth velvet-like surface, and the operation is complete; or, to be more correct, the dozens of operations which the untechnical observer overlooks, have also taken place. I fear that this brief description fails to convey even a faint impression of the process. One requires the rhapsody of a French style to do it justice.

“Chenille Axminster,” although presenting little difference in its appearance to an untrained eye, is really produced by an entirely distinct process; or, to be more accurate, by two kindred processes that are worked the one on the old handloom, the other on the power-loom invented by Mr. W. Adam. The preparation of the yarn of chenille with its passages of



A ROYAL AXMINSTER CARPET AND BORDER. No. 9.

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colour pre-arranged to fall each into its right place in the pattern, is prepared beforehand for both these looms by a distinct operation. Roughly speaking, it is first woven into a loose fabric, which is cut in strips by an ingenious machine, which strips are then bent into a "V" shape, so that in place of being a double fringe of coloured yarns, with a fine thread running down the centre to keep the short lengths of wool taut, it becomes a series of thick tufts of wool, side by side, firmly threaded upon the aforesaid stout twine. This chenille, which forms the weft, is laid across the coarse threads of the warp and woven into place. If you were to pull a hearth-rug to pieces, you would find its weft formed one huge chenille that crossed and recrossed the warps from end to end in a complete "rope" of coloured tufts. Although this chenille is prepared in a completely different way, the principle which rules the arrangement for the Royal Axminster pattern is also found governing the distribution of colours in this.

In the hand-loom, which is still employed largely and used for all wide carpets (up to twenty-four feet in width), the chenille is guided to its place by the workman's hand, and each crossing is combed, so to speak, tightly into line with its predecessor before it is woven into the fabric. Although the power-loom, which simplifies and accelerates this process to a marvellous extent, is largely employed—not only in these works where it was conceived and perfected, but also by the Glasgow firm of Messrs. Templeton, who manufacture all their "Axminsters" upon hand or power-looms, and do not use the American Royal Axminster "Skinner" loom previously described—it has not driven out the older process which is used, as I have said, for hearthrugs and for carpets made wider than the standard of twenty-seven inches, that is employed for all normal patterns. Until you see the hundreds of patterns of rugs turned out in these works, you hardly realise what a very important branch of the carpet industry they represent. At one time, indeed, the Axminster processes were almost entirely devoted to hearthrugs, which were made in colours and designs to match the Brussels, Tapestries, and other varieties made by other firms.

In weft-weaving, you see the first process for the manufacture of the chenille carpets and rugs, and in the patent power-loom (No. 7) and the old hand-power loom, the final stage. At the right hand of the latter are huge banks of the chenilles ready to be woven into the large loom, which, worked by two men, produces very wide carpets. It would serve little purpose to attempt to explain the action of the early loom, or the most elaborate and ingenious invention of Mr. W. Adam. Lacking the sensational movement which occurs in the weaving of the Royal Aristo carpet, it is none the less a most complicated and ingenious machine.

The ingenious machines for shearing the carpet, so that its pile is absolutely even, the appliances for brushing it, for starching the backs, and a dozen or more processes, must be merely mentioned. The final touching up in the finishing rooms yields most picturesque groups (No. 10), as the bright-coloured fabrics are rapidly criticised inch by inch by girls who stand ready with needle and thread to supply any defective spot.

The peculiarly high level of design which distinguishes a large proportion of the carpets of this firm is not surprising when you find one of its partners is a connoisseur of Japanese Art, who possesses one of the best, perhaps the finest

private collection in England, and that another partner, Mr. Peter Adam, is himself a designer of considerable ability, able to invent beautiful schemes of form and colour with full knowledge of the technical means to be employed. The firm employ a large staff of artists and assistant draughtsmen, and Mr. Adam himself supplies some of the most beautiful designs. They also purchase many from leading outside designers; although the technical limitations of Axminster do not harass the designer to any appreciable extent so far as the number of shades of colour is concerned, it requires no little knowledge to produce workable patterns, so that they escape the inundations of tentative schemes which the Art students of to-day shower on the proprietors of less complex industries.

It is true that the very restricted number of colours which "Brussels" alone permits, four or five—with a possible dozen employed according to much knowledge in "planting"—are here replaced by a practically unlimited number, so that it is far easier for one unacquainted with the process to design for "Axminster" than for Brussels; but that fact alone should not tempt the unwary artist to seek his fortune in this direction, for of all the products of commerce that require his aid, few, if any, are so difficult to compass without years of experiment and failure as the planning of carpet-patterns.

Colour is far the most important quality in designing floor coverings. It is the extreme difficulty of arranging a pattern that shall look well when its original scheme of colour is replaced by half a dozen entirely distinct arrangements, which, added to the other difficulties, completes the despair of an ordinary designer. Here the artists are thoroughly familiar with the limitations imposed by the necessities of the mechanical reproduction, and fully alive to the alternative schemes of colour that a design must undergo, so that from the first the idea takes a practical form. From the invariable experience of manufacturers, you gather that the most beautiful drawings by first-class artists, not specialists, rarely fulfil all these conditions, and that their translation by experts to practical shape generally displeases the original artist, and often yields a pattern which has quite lost its first charm. For carpets must be, first and last, pleasantly arranged masses of colour; the "drawing" of the details is of far less moment; indeed when every curve must needs be represented by a zig-zag of tiny angles, all subtlety of form becomes not merely impossible to reproduce, but a source of danger.

Space forbids description of the designing rooms, where half a hundred artists are regularly employed, or of the show rooms, where a splendid feast of colour is outspread before you on the polished floor. Indeed, the last impression that remains is one of rich colour, now in obedience to passing fashion delicate, now almost commonplace, now heavily artistic, and again soberly æsthetic, but when really representing the spirit of the Royal Axminster, a splendid harmony of full deep-bodied colours that recall the splendours of Persian looms, the carpets that are the treasures of caliphs and Eastern potentates. Lacking, it is true, the inequality which is at once the charm and the defect of hand-woven carpets, these commercially produced fabrics have a stately splendour of their own that is peculiarly impressive, especially when seen amid hundreds of their fellows, and you cannot help feeling proud of so fine a contribution to English industrial produce. They may fairly sustain the artistic and mechanical reputation of our country throughout the whole world.

GLEESON WHITE.



FISHERMEN'S COTTAGES, SEAFORD. FROM A DRAWING BY GEO. C. HAITÉ, R.B.A.



IT is a sad reflection, based, unfortunately, upon experience, that our quaint old seaport towns and market-places will soon exist only in the memory of those fortunate enough to have seen them, or enshrined in magazines such as this, where possibly re-

ceiving no great attention at the present from a public

surfeited with what has been aptly described as cheap literature, will, in the years to come, be of immeasurable value as a record, even as we now value the descriptions of Old London preserved to us by the writers of a bygone age. Much of the pleasure derived by lovers of the picturesque from discovering and sketching the old houses and cottages still to be found in our towns and villages, is neutralised by the knowledge that they are soon—soon to be swept away.

As I stood upon the Esplanade of Seaford, pencil in hand, and sketched the old church and row of humble fisher-folk's cottages, alas! soon to come down, the chimes from the old tower seemed to tune themselves to the rhythm of my thoughts, and rang pathetically over all that remains of this old-world place. Moreover, I was moved to pity its present plight almost as if it were human.

The few bits of old Seaford are going, and going fast. "It has been fortunate enough to have attracted of late a well-deserved degree of attention as a watering-place, and has already been provided with an admirably-constructed esplanade, with a carriage-drive bordering on it of three-quarters of a mile in length;" and as a further concession to fashion, "several of the old streets are being converted into a broad and handsome thoroughfare of modern houses and shops, all of which are rapidly tenanted." Thus the descriptive guide to Seaford and Newhaven. To those lovers of the old and picturesque England of our forefathers, it is a painful fact that Seaford is modernizing rapidly, and will soon achieve greatness, and, to quote the guide again, "will possess a completed front, which will be an ornament to the town, and a delight to the visitors." It may become a second Eastbourne, or a small Brighton; but ere that is accomplished, it will have lost all claim to individuality—the historic old town will have utterly disappeared. Indeed, a foretaste of its so-called future greatness already exists; it has its Hotel on the Esplanade with *table d'hôte*, and a "complete system of fire-hydrants and fittings." Also no less than three *al-fresco* performances daily in the front thereof, at which the inspiring chorus of "Liza's Tootsies, Liza's Feet," is indulged in, and never fails to hold the majority of the Seaford visitors in an admiring and appreciative audience; while as a concession to high art, a more pretentious ballad entertainment is provided by a tenor and soprano accompanied by a pianoforte orchestra on wheels! but no doubt can exist as to which is the most popular and paying entertainment. Either of these



SOUTH STREET, SEAFORD. FROM A DRAWING BY GEO. C. HAITE, R.B.A.

methods of entertaining visitors is sufficient to keep them on the sea-front, and the "admirably-constructed esplanade and carriage-drive" (where, of all places in the world, one would least expect a carriage to be), when there are walks and drives to the neighbouring villages, or over nature's carpet across the downs to Eastbourne, if needs be for upwards of nine miles distant, with a glorious ever-changing seascape on the one hand, and on the other superb undulating country of grassy downs, cornfields, and nestling homesteads, with the rabbits crossing one's path, and the partridge calling in the stubble—over land with historic records of two thousand years or more.

On the summit of the East Cliff, which rises some 280 feet above the sea-level, are the remains of the earthworks of an old Roman camp. The cliff, facing seawards, presents a precipitous wall of glittering chalk and flint. To the east, the eye travels over undulating downs towards Eastbourne; the Belle Tout tower may be seen, and the station at Beachy Head in the distance; while intervening is the range of white cliffs known as the Seven Sisters, doomed by some occult power, so the legend runs, to so remain until seven princes shall relieve them from their bondage. To the west lies the Castle Hill and entrance to Newhaven Harbour. The Brighton Downs and the South Downs run to the north and north-east, their undulating lines dipping into the fertile Cuckmere valley, doubtless the bed of some mighty river in the days of the early Briton.

Still looking towards the west, at the foot of the Downs nestles the little town of Seaford, with its church standing guardian-like, in the centre, and the line where the bay once swept is easily discernible. It is curious to find, after all the

efforts to make Seaford fashionable, this apparent contradiction in the local guide. "The claims of Seaford as a desirable seaside resort are now generally acknowledged by the many visitors, who turn aside from the more fashionable rivals to crowd the little town in the season." Would that the objects of interest and beauty which gave it a character its more fashionable rivals might well envy, had been preserved. The natural formation of the Bay has been destroyed by the straight esplanade so insisted upon, and possibly necessary; but what of the little town itself, shut out and buried behind the blocks of brick and mortar that line the sea-front, and that look with unsympathetic eyes upon the sea, the same sea that knew the town centuries ago, in the early British, Roman, and Saxon days, when it formed its own wall of shingle, and brought into the bay ships of strange shapes from divers lands, laden with stranger cargoes. When, centuries ago, Seaford Head, as a bold headland, stretched out into the sea, nearly meeting the Castle Hill at Newhaven, thus sheltering the bay and little town from the southerly winds. When sometimes, it is true, as recent history tells us, the sea overrode its self-imposed restraints and flooded the cottages and streets—a tyrant for a time, but ever the harvest field of the fisher-folk—the larger part of themselves responding to a sentiment and a longing that we of the mainland can never understand or appreciate.

Seaford Church is dedicated to St. Leonard, the sailors' saint, and evidently a favourite amongst the people of the Cinque Ports, for other churches were erected to his honour at Hastings, Rye, and Winchelsea. Seaford is said to have possessed five churches; four at least are known to have existed contemporaneously, and it is supposed that the crypt

in Church Street is part of the remains of the fifth. Of the present church, probably the only original portion remaining is the tower, as the building in the original is said to have been cruciform, the tower occupying the centre; the true nave and both transepts have long since perished. The additions to the church as it now stands were made as recently as 1862. In the wall on the north side portions of Norman windows are utilised—sufficient evidence of the antiquity of the site and original building. In 1724 the tower contained a peal of five bells; in 1807 these were recast and supplemented by three bells.

The parish register of the church dates from 1558, and of the monumental inscriptions that of James Walker, Rear-Admiral of the Red, is the most interesting; of one who "served, fought, and conquered with Rodney, Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent, and the immortal Nelson in the Battle of Camperdown," in which he commanded the *Isis*.

Church Street is still picturesque, and is one of the principal streets. In it are several old houses, and the remains of a building known as "The Folly," which is said to occupy the site of the ancient Town Hall of Seaford, and beneath which is the crypt, an apartment twenty-seven feet long by thirteen feet wide, with a vaulted roof about eleven feet in height. The vaulting ribs are simple, and spring from

architectural and archæological interest, is well worth a visit. South Street still retains some of its picturesque features. It was at Seaford House that Tennyson wrote his funeral ode to the Duke of Wellington. Like many—indeed, one may safely say all—of our seacoast towns, smuggling, which seems to be almost an instinct with seaside folk, was extensively carried on in the neighbourhood of Seaford, and if not indulged in was winked at by squire and parson alike. Many and wonderful are the stories told of smuggling and smugglers. Many, also, and quaint were the places used for storing the contraband goods, and endless the ingenuity displayed to evade the vigilance of the officers of the law. Such hoarding places are, in the course of alterations or demolition of old houses, being continually brought to light. In one of the old cottages in East Street, there is still to be seen a cunningly-hidden jar sunk in the brick flooring. The removal of one brick exposes the opening; when the brick is replaced, nothing less than taking up the entire floor would disclose the hiding-place, unless the position of the identical brick were known.

"Corsica Hall," now known as Seaford College, was called in olden times Millburgh; written, however, in the time of James I., Millberge. A mill once occupied the eminence on which it is situated at the eastern end of the town, and



CHURCH STREET, SEAFORD. FROM A DRAWING BY GEO. C. HAITE, R.B.A.

the wall independent of any bracket or boss, and the bosses are in the Early English style. There were originally two approaches to the subterranean chamber, which, from its

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from whence it derived its original name. Some pieces of cannon were also mounted on it, as one of the defences of the ancient port, in which, from the topographical isolation of

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WEST HOUSE, SEAFORD. FROM A DRAWING BY GEO. C. HAITE, R.B.A.

its hill from the Down, it is not improbable it was then insulated. This receives some measure of confirmation from the fact that in the great floods it was surrounded with water. The house was originally built by an individual named Whitefield, who was extensively engaged in the smuggling operations of his day, and was an importer of Corsica wine; and in order to get the outlawry to which he was condemned for his contrabandist offences annulled, he resorted to the bold expedient of presenting King George II. with samples of his choicest but prohibited wine. On this account, the mansion acquired the sobriquet "Corsica Hall."

I paid a visit to the diminutive Town Hall, and found it was quite the smallest building of the kind I have ever come across. Here one may see the arms of the town—which are introduced in the heading of this paper—in yellow on black panels, a ship on one side and an eagle on the reverse. Here also may be seen leg-irons, used on refractory citizens, and the padlock of the cells below, where once the culprits were incarcerated, prior to their removal to a more permanent abode at Lewes jail. In a plain and most modest of oak chests are kept and preserved some exceptionally interesting and valuable documents, amongst which is the original charter of incorporation, an exceptionally fine example of calligraphy in Latin, ornamented with drawings of the Royal arms, and badges, and also a translation of this charter, with explanatory notes, written towards the end of the seventeenth century. The town seals are preserved here; and here, too, may be seen the town records, commencing from 1562 almost without break to the present day. Some of these records are eminently amusing, if not instructive, for we find "the gude wife Pupe is presented for misusyng her tonge, to the hurt of her naybor." What will the New Woman say to this? or does she deny the right of *mankind* to neighbourhood?

Apart from the maritime position once held by Seaford, and the important position it occupied in the political and commercial affairs of the kingdom, its archaeological associations invest the town with exceptional interest. In Birling Gap may still be found, by the most casual and superficial observer, fragments and specimens of flint arrow-heads, dressing-knives, etc., for this spot was once a manufactory—the Sheffield of those times—for such objects made by our forefathers

in the flint age; and you may perchance come across, in one of your journeys across the downs, an old shepherd who, being well versed in such, can, if he so will, discourse most learnedly upon the same; and may show you, or tell you, where you may see a collection found by himself whilst tending his flocks. I have in my possession a stone muller, for grinding corn, picked up at the foot of the cliff. It would be futile to speculate as to its age.

Worn as it is by use and

time, it still preserves the grip, and strikes one at once how suited it was for its purpose, primitive though those days were.

Frequent traces are found of the Roman occupation. There is the Roman camp, previously referred to, on the Seaford heights, and others on the neighbouring hills, and that they had a settlement in the neighbourhood is conclusively shown by the discovery of a cemetery in 1825 at the base of the heights at a place now called Green Street. Here a number of sepulchral urns were exhumed, and another was found in the soil which had fallen from the cliff on its western side near the mouth of the Cuckmere. A number of coins of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius were subsequently found in the neighbourhood; and in 1854 a fine medal of Antonia, daughter of Mark Anthony, was picked up on the beach below high-water mark. These coins and urns and jewellery, apart from the encampment on the cliff, show evidently that Seaford was a place of some importance in Roman times.

The Saxons also had much to do with the making or marring of its history. Towards the end of the seventh century, when they were fully established in our island, we have recorded an incident relating to Seaford. It tells of Saint Lewinna, virgin and martyr, of British descent, who fell a victim to the Pagan Saxon possessors of Sussex, on July 25th, between the years 680 and 690. Her remains, which were preserved in a monastery dedicated to St. Andrew, a few miles distant from the shore (and we may remark in passing, that the only clue we have to the site of the monastery is that of St. Andrew's Lane, Lewes), were removed in the reign of Edward the Confessor by certain relic-mongers of Flanders.

The vessel in which the desired relics were carried to the Continent, we are told by the chronicler of the transaction, arrived at *Sefordt*, which, he observes, signifies "the ford of the sea."

Afterwards the little town seems to have been visited by misfortunes, and, phoenix-like, risen again from the visitations of fire, war, and pestilence. In a precept from the King (Edward III.) dated May 18th, 1357, addressed to "his beloved bailiffs of the town of Sefford, situate upon the sea," we learn that the town had then "been lately for the moste part burnt downe," and also "devastated by pestilence and the calamities of war." The townsmen in consequence were

so reduced in numbers and impoverished that they could neither pay the "eleven marks" for the fifteenths "with divers other burdens," nor furnish their accustomed quota of ships for "the defence of itself from invasion." There are many entries in the town books during Elizabeth's reign which afford proof of the decay of the port. From these we learn that the guns of the fort which had defended the entrance were stowed away in a barn. Then we read of a common duck pool taking the place of the harbour; for a practice analogous to "swan-marking" would, from

several entries, seem to have prevailed in order to enable the different proprietors using it to distinguish their duck.

There is one thing at least in which Seaford is up-to-date that calls for no regret. I refer to its golf-links, covering about one hundred acres of the most picturesque undulating land it is possible to imagine. To a lover of nature, the scenery from some of the Tees is so fine, that even enthusiastic golfers have been known to pause, and for more than a brief space commit the deadly sin of removing their eyes from the



FROM A DRAWING BY GEO. C. HAITÉ, R.B.A.

ball. Of golf, it were best to say nothing. It is the accepted destiny of devotees to play a little and suffer much: like all devotees buoyed up by the ever-recurring hope of improving, and on some blessed of days making a record. For even as the artist is always going to paint his big picture, so the golfer ever lives in the hope of making a score. If my reader is either, or the two combined, let him hope on—visit Seaford and, the gods permitting, do both.

GEO. C. HAITÉ.



VIEW FROM THE GOLF LINKS, SEAFORD. FROM A DRAWING BY GEO. C. HAITÉ, R.B.A.



DRAGON AND INSECTS OF HAMMERED IRON. BY MIOCHIN. NO. 1.

THE HOUSE OF A JAPONIST COLLECTOR.*

PASSING through the hall-way to mount the staircase, the eye falls on a pair of large bronze charcoal fire-pots, by Seimin (Fig. 2). They are wax casts by the prime bronzist of Japan. He flourished towards the close of the eighteenth century, and by common consent holds the first place in the unrivalled school of Japanese bronze casters and chasers, who have for two centuries held the supremacy of the world in these special arts. Seimin was the "Cellini of tortoises," his favourite subject, and of these I have many fine specimens. These "hibachi" show stags in relief, and are selected for illustration on account of their rarity. They recall a vigilant chase in Tokio, which cost me dearly in time and money to secure

to a distant place and to successfully negotiate its cession to me. The contemporary and scarcely less famous colleague and rival of Seimin was Toun, in whose hands bronze was as wax, whilst no complications of chasing appeared to offer any difficulties to him. His (Hanaike) flower jars and his ornamental dragons are his masterpieces. There are few more characteristic specimens than that which adorned the recent exhibi-



A FIRE-POT WAX-CAST IN YELLOW BRONZE. BY SEIMIN. NO. 2.

the pair. I had found one in the collection of Densho, an old Japanese merchant of great repute as a collector, and my friend, Mr. Hiromichi Shugio, informed me that there was a companion piece which had been sold to a Japanese gentleman; and this, after much trouble, he was able to trace

* Continued from page 65.



BRONZE DRAGON. BY TOUN. NO. 3.



SUIT OF HAMMERED IRON ARMOUR,
TWELFTH CENTURY. BY MIOCHIN. No. 4.

whence I rescued it after somewhat romantic wanderings. Besides armour, the Miochins, of whom there were several generations, sometimes indulged in decorative pieces (*okimonos*) in which they loved to show their absolute mastery over all the difficulties of hammered iron work.

Such a piece is the dragon (Fig. 1), with bristling moustache and spiny scales, invisibly articulated and moving weirdly in every part and at every scale, so that its varying attitudes are a never-ending amusement. It was brought to England many years ago by a Mr. Ikeda, who perhaps overvalued it, and it was about to return to the Far East when I detained it here.

The great wall space of the staircase which we ascend affords an opportunity for varying decoration and for the frequent change in its Art attire which is characteristically Japanese, and is borrowed from that people. At the present time it is hung with the hanging-pictures, or *kakemonos*, with which they love to decorate their walls. The modest Japanese, whose house is on one floor, will rarely consent to show more than three

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tion at the Burlington Fine Art Club, and which now stands in the angle of the entrance of my hall (Fig. 3). The guardian of the hall door is an armed warrior, clothed in a suit of mail of hammered iron, repoussé in high relief by a great armorer, a Miochin of the twelfth century.

The dragons which project from the breast-plate and helmet are marvels of repoussé work in thin hardened iron, and demonstrate a remarkable, and probably unequalled, achievement of Art work in a very intractable material (Fig. 4). This suit may be compared, without disadvantage, with the famous suit in the Madrid armoury which is supposed to rival it. It has a strange history; I did not obtain it in Japan, but heard of it in the Custom House in Paris,

kakemonos at a time, each having its place on the raised dais in the recess or *tokonoma* of his room, each series changing from day to day, or week to week, according to the season of the year, the festival of the day, or the changing mood of the hour. Our broad, pretentious walls call for more extended and varied display. Just now I have hanging specimens of Japanese painting from the tenth to the nineteenth centuries, of which I select, as the most easily understood, one of the famous monkey pictures of Sosen (Fig. 7), who is said to have lived with the subjects of his brush.

On only one occasion whilst in Japan was I gratified with any extensive display of these remarkable hanging pictures. Soon after I reached Tokio, efforts were made by the Minister of the Fine Arts to induce various owners of well-known collections of these hanging pictures to show them; but it was not easy to overcome the tradition of modesty, which, as a rule, prohibits amongst the Japanese anything like a display of their artistic and other treasures. As a compensation, and by way of ingeniously overcoming this difficulty, I was invited by my friend, Mr. Hamao, then Minister of Education, to a great banquet, at which many other ministers were present, and for this occasion the connoisseurs, who were known to possess specially fine specimens of pictures by old Japanese masters, were invited to contribute one or two of their choicest pieces. Mr. Wakai, the well-known expert, who has done so much towards the perfection of M. Gonse's great book, "*L'Art Japonais*," and for the training of French taste for and knowledge of early Japanese art, was entrusted with the selection, care, and hanging of these treasures. The banquet was given in the palace of a wealthy banker, lent for the purpose, and having spacious entertaining rooms and surrounding corridors. We



LACQUERED TABLET IN HIGH RELIEF
SHOKI, THE DEMON-EXPELLER.
BY RITSUO. No. 5.



SUZURI-BAKO. STAG AND GRASS IN LEAD INCRUSTATIONS.
BY KORIN. No. 6.

assembled an hour before dinner, and that hour was passed in studying and admiring pictures collected from the various ministries and lent from the "godowns" of eminent connoisseurs. During the intervals between the subsequent courses of the refined entertainment, which lasted for several hours, we were summoned from time to time to regale ourselves with the study of fresh series of *chefs d'œuvres* ranging over successive centuries. Of the utensils used at dinner, the hibachi, the saki-cups, the trays and plateaux, and the porcelain were selected *chefs d'œuvres* from a variety of collections. The whole of this remarkable entertainment was a continuous study of decorative art, and will always remain a memory of an intellectual treat of the highest order. I never had another opportunity of passing in review so marvellous a series of masterpieces of applied art. Kakemono are now more valuable in Japan than in Europe.

On the wall of the landing leading into my drawing-rooms are suspended, for want of a better place, some old Japanese hanging tablets, such as once decorated the dwelling-places of the Daimios; of which a large proportion have now been destroyed through warfare or by domestic fires, so that authentic specimens are now rarely to be found. Here is a tablet, lacquered in high relief, with an astonishing audacity and primitive strength of design, of which the secret is lost with its great master and originator, Ritsuo (Fig. 5). Shoki, the demon-expeller, with his cap and sword of state, in full panoply of war and mounted on a war-horse of great beauty and strength of line, is chasing with intense eagerness and ferocity some of the recalcitrant demons over whom he had dominion, and who were the special objects of his conquering zeal. The setting of the eyes in this figure is so managed that they seem to be following you everywhere.

By the side of Shoki hangs a tablet (Fig. 8), lacquered on an exquisitely toned gold background, of the young Prince Yoshitsumé, the Bayard of Japanese history, fearless and without reproach; proceeding to battle with dainty step and light heart, to recover the kingdom of his ancestors and to avenge the wrongs of his slaughtered father. In his left hand is the iron war-fan; he has not yet donned his helmet, and below his breast-plate he wears a richly embroidered skirt. This perfumed and beflowered exquisite combined the artistic

tastes of the young noble with the unquenchable conviction of future victory, born of his high birth, the teaching of the magician of the mountains by whom he had been trained in the arts of war, and the confidence already gained in his easy victory over Benkei, the warlike Hercules whom he had brought to his knees in single-handed fight, and who follows him, his faithful servant. Benkei appears laden with the seven weapons of war, carrying with ease the heavy war-club, the long scythe-like spear, the iron bar, the axe, and the prongs, and wearing on his seamed visage an air of intent and determined ferocity.

Here I must indulge myself with the reminiscence of the occasion on which I secured many of the works of this great master, Ritsuo, and his successors, Korin, Hanzan, and Kenya, with which my collection is enriched. At Kyoto, my wife and I were visiting the temple of Kinkankuiji in company and with the assistance of Mr. Kobayashi, the foreign secretary and interpreter of the prefecture, whose daily services were, at the request of Ministers, placed at my disposal. We were admiring some choice work of Ritsuo, contained in the private possessions of one of the priests. For these I had expressed an enthusiastic admiration, showing my desire to own similar specimens, when I was told that one of the greatest collections of the works of that master and of that period, were coming on the market, owing to the death of a nobleman whose successions had for years been disputed, and the division of which involved the sale of all his possessions. I expressed an earnest desire to see and to secure some of them. But this, I was gravely told, was impossible; they would be sold among the private Guild of Brokers, and at such a sale no one was admis-



KAKEMONO, "OR" HANGING PICTURE.
BY SOSSEN. No. 7.



YOSHITSUMÉ AND BENKEI. LACQUERED TABLET. BY RITSUO. No. 8.

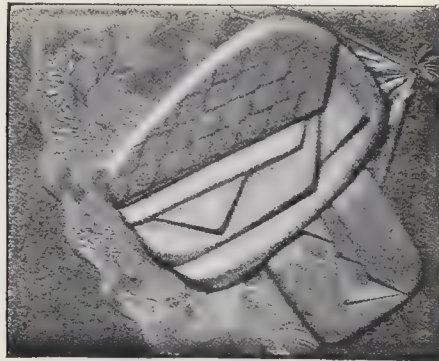


INCENSE BOX. BY KORIN. No. 9.

sible but the members of the Guild, and they only could become purchasers. They were coming from all parts of Japan, and it would be contrary to all rule that any but members of the Guild could be admitted either to the private view or to purchase. But impossibilities of this sort are of course only meant to be overcome. I set various machinery to work for this purpose, appealing first of all to the authority of the credentials which I owed to the kindness of his Excellency, Mr. Kuki, Minister of Fine Art, and the recommendations of Mr. Okakura, the Director of the Art School at Ueno Park, Tokio. These alone, however, would not have sufficed but for the good-will and kindness of Mr. Wakai and Mr. Hayashi Sohitchi, two of the senior and most respected members of the Guild, who overcame the scruples of their brethren by undertaking to accompany me personally and guaranteeing that I would in no way infringe etiquette or trouble the proceedings. Thus I achieved the apparently impossible. Moreover, the gallantry of the Guild was further stretched to the extent of allowing my wife to accompany me, and so, on the day of the private view, we all bowled off in single file of four tandem jinrickshas; hurrying at a hand-gallop through the narrow streets of Kioto, passed the Dyers' Street, hung with the indigo blue cloths, and through the potters' quarter, where we were sorely tempted to linger; along the edges of the canal, where the busy crowd made way in acquiescent obedience to the cries of our runners, till we came to a sudden full stop, and were deposited at the doors of a highly decorated and elegantly carved archway, guarded by two *torii*, indicating that the building had been once a temple. A crowd of empty slippers, all so much alike that it was difficult to suppose how the respective owners could claim their own property, filled the ground in front of the doorway. Stepping on to the matted dais, in front of which we deposited our own foot-gear, we entered a spacious series of rooms, evidently the old guest-chambers attached to the disused temple, surrounded by raised verandahs, and looking out on to a quaint old garden filled with grotesquely trained trees and ancient bronze lanterns, which told us that we were in fact within the precincts of a disused temple, of which the pagodas had been removed to make way for modern houses, while the garden and guest-rooms had been purchased and reserved for the use of the Brokers' Guild. Here, in a spacious suite of rooms, were ranged, in stages on the floor, the whole of this extensive collection, the heirlooms of centuries, many of which had probably not seen the light for many decades; the treasures of a ruined family. The Japanese, with whom courtesy is a living and hereditary tradition, and whose delicate sense of politeness did not allow them to indicate surprise or the least disturbance at this unwonted, if not unprecedented, interruption, were engaged in groups in examining and discussing each separate piece, and most of them, with ink horns and long rolls of thin paper, were making their private notes. A decorous quiet prevailed, and for a few moments we could but occupy our-

selves in noticing, as undemonstratively as possible, the quaint and exquisite courtesy of the proceedings. As one broker advanced to examine the piece which another held in his hand, it would be handed to him with ceremonious politeness, each man making to the other three bows and drawing in the breath with that respiratory murmur which is a mark of mutual deference, and uttering a phrase of greeting or good wish. We spent an instructive afternoon, and I noted the numerous objects of which, under the guidance of these two accomplished experts, I proposed if possible to become the owner. The process, however, was one involving delicate and difficult judgment, and leaving, after all was done, an anxious uncertainty; for the value of each object had to be carefully appraised, and for those which I was particularly anxious to acquire, further value to be added, for Japanese politeness here became embarrassing to the untutored foreigner. At these sales there is no open competition, no bidding overtly one against the other, no avowed contention or rivalry of eager bidders. To the old Japanese, nothing could be in worse taste than to raise a bidding once made or to endeavour to oust a rival by offering a higher price for the object for which he has made a bidding. Scenes such as those to which we are daily accustomed in our auction rooms, in which each bidder loudly overcrows his rival and exceeds his offer, would be felt to be a shocking, nay, impossible rudeness at the auction rooms of Kioto.

There the prize is not necessarily to the longest purse and the judgment of each buyer must alone guide him in



SUZURI-BAKO IN KORIN'S EARLIER AND LARGER STYLE. No. 10.

the price which he offers. He is not allowed to lean upon that of his rival, nor to acquire, by determination and overbidding, the object of which in the first instance he has failed to appreciate the true value. Only one bidding is allowed, and this is made silently and in writing, and deposited in a sealed box, the adjudication being based upon the scrutiny of the written offers. We were therefore left in complete ignorance and necessary uncertainty of what would be the ultimate result of our bids until next day. On the next sale day we returned, it being well understood that we were not entitled to make any offer, but were only silent spectators. Our friends had agreed to make the written offers for us in their own names and, with a chivalrous courtesy inborn in the old-fashioned experts of Japan, they had not even indicated to each other the value which each had put upon

the objects which I indicated. They intimated that this was an act of friendship which must not be paid by money, and for which they would accept no commission or gratuity. On the sale day the whole aspect of the place had changed, the partitions dividing the rooms had been slid aside and the whole great apartment thus formed was divided off by screens into small spaces, in which sat on their heels upon the spotless mats little parties of the Brokers' Guild, who acted as friendly syndicates, and amongst whom it was agreed that all objects purchased by any member of the syndicate should be subsequently distributed by a private arrangement between each other. Before each group were placed the inevitable tea services, the hibachis and tobacco sets, with which no Japanese could long dispense, and which constitute a part of all business proceedings. Behind each broker was his attendant, kneeling on the mat, and now replenishing the teacups, now hurrying to and fro, carrying messages or reporting the progress of the scrutiny. Each group had its little paraphernalia of magnifying glasses and balances to examine the details of the work, and to weigh the precious metals from time to time. The attendants of the auctioneers brought round each successive lot, either poised upon the head or carried in baskets. These were put down before each group and examined and discussed in undertones, and then each man wrote on long scrolls of paper before him, with the brush and inkhorn, the price which he was willing to offer, signed it, rolled it into a thin scroll and dropped it into the sealed boxes which were passed round. As these were filled, they were carried off and placed before a row of clerks, who sat at a table in the outer hall, and presently, as the boxes were opened and the papers scrutinised, adjudication was made to the highest bidder. At set intervals the boy attendants gathered round the desks, and the sound of loud cheering indicated the adjudication, for politeness demanded that each buyer should be vigorously congratulated by the others in this way on his good judgment and good fortune in

naming the best price and obtaining the article which he desired.

Then the criers passed through the apartment, announcing, in a curious high-toned chant, the results of the adjudication of each group of articles, naming the object, the buyer and the price, and the fortunate buyer received the congratulations of his colleagues. And so the day wore on. I believe the sale lasted, proceeding in this leisurely and ceremonial fashion, from early morning till late evening; as, naturally, such proceedings demanded much time. We stayed only an hour or two. The next day, I found myself the fortunate possessor of many of the works of Korin and Ritsuo which now adorn my collection. Both artists had been friends and familiars of ancestors of the family whose possessions were now being dispersed, and were supposed to be the richest series known in Japan. The characteristics of the work of Korin are well illustrated in the few specimens which I select (Fig. 10), a Suzuri-bako or writing-desk, which illustrates the first style of Korin, one of delicate elaboration, the subject being folded brocades in minute and elaborate patterns, indicating the mastery he possessed of the finest, almost microscopic detail. This style, however, he soon abandoned for the bolder and more picturesque ornamentation (Fig. 11) with incrustations of mother-of-pearl and lead, in the large and bold style, for which he became so celebrated, and was the inventor and creator. Fig. 6 is a Suzuri-bako in which the stag is wholly incrustated in lead. It is one of Korin's most characteristic masterpieces; which, however, I did not acquire at this sale, but subsequently, through the kindness of Mr. T. Hayashi, of Paris, who imported it for me direct. Fig. 9 is a small incense box (kogo) by Korin, with mother-of-pearl incrustations of water-wheel and waves, indicating the largeness of effect that can be produced by this style even upon a small surface. Ritsuo, Korin, Kenzan, Hanzan, and Zeshin form an illustrious line of artists in lacquer whose works are unique and unrivalled.

ERNEST HART.



MIDDLE PERIOD OF KORIN. NO. 11.







LEFT IN CHARGE. BY ARTHUR HACKER.

THE COLLECTION OF MERTON RUSSELL COTES, ESQ., J.P.*

IN the painting of 'The Rivals,' from which Mr. Dobie has made his successful plate, Mr. Dendy Sadler displays once again his knowledge of men and women, and his power of good-humoured satire. It is an amusing and wholly good-tempered study of a little harmless feminine coquetry and love of power. In Mr. Pettie's 'Two Strings to her Bow,' where the situation is similar, it is, as in our present subject, the lady who is the mistress of the situation; but Mr. Sadler has depicted a lady of maturer years and riper experience—one who, while her charms have been well preserved, has outgrown the romantic fancies of youth, and is able to receive her suitors with complete self-possession.

The handsome, vivacious, coquettish widow is the only person of the group entirely at ease, and earnestly desirous of prolonging the situation. The other

two, though painfully endeavouring to appear unconstrained, are evidently embarrassed by each other's presence, and the

consciousness that they have the same object in view. Each would doubtless have preferred an interview with the lady alone, but she, perfectly comprehending their wishes, finds it far better fun to have them both together. With the profound knowledge of the *métier de femme* that experience brings—and much skilful use of the fan—she summons all her powers of wit and raillery, playing one suitor off against the other, now archly teasing, next vivaciously rallying. At the precise moment of the picture she is directing the fire of her wit at the gentleman on the spectator's right, who, however much he may be at home in the hunting field, finds himself under a considerable disad-

vantage in the present circumstances. He laughs nervously, switching himself with his hunting crop while the pretty



MR. MERTON RUSSELL COTES' PRIVATE ROOM.

* Continued from page 295.

widow's merciless sallies rake him "fore and aft," and endeavours to appear as if he enjoyed the process. Every line on her face expresses the keenest enjoyment at the position of affairs. His rival meanwhile, who is a man of a different type, and suggests the village doctor, stands enjoying his friend's discomfiture, though his amusement is moderated by the expectation that his turn will probably be the next. Some day, perhaps, the lady will make up her mind as to which of her suitors it is to be, but at present she seems to think there is no hurry, and prefers to keep them both in tow, to be alternately teased and coaxed, tantalised and encouraged.

Mr. Dendy Sadler's characters always deserve careful study, for they are never ordinary individuals, but types, selected with much care, and generally realised with equal skill. Such a picture as this is an epitome of the game of flirtation, as conducted in the days of our grandparents, full of the flavour of a courtly grace that the present generation has not wholly inherited.

The garden in which the group are framed shows all Mr. Sadler's usual attention to accessories. The clipped yew

hedge, over which the apple-trees hang, the old-fashioned garden flowers, even the fancy work that the lady has temporarily placed aside, are all in harmony with the theme and the occasion, and bespeak the artist's careful attention to and elaboration of detail.

In addition to 'The Rivals,'

we have several small illustrations from Mr. Russell

Cotes' pictures, together with a view of this collector's sanctum, where the best of his small treasures are brought together. It will be observed that, besides pictures, Mr. Russell Cotes has many other objects for search and collection. His cabinets of china, English, Oriental, and Dresden, are considerable, and they contain many specimens the amateur's hands like to linger over. Books, of course, to such a man are a necessity, and sculpture, always so difficult to place, has an honoured position amongst the other arts. Japanese objects of all kinds have been brought together, and scarce an inch of wall space can be seen anywhere.

The finest piece of sculpture work is the large bronze of 'Abel,' by Barrias, of which we give an illustration. This work created great interest when it was exhibited in the Paris Annual Salon a few years ago. The first death has been discovered by Adam and Eve, and the father has hastened to carry the body to a better resting-place. Eve, the mother, sees the departure of the life from her offspring with doubly-strengthened grief, for while it tells her of the loss of her son, it also reminds her of her own descent, and foretells the awful wanderings of her eldest born. It was a theme depicted by every ambitious artist in former days, and in setting himself to such a story the artist courted comparison with all time. There is modernity in the pose, and the limbs suggest a model of French origin, but, otherwise, M. Barrias can have no fear in any comparison that may be made.

'Left in Charge,' by Arthur Hacker, and 'The Venetian Water-Carrier,' tell their own story. The latter is, perhaps, too obviously a study from a Venetian girl; while 'Left in Charge' carries one farther, and suggests a happy home, with mother, daughter, and baby, whose affection is clearly a reality.



ABEL. BY BARRIAS.



VENETIAN WATER-CARRIER. BY E. DE BLAAS.



FRIEZE IN "PERSIAN" PAINTED TILES. MAW & CO.

TILES.



TILE IN "SLIP," PILKINGTON'S.
LEWIS F. DAY INV.

TILE manufacture covers a very wide ground. The slab of baked clay, rectangular as a rule, which goes by the name of a tile, may be just a smooth piece of terra-cotta, such as we find in cottage floors: it may be incised or inlaid with a pattern, as in the case of encaustic tiles so-called: it may

be roughened and enriched with modelling: it may be overlaid with opaque enamel of a colour not natural to burnt clay: it may be dull as earth or glossy as glass, and its glossy coat may be rich with transparent colour: it may be patterned with colour, either transparent or opaque; and the pattern may be painted directly upon the clay, or upon the enamel, or upon the glaze: the colour may take the iridescent sheen of lustre. A tile may be printed in one colour or in many; it may be stamped in high or low relief; it may be decorated by any and every process known to the potter. It goes without saying that our tile may combine in its manufacture, as it mostly does, several of the processes above mentioned. For example, painted tiles are usually covered with a varnish of white glaze, not only to protect the surface but to bring out the colour, much as copal or mastic brings out the tones of an oil-painting; and again, glazed tiles often have a pattern painted over the glaze, and printed tiles are touched up with hand-painting; modelled tiles are ordinarily coated with coloured glaze; or they may be painted in colours and then glazed; or they may be painted in glazes of various colours; and so on to the end of the chapter—and what a long one it is!—of expedients in commercial production.

To enumerate every description of tile, made by hand or turned out by machine, would be to reduce this article to a catalogue. Nor need we discuss the various bodies, ceramic or vitreous, used for tiles; the slips and oxides used for

colouring them; the glazes, alkaline, plumbeous, etc., with which they are coated: some slight acquaintance with the methods of the potter is essential to the right appreciation of tiles.

Broadly speaking, however, it may be said that there are two ways of actually *making* tiles. The older way was to cut them out of slices of moist and still plastic clay. The newer way is to prepare the clay in the form of damp but powdery earth (technically "dust") which is squeezed into iron dies under a screw press, into the form of tiles.

In like manner there are two widely different methods of getting *colour* in tile work, namely, to get it in the clay itself or upon its surface. The colour *in* the clay may be natural, that is, due to some colouring matter existing native in it, as with the greyish stonewares, or the red and buff terra-cottas; or it may be artificial, the product of some chemical oxide mixed with the earth to brighten it or to colour it, as in the case of the dull blue and green tiles commonly introduced into pavements.

The colour *upon* the clay, whether in the form of a mere surface tint or of painted pattern, may consist either of clay itself reduced to the consistency of a pigment ("slip" is the technical term for it); or of enamel, that is, some mineral oxide in combination with a medium, ceramic or vitreous, according as it is meant to combine with the tile or with the glaze upon it.

In *painting* tiles, as in pottery generally, two quite different methods are adopted—"underglaze" painting and "overglaze." In "underglaze" the colour is painted upon the porous surface of the once baked clay—"biscuit," as it is called in defiance of the meaning of words; its absorbent texture, very much that of a new clay pipe, sucks in the colour with a fizz almost, unless the medium employed is thick and fat—and over the painted "biscuit" is laid the glaze. In "overglaze" the pigment is painted upon the glassy surface of the glazed tile (which has been twice baked already), and it is only at the third firing that the paint becomes attached to it, or under happier conditions sinks into it—in which last case it may be said to be *in* the glaze though

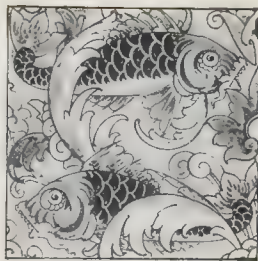
actually painted over it.

Of these two processes, "underglaze" is plainly the more direct and surer way of incorporating the painting with the clay; but, owing to the greater heat necessary in order to ensure the proper flow of the glaze in the kiln, the underglaze painter is limited to the use of colours which will survive such a very fierce fire, and will not be fired away—though with the extended palette of modern days this is no great hardship. On the other hand there are "overglaze" colours which cannot be relied upon to combine thoroughly with the glaze. A third method of painting has therefore occurred to the potter, a kind of middle way, where the colours themselves are mixed with glaze. The painter, in fact, paints with coloured glazes—very much to the enrichment of his palette.

In the processes above described lie the elements of modern tile-making; but the tendency of manufacturers is by no means to simplify processes—very much the reverse—and tile-making, as it is practised, is a rather more complex proceeding than it need be, if art were all. There is nothing in the nature of his craft to prevent a man from taking a slab of plastic clay, shaping it to his fancy, painting upon it, coating it with glaze, and passing it through the kiln, producing at one firing (if only he could get it straight) a perfect specimen of glazed tilework. All that he would have to do, would be to use colour hard enough to stand the fire necessary to the proper baking of the body, and to mix his pigment with a medium which the glaze, when it began to flow, would not disturb.

Of course his palette would be restricted, but not necessarily much more so than if he were merely painting underglaze. And it is not as if restriction were by any means the evil the inexperienced think it to be. The more we understand of craftsmanship, the more plainly we see how invariably it is the artist's safeguard—witness the ever satisfactory results of painting in natural-coloured earth or slip; which, by the way, is rightly painted straight upon the raw clay.

It may be permitted to the artist to suspect, for all the too, too practical man may say to the contrary, that it is by the directest means that the most craftsman-like, and maybe the richest effects are to be got—certainly when you do get ceramic colour produced at very great heat it is not to be surpassed—and it is a matter of regret to him (idle as it may be) that in the interests of commerce it is found more convenient to bake a tile



"PERSIAN" PAINTED TILE.
DOULTON & CO.



"INDIAN" PAINTED TILE. DOULTON & CO.

three or four times—first to harden it, before painting upon it; then to harden the painting; then to fuse the glaze; and then again, perhaps, to fix the painting with which it has been touched up "overglaze." One is bound to admit, however, that the manufacturer has every argument of prudence and expedience on his side, when he begins by firing the body of his tiles first, before they are glazed, if by that means they are less liable to warp; or when he refrains from submitting his colour to the unnecessary ordeal of a fire angrier than need be to bring out its quality. Economy of production depends greatly upon the potter's certainty as to what will come out of the kiln. The artistic impulse, we are informed on scientific authority, is only a form of madness; but happily there are artists, and those of the ablest, who are sane enough to look at things in the light of common sense.

Mr. De Morgan, for instance, is as keenly alive to the practical side of his craft as though he had never made any reputation as an artist. If he persists in cutting his tiles out of moist clay instead of pressing them out of dust, it is because he is convinced of the greater resistance of plastic tiles to wet and frost. Other potters of equal experience claim that a well-made compressed tile is equal to any in durability, and that it is much less likely to warp in the fire. Perhaps the truth is, that plastic tiles are better calculated to stand the weather, and dust tiles to come out square and true. Happily, since it is in the mechanical part of their trade that our manufacturers are most expert, we may safely hope that, if they have not yet solved the difficulty of making tiles at once true in shape and impervious to the weather, it will not be long before they do.

It will be news to those who are accustomed to look upon Mr. De Morgan as the artist *par excellence* in tile-painting, to learn that he has for some time past devoted his energies to the perfection of what he calls "the Brick-Face System of Wall-Tiling." His method is to attach a "face" of tile or glazed brick to the building-brick before it is laid, so that a wall, instead of being first built and then fronted with tiles, is built at once with tile-face bricks—an operation, says the inventor, well within the capacity of any ordinary bricklayer, provided he is sober. To the lay mind it would seem as if the more natural thing to do would be to use glazed bricks. And so it would—except for the greater range of colour to be obtained by firing at a heat which would not suffice to make hard bricks. Whether there is really any substantial advantage in this "facing" remains to be proved.

The main anxiety of the great majority of modern producers, perhaps because they are so entirely purveyors of a



LUSHER TILES. MAW & CO.



EMBOSSED TILE DADO. PERKINGTON'S.
LEWIS F. DAY INVT.

it if they could. Now and again the resemblance between patterns by different makers goes so far as to remind one of the practice of certain obscure brewers, who seek to recommend their small beer by the device of a label only so far removed from that of some famous firm as to satisfy the dull eyes of the law.

All this working down to the market makes for anything but art. The forms of old design were not the work of fashion, that Will-o'-the-wisp by which we are led deeper and deeper into the mire of unworkmanliness. Look at the pottery of Persia or Damascus. It was no mere Oriental whim to paint in just those colours. The potter simply took the hint his materials offered. Cobalt gave him, on his ground of silicious slip (or later of tin enamel), that deep rich blue, copper that delicate turquoise, copper again his emeraldlike green, manganese his peculiar madderlike purple, iron and antimony his yellow; and when the Rhodian workman added to these pure tints a coral colour so opaque as to be rather out of tune with them, it was only because he was reduced by necessity to the use of a dull earth for his red. Nor is it by accident, or just through imitation, that the Italian palette is so nearly like the Oriental, but because Eastern and Western potters worked with similar materials, and did what could best be done in them.

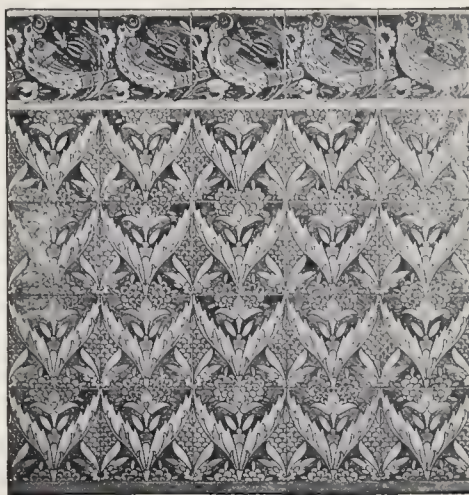
The old Persian scheme of colour was first revived in our day by Mr. De Morgan. That he has equalled his models it would be rash to say; there is no doubt he has gone near to it, much nearer than any of his imitators—for he, too, has been followed in his pursuit of Persian colour. But whereas he adopted the old *method*, so far as it was discovered, his

commodity—and so little craftsmen at all—seems to be to catch the market by some quite new thing; and, as the workmanlike thing to do has been already done, they are reduced to doing something as far removed from workmanlikeness as it is from ancient precedent. For all that, the current sample sheets of the large producers, far from showing any great originality, invention, or enterprise, look on the whole all very much alike. It is as if the makers acted largely on the belief that only what has sold is likely to sell, serenely assuming that there was no reason why, because one of them had had a happy thought, the rest of them should not hasten to benefit by

imitators appear to have clung to the lead glaze it was their habit to use, and have endeavoured to match in lead glaze the particular colours which they cannot very well get, and which there is no workmanlike reason they should try to get. It would do more credit to their craftsmanlikeness if they were to set their palette more according to the chemistry of lead glaze—but then they would not be able to call it by the commercially convenient name of "Persian" ware. Messrs. Doulton & Co., it should be said, have also adopted the older and simpler method; and their quasi-Persian tiles on pages 344 and 345, are painted on the raw enamel, and completed in only two firings. Their tiles—after the Indian manner, in cobalt and copper blues—on white, are also painted on raw slip, and successfully imitate the modern Indian ware.

As to the depth and richness of colour to be produced by painting in coloured glazes, as practised, for example, by Messrs. Maw & Co. and others following again in their wake, there can be no two opinions: one would describe it as velvety, did not that term imply something more proper to a textile than to a ceramic product, whereas it has really all the juicy quality peculiar to molten glaze. There is to be observed in tiles painted in glazes a tendency of the colour to run and blur the outline; and some of the happiest effects produced are due in a measure to the merging of the outline more or less in the colour. That is all very well so long as it does not go too far, which it easily may. A hard outline is the last thing an artist would wish for; but, unless he belong to the half-educated faddists who accept all imperfection of execution as welcome evidence of hand work, he does expect of a workman that he should keep his colour under control, and make his outline at least so "still" that it flows no further than he meant it should; that it neither clogs the design, clouds the colour, nor confuses the effect. The frieze on page 343 is painted in glaze colours.

It is to the initiative of Mr. De Morgan, once more (though it must not be understood, and he would be the last to claim it, that modern pottery owes everything to him), that we are indebted for the revival of lustre in our day. But this time he



DADO IN PAINTED PERSIAN TILES. DOULTON & CO.

founded himself, not upon the ancient Persians (who, especially in their lustre on dark blue, produced some of the softest and most beautiful effects of iridescent colour ever introduced into pottery) but upon the practice of the Italians, or rather one branch of it, for he has not attempted the daring combinations of lustre and colour achieved by Maestro Giorgio and his successors. Indeed, he seems not to have done nearly so much in the delicate yellow (silver) lustre as in the gorgeous, but more easily managed, ruby (copper) lustre. Once more the same firm as before follows close upon his heels. Messrs. Maw & Co., though presumably incited to their

experiments by the spirit of rivalry, are potters expert enough in the chemistry of their craft to have worked out their method of lustre-painting quite independently either of Mr. De Morgan or of the French and Italian potters, who, about the same time, were arriving at the same artistic conclusion; and in the particular direction which they struck out for themselves they have had no rivals. By the use of lustre (chiefly silver, it would seem) on cleverly chosen enamel grounds, they have produced an astonishing variety of strangely beautiful iridescence. Sometimes, however, these were rather garish, and there was always at least a danger lest they should appear tinselly. This has been very successfully guarded against in the newest thing in this kind, an olive and a yellow shade of lustre, in which the hitherto glittering surface of the glaze is deadened. The effect is singularly beautiful. It is to be hoped that Messrs. Maw & Co. will not rest until they have succeeded in imparting the same satisfactory surface to their coloured lustres generally. Their matted yellow lustre may be compared, to the obvious

advantage of neither, with Messrs. Pilkington's "sun-stone" glaze, a less positive kind of "aventurine" surface, applied to tiles. This is quite unlike anything that has been done before; both it and the imitation of agate by the same firm, though not to be commended in so far as they simulate natural stones, are intrinsically of very great beauty. Here, at all events, the scientific potter, in whose hands lies the future of the ceramic industries, seems to be guided by some sense of beauty and some belief in its value—even commercially.

To him may be commended a new departure; yet to be made. Chief among the uncertainties in connection with lustre is the action of the fumes introduced into the kiln for the purpose of producing, in combination with the colouring matter, the thin film of metal which gives the ware its

lustrous quality. It fails very often of its effect, and the tiles come out of the kiln with the glaze merely stained by the absorption of the vapour given off by the copper as it volatilises—that is to say, what should have been lustre comes out merely red. It is disappointing always not to succeed in doing what you meant to do. But this lustreless red colour is often, in its way, at least as beautiful as lustre, so beautiful as to suggest to the mere artist that it would be quite worth the potter's while, to try for that same pinkish red deliberately, at the risk of getting lustre by mistake. The uncertainty of lustre in the kiln, or rather the certainty of

fluke, is enough to deter some potters of great experience, and of greater facilities for experiment, from attempting anything of the kind; but it is well within the range of possibility that by the action of stains, such as this copper red, subtler, purer, and more delicately bright hues might be obtained than by the glazes and enamels now in use.

The wholesale production of lustre is scarcely a thing to be desired. To what vulgar uses might it not be put! For the tile-maker is quite at the mercy of his customers. His design may be admirable, his colour perfect, his tiles beyond reproach; but he has not the slightest control over their use or abuse. It is astonishing how combinations of form and colour which would be a disgrace to the decoration of a public-house, may be made up, wholly or in part, of tiles which do nothing but credit to the manufacturer.

One of the few new things in the way of tiles, so far as this country is concerned, is the notion of shaping them ornamentally. By making the outline of the pattern at the same time the joint of the tile, the

jointing is, of course, most effectually hidden. Whether the ordinary square jointing lines are so objectionable as Messrs. Craven, Dunnill & Co., who have hit upon this ingenious idea of getting over them, appear to imagine, is a question. Some of us at least will continue to think that the simpler and, on the whole, better plan, is not to let the shape of the tile depend upon its design, but to make the design follow its shape, the shape being determined by considerations of fitness and general-convenience. It was a favourite device, of course, of the Mauresque potters to let the outline of their tiles form the pattern, or part of it, and it is to the Alhambra that Messrs. Craven, Dunnill & Co. have gone for their types, some of which are distinctly good, more especially the simpler ones; but they might with advantage either have



DECORATIVE FAÏENCE. EXECUTED BY CRAVEN, DUNNILL & CO.
T. R. SPENCE INVT.

departed farther from Mauresque detail, or have copied it with more sympathy.

Of the Burmantofts Tile and Pottery Company, some of whose tiles, at least, are plastic, and who led the way in modern architectural Faience, it would not be fair to speak without examples, which they have not furnished. The faience decoration on page 346 comes only within the definition of tiles, in so far as it is the work of a firm of tile-makers, but it is something too fresh to be passed over. There is at once a style and

distinction about the design, and a feeling for the plastic surface of clay, rare indeed in modern faience—as rare as the employment of a designer such as Mr. T. R. Spence and a modeller such as Mr. Stephen Webb. The fact is, it was not the potter who called in the artist to his assistance, but the artist who, for once, employed the potter, and who was consequently master of the situation. The frieze illustrated forms part of a scheme of decoration entrusted to Mr. Spence. He it was who designed it, who invited Mr. Webb to model it, and who put it into the hands of Messrs. Craven, Dunnill & Co. for execution in glazed faience. What a pity it is that work in which art is a primary consideration is not more often put in the hands of artists!

The really happy association of modelled and coloured faience is rare. The modeller seems usually to forget that the painter is to come after him; and that, in any case, the very glaze upon his work will exaggerate anything like a sharp point of light. In tiles, the sin of over-relief is less pardonable than ever. The sense of surface suitable to tile work is entirely destroyed when the design presents ridges of clay too steep to hold any appreciable quantity of the coloured glaze, and hollows where it accumulates in treacherous density.

If the modeller cannot hold his hand, cannot work in subordination to severely decorative conditions, it is time he gave way to some one who can—a painter, perhaps, accustomed to think in colour rather than in light and shade; for the modelling that is wanted in tiles is usually little more than the slight relief of gesso work, itself a sort of painting. The main thing is to give variety of sur-



PRINTED TILES. PILKINGTON'S. LEON V. SOLON INVT.

face, and to scheme shallow planes on which the glaze will give, according to its depth, successive shades of colour. If the modelling of tiles were done by hand, things might right themselves; but it is with stamped work as with what is printed and otherwise mechanically produced; it is almost sure to be overdone. It is curious how little the workman is able to resist the temptation to do all that can be done. He seldom stops to ask if it is worth doing.

The artistic conservatism of some of the old-established firms must be accounted for by their having arrived at success; but it is strange to find such pioneers as Messrs. Minton, Hollins & Co. (who, by the introduction of the compressed dust tile, made possible the great commercial industry tile-making now is) lagging rather behind in the matter of art. In every mechanical excellence of manufacture they have gone on progressing. The body of their work is remarkably white, their tiles are straight and square, their glaze is durable, their printing is even, and so forth; but so far as one can judge from what one sees (they again send us no samples) they do not point the way to better things in colour, taste, and design. It is the youngest of the many modern firms of tile-makers which seems to be just now the most alert and enterprising. Of the designs brought out by Messrs. Pilkington's it is not for me, who have sometimes designed for them, to speak; but in whatever belongs to ceramics, their very considerable success is all their own, or rather it is the work of Mr. William Burton, that *rara avis* among managers of pottery works, a man of science with strong artistic sympathies. The most striking of the new firm's new departures is a kind of cloisonné enamel, in which a fine raised earthen outline separates the cells of variously coloured deep rich glazes. Their taste and reticence

is shown in the tiles they have executed in very shallow and quite flat relief (sometimes with a slightly raised outline), by which means they secure a simplicity and breadth of effect only too conspicuously absent in the common run of tile work. Technically, they have been conspicuously successful in at least two respects. They appear to have carried colour printing, if not farther than



TILES IN FLAT RELIEF, WITH RAISED OUTLINE. PILKINGTON'S. J. CHAMBERS INVT.



CLOISONNÉ TILES. PILKINGTON'S.
LEWIS F. DAY INVT.

method employed to more than ordinarily tasteful purpose.

Much more might be said of modern tile production. It

anyone else, at least as far as it has yet been carried; whether by more solid printing or by more perfectly fused glaze, they have somehow almost entirely got rid of that poverty of colour which one has come to associate with the idea of printed tiles. Again they have produced glazes of exceptional purity and depth of colour. That was very apparent at the recent Exhibition of Arts and Crafts at Manchester, more especially in sundry ingeniously-schemed geometric hearth patterns made up of glazed tile strips, a common

would be interesting to inquire into the capacities of salt-glazed tiles, to discuss the possible development of "Encaustic" and the improbable success (artistically) of factory-painted "Barbottine," to call attention to sources of Ancient or Mediæval pottery which have not sufficiently inspired the modern manufacturer, to urge him to strike out more boldly on lines dictated by his special appliances, and so on. But there are editorial considerations to be borne in mind. Enough has perhaps been said to indicate the fear there

is of art being left out of tile-making, the hope there may be of its counting for something in the near future.

LEWIS F. DAY.



PRINTED DADO TILES. PILKINGTON'S.
LEWIS F. DAY INVT.

SOME INCIDENTS IN MAUVE'S EARLY LIFE.

THE Art Club of Rotterdam organized in September a representative collection of the works of Mauve, the great Dutch painter, who died in 1878. This exhibition was very successful, and is being followed by another in The Hague on even a larger scale. The following are some notes, by Mr. A. C. Loffelt, on Mauve's early acquaintances which have not hitherto been published.

The son of Bilders the romanticist painter became a great friend of young Mauve; and when we read the correspondence between Bilders and Mr. Kneppelhout, a well-known Mæcenas of the time, we can quite understand the congeniality of spirit between the two young artists. That correspondence,

which was published after Bilders' premature death, by Mr.

Kneppelhout, was one of Mauve's favourite books. I have often known him to take it down from the little book-stand to point out some passage to me. Among the painter's few favourite authors were Shakespeare, Multatuli (Douwes Dekker), and the Dutch novelists Cremer, Heering, Werumeus, Buning, and Hollidee (Rovers), whose simple tales are full of the sweet spirit of the woods, the meadows, or the sea. Not only the neighbourhood, but even the village of Oosterbeek could in those days be called a portion of the "beautiful world"; it was still quite picturesque and rural, full of quaint turnings and un-



POTATO-DIGGING. FROM A SKETCH BY A. MAUVE.

pretending cottages. The small, tasteless *rentiers* and jerry-builders had not yet appropriated every plot of arable land and kitchen garden, whereon to perpetrate their hideous brick and mortar nuisances. "Civilisation" had not yet marched up to Oosterbeek. The steam tram did not then desecrate the hallowed avenue of beeches and the lovely road from Arnhem to Zeist. Old Bilders could admire everywhere the emerald and purple cabbage plant whose colour he liked so much. Never had Mauve enjoyed life more. In a biographical sketch of the painter, published shortly after his death (the author is Mr. Berckenhoff), the first meeting of Mauve and William Maris in the woods of Wolfhezen is described. They looked at each other's sketch-books, and became intimate friends. Mauve admired the large, impressive manner of Maris' art of designing. A great many painters frequented Oosterbeek and Wolfhezen in those days. As I said, it was the Barbizon of Holland. At that period the Nestor of the flock was the military-looking Bilders, a splendid, hearty old fellow, and quite the representative of an older *régime*. He had served as volunteer in the Belgian campaign, and loved "to fight his battles o'er again." I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance when he was approaching his seventieth year. He once told me the legend of the Wodan Oaks. In the fine forest of Wolfhezen, with its magnificent pines, oaks and beeches, there is a small group of gnarled old oaks, which must be at least six centuries old. They stand

in a sort of natural ravine, formed by the brook that runs to Renkum and drives the paper-mills there. Lovers of nature, artists, and picnic parties often visit this place, and look with awe at the trees where the old Druids performed their rites. But the name of "Wodan Oaks," now generally used in

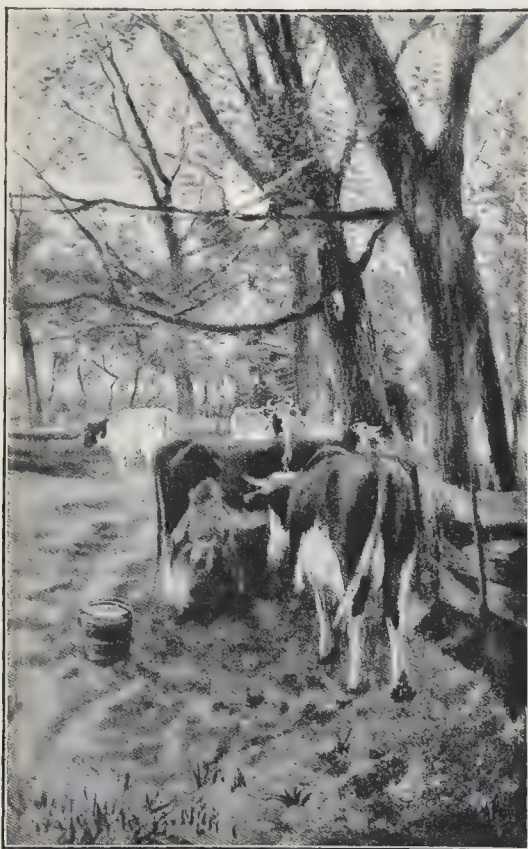
guide-books and other descriptions, is not so old: it only dates from the first years that Bilders lived at Oosterbeek; in fact, he invented it! Every young novice who came to study in the neighbourhood, and wished to be admitted to the circle of brother-artists, had to undergo certain rites of initiation. He was placed on a stone in the brook and baptized by Bilders. Art and men were in their period of romanticism, and so the name of "Wodan Oaks" struck the imagination and became popular. Possibly there is something in the name not so very far from historic truth. Some time ago a friend of mine, Mr. Groneman, living near Oosterbeek, a scholar,

formerly professor of architecture and antiquities, obtained permission from Baron Van Brakell to make excavations in some rising ground at a few minutes' distance from the brook and the oaks. The foundations of an old Christian chapel were laid bare, and several antiquities were dug up: stone coffins, vitrified stones, pebbles, marl-stone, shards of old jugs, curious bricks and tiles, etc. As it is a fact that the first Christian chapels were usually built on the same spots where heathen races had performed their rites, who can say that the venerable German Druids had not been attracted by the woody spot, and that the oaks are not really descendants or offshoots of trees once sacred to Wodan?

Fashion in Art has changed since Mauve was baptized in the brook of Wolfhezen. Old trees, rivulets, picturesque water-mills and other romantic

bits of nature are no longer demanded. Barbizon in France, Wolfhezen, Vorden, in Guelderland, are deserted. In later years Madame Bilders Van Bosse, and M. de Bock were almost the only artists inspired by the environs of Oosterbeek.

A. C. L.



MILKING TIME. BY A. MAUVE.



THE MID-DAY HOUR. BY A. BURCHETT.

ART NOTES.

THE Photographic Salon, which is an offshoot from the Royal Photographic Society, has taken strong root; and its third exhibition at the Dudley Gallery is a brilliant success. Hampered by an incongruous name, this society has had its difficulties to encounter, but now that it is becoming better known it will certainly prove a formidable rival to the older photographic body. In the present collection there are over three hundred examples of picture photography, of which it may safely be said every one is an artistic triumph in its way. This society has the boldness to say openly, what every one knew privately who has ever handled a camera, that "very little knowledge of chemistry, optics, and mechanism is in any way necessary" for pictorial photography; although, to again quote the introductory note to the catalogue, "as a mechanical craft photography has still its sphere of usefulness." The error in the past with photography has been its subservience to technicalities, the knowledge of which are of little more use to the artistic photographer, than a knowledge of the manufacture of mathematical instruments is to a drawing master. All that is requisite to produce good photographs can be learnt in a few days if, as the catalogue further says, this is combined with that "taste and imagination which we call artistic feeling." The best photographs exhibited are by J. Craig Annan, of Glasgow, whose interior

plates are marvels of artistic excellence, producing results little, if anything, short of painting, and, in some cases, attaining a degree of perfection putting them on a plane to which no older style photograph could ever attain. For outside work Mr. Annan is scarcely so successful as Mr. H. P. Robinson, who retains his position with the ease of a master. Mr. A. Burchett, with smaller plates, however, runs Mr. Robinson very close, and 'The Mid-day Hour' is a composition which hitherto no photographer would have successfully attempted. Another style of work, in clear, pure tones, is the 'Fantaisie en Blanc,' by

C. Puyo, of Paris, while Mr. Henry Collins's nude figures by a river are daring and almost dangerous subjects to take, although their excellence is undoubted. Mr. Hay Cameron's and Mr. Crooke's portraits are equally interesting, the latter successfully imitating old mezzotints.



G. F. WATTS, R.A.

The publication in the newspapers that Mr. Whistler had been awarded a "seventh" prize at the International Exhibition at Venice, roused some curiosity in case the receivers of the presumably better six prizes were Royal Academicians. But it appears that the £100 awarded to Mr. Whistler was only seventh on the list, that it was the chief prize of its kind and was granted for the picture of 'The Little White Girl,' illustrated recently in these pages (1894,

p. 359). The sums of money offered were contributed by various municipalities and individuals, by the city of Venice, the province of Murano, the Prince Giovanelli, and others; and were limited, some to Italians only, some to Venetian artists, and some, though open to exhibitors of all nationalities, could be given only to pictures which had never before been publicly exhibited.

St. George's Gallery has lately been given over to Franz Courtens, whose work has much to praise, and yet fails to convince you entirely, because it is peculiarly limited. Yet some canvasses, notably 'Milking Time' and 'In the Fields—Morning,' are singularly fine of their sort. The fourteen charcoal drawings are also exceedingly interesting. The medium is always delightful in capable hands, and here offers a grateful relief to the rather over-vigorous technique of the oil paintings on the line above. A series of works in silver by M. Philippe Wolfus also exhibited here include some distinctly noteworthy pieces.

At the Continental Gallery the annual exhibition of paintings from the Paris Salons maintains its usual interest, although an awful example that held one spell-bound in Paris last May was not lost in crossing the Channel, which fact should plunge two countries into grief. Solomon Hart, as the designer of Christmas cards, never exploited the inept quite so remorselessly. Two sea-pieces by Charles Cottet are masterly, and show a new rendering of the turbulent overcast ocean that is simply irresistibly attractive. They alone make several visits to the gallery a necessity. There are also a striking St. Veranque by J. G. Boudoux—typically a Salon canvas; a really powerful 'News of the War in Melilla,' by H. H. Moore; 'The Bride Passes,' by José Miralles Darmanin, and a curiously realistic panoramic 'Mid-day in the Alps,' by Armand Guéry.

Art in the far west of England is in as healthy a condition as in any part of the empire. In Plymouth, Messrs. Harris and Son's twenty-fourth exhibition contained a number of pictures of merit principally by local artists, but also embracing artists from other quarters, such as Mr. Alfred East and Mr. David Farquharson. At Falmouth, three artists have started a local exhibition which may fairly claim the support of Cornishmen. Mr. H. S. Tuke, Mr. C. Napier Hemy, and

Mr. Ayerst Ingram are painters known to the whole outside world, and the collection of nearly fifty pictures in the prettily decorated gallery in Falmouth reminded the visitor of the special exhibitions so popular in London. Plymouth is making a bid to become a tourists' headquarters, and when the hotel accommodation is improved it may be strongly commended as a centre from which to start for all the best scenery of both Devon and Cornwall.

What will the average man in the street say when he sees the great poster designed by "The Beggarstaff Brothers" (Messrs. Pryde & Simpson) to advertise Harper's Magazine?

It would be charming to hear his frank criticism. Nothing so strong and so amazingly defiant of accepted convention has yet invaded the hoarding. It is a *tour de force*; the great beefeater, in solid scarlet on a scarlet background, with his brown spear, balanced by a huge white panel, most admirably lettered, is a triumph of decorative arrangement. It is only fair that such a plucky attempt should receive lavish appreciation. In simplifying drawing and pattern to the last degree, Messrs. Beggarstaff have struck a new note, which might be fitly echoed in mural decoration of more permanent sort. It is English, it is modern, and it is good—very good.

Many years ago the late Ford Madox Brown, while he was a partner in Messrs. William Morris & Co., designed a series of cartoons for stained glass. These recently passed into the possession of Mr. Harold Rathbone, and they have been issued by him in an important size through the Autotype Company, New Oxford Street. There are in all twenty sheets of cartoons, most of them of single figures. These have all great dignity

of line, and in the cartoons of the Mother of John the Baptist, and of Milton, the art rises to the level of the old masters, and they are recommended to the attention of Art schools.

The portrait of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., is from a photograph taken by his own gardener at his country house in Surrey. Mr. Watts is seated beside a beautiful specimen of Della Robbia's works, recently presented to him. The dignity of the pose and the mastery of the arrangement recalls the characteristics of the old Venetian masters. The photograph is, moreover, another example of what is possible with the camera without special technical knowledge.



A LITTLE PRINCESS. BY J. CRAIG ANNAN.

NEW FINE ART PUBLICATIONS.

OF the different collections of MSS. of Leonardo da Vinci the best known is the so-called Codex Atlanticus at Milan, which is a comprehensive collection of loose leaves of all possible shapes and sizes. To this stately volume the following drastic title was given three hundred years ago:—*Disegni di Machine et delle arti secreti et altre cose*. As a matter of fact these MSS. contain little that affords information about Leonardo in his artistic character, on which account Dr. J. P. Richter in his edition of "The Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci" (1883) published only a comparatively small portion of the texts in this codex. Now, however, the Italian Government has undertaken the complete publication of the Codex Atlanticus, and has entrusted the task to the Royal Academy of Sciences (*Reale Accademia dei Lincei*), and in the name and by order of this society the well-known Milanese publishing firm of Ulrico Hoepli has already brought out two fascicules. The work is to be completed in thirty-five numbers at thirty shillings each, and the editors expect to bring it to a close before the end of the century. The photographic reproductions of the single leaves are admirable. To Dr. Giovanni Pinmati belongs the great merit of having with the utmost care and accuracy deciphered the texts. In default of a translation of the Italian texts on the model of the editions of Richter and Ravaisson (Paris) it is the intention of the editors to draw up a special vocabulary of all the expressions peculiar to Leonardo. The work promises to afford, when finished, a new basis for the studies and achievements of Leonardo on the ground of the exact sciences, as to which we possess only a very insufficient knowledge, for among the professors of exact science only Libri hitherto, in his "Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques en Italie" (1865) has dealt in any detail with Leonardo. It is therefore deserving of special acknowledgment that this difficult task has been undertaken by the *Accademia dei Lincei* under the trusty leadership of Brioschi.

Without being unduly ambitious, yet having an excellent spirit throughout, the new life of "GEORGE MORLAND" (Elliot Stock), by Ralph Richardson, can be accepted as the present-day attitude towards this celebrated painter. His faults are known, but altogether condoned because of the merits of his productions. Mr. Richardson mentions the chief books on Morland, and frankly states that their rarity is a sufficient reason for his own volume. But the new life is much more than a *résumé* from other writers' works, for it contains considerable original matter, and is altogether a very satisfactory biography.

"ARCHITECTURE FOR GENERAL READERS," by H. H. Statham (Chapman), is a book which deserves, and will certainly have, a large circulation. With complete knowledge of his subject, the Editor of *The Builder* renders into language easy to understand all the intricacies of a subject which has hitherto been found too technical for the ordinary reader. Without encroaching on Fergusson's "Histories of

Architecture," Mr. Statham fills a gap which has too long existed. No words of praise can indeed be too strong to recommend this book, which treats of architecture in such a way as to make it a delight to those who find life too short to master the details of every science and every art from which they seek pleasure and information. Years of study have been concentrated into this volume, and, while the author might have compiled a work which would have been accepted as a classic, and yet very seldom opened, he has practised the restraint of producing a book which all lovers of architecture as an art will have continually at hand.

The third volume of the "JOURNAL OF EUGENE DELACROIX" (Plon, Paris) takes the record of the painter's life from 1855 till his death in 1863. The artist had arrived at the time of life when his principal dissipation was dining out, and the greater part of the volume is occupied with his society experiences. In 1857, however, the Journal occupies itself with the project of a "Philosophical Dictionary of the Fine Arts." But the definitions of words in this unfinished Dictionary are prepared in the jerky, unsatisfactory style of a man more accustomed to think out problems of paint than to set them down in writing. Delacroix said that up to his time most of the books on the fine arts had been made by those who were not practising artists—an old-fashioned theory to which only the less liberal-minded painters still adhere; for if only an artist can judge of a picture, how is it that there are so many bad artists?

Another book on Drawing seems superfluous, yet Mr. R. G. Hatton's "FIGURE DRAWING AND COMPOSITION" (Chapman) contains some new ideas expressed with reference to modern pictures. His concluding precepts are, "Do as you like," "Please yourself, or you will please no one"; and finally, and this appears the most sensible advice in the book, "Make the most of modest means." All the technical points are explained by capital illustrations, and as a work directed to assist the student and designer of the human figure, it amply fulfils its mission.

The literature of photography increases by leaps and bounds, and most of it is practical and useful. "PIN-HOLE PHOTOGRAPHY," by F. W. Mills (Dawbarn & Ward), or Stenopaic, explains the method of taking photographs without a camera, but it is unnecessarily technical. "WET COLLODION PHOTOGRAPHY," by C. W. Gamble (Hazell), recalls the earlier system of making negatives now extensively employed for high-class reproductions. "ART PHOTOGRAPHY," by H. P. Robinson (Hazell), has already reached a second edition, although the illustrations are badly printed. "HINTS ON DRAWING FOR PROCESS REPRODUCTION," by C. J. Vine (Lechertier), brings together much practical information. "FACTS ABOUT PROCESSES, PIGMENTS, AND VEHICLES," by A. P. Laurie (Macmillan), is useful to the Art student who wishes to understand briefly the chemistry of painting.



PHILÆ SEEN FROM THE CATARACTS. FROM A DRAWING BY GEO. MONTBARD.

THE SACRED ISLAND OF PHILÆ.*

FROM the bank one takes in the whole island at a glance: a series of temples connected together, others isolated. Covering the ground all round are nothing but upheaved foundations, walls of unbaked brick, pieces of broken pottery, fragments of statues or columns.

The island is almost entirely surrounded by a high wall protecting it from the rise of the Nile. Quite a garland of black-currant bushes and thorny mimosas, amidst which superb palm-trees dart up into the air, runs parallel with the enclosure, forming, above and slightly in the rear of it, a second and a verdant belt, the dark tones of which bring out the whiteness of the buildings. In the distance, beyond the branch of the Nile winding round the western side of Philæ and forming a background to it, the granite masses of the island of Bigeh rise in a confused heap overtopping all the monuments with their jagged crests.

One could not have a better view than from here. First of all comes the Kiosk of Tiberius, the roofless temple preceded by its broad terrace dipping in the Nile. Its graceful lines stand out delicately and clearly, partly against the sky, partly against the sinister background of Bigeh. Its slender sandstone columns are surmounted by elongated dies, which exaggerate the effect in height and convey to them remarkable tenuity quite different to the ordinary Egyptian style. Bushes, a thicket of mimosas, a picturesque group of palm-trees growing on the platform that inclines against the boundary wall, give it a charming foreground. A small sandy creek, all furrowed by the withdrawal of the waters, starts from the base of the terrace and descends in a gentle slope to the river, where a dahabieh lies at anchor.

The Nile is perfectly calm, and the elegant monument with

* Concluded from page 293.

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its delicious landscape reflects in it with a transparency, a distinctness of lines that are beyond description.

The island is protected against the violence of the current, on the left, at the southern point, by a spur of granite rock. On the right, behind the kiosk, on the western shore, the huge block forming the grand Temple of Isis stands out in bright relief, overlooked by the naked crests of the island of Bigeh. It comprises a continuation of structures connected together, but none of which enter the axis of the principal



A MERCHANT OF ANTIQUITIES. FROM A DRAWING BY GEO. MONTBARD.

monument. A row of palms stretches to the northern extremity of the island, ending at the boundary wall.

Boats striped crosswise with bands painted alternately

indigo blue, white and red ochre, and loaded with tourists, ply from bank to bank. At the stern is a semi-quadrangular seat for passengers, backed by a wooden balustrade; above, an awning striped red and white. The long lateen yard, with its sail very tightly furled, has been lowered to within two-thirds of the height of the mast and is fixed horizontally in the sense of the boat's length, the big end on a level with the prow and bound to the mast, the extreme point resting on the awning and extending beyond the stern, where the pilot, squatting like an ape on a very narrow prolongation of the poop, holds the tiller. Forward the boatmen are working their inflexible, rough, wooden oars, with blades barely fashioned into shape, joining all together in the chorus of the Nubian songs which one of them, perched on the gunwale among the rowers, intonates.



SOUTH END OF THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ. FROM A DRAWING BY GEO. MONTRARD.

Other craft are at the edge of the bank with their crews, who are awaiting or soliciting customers. Anchored off the shore are ironclad steam vessels belonging to the Government, with double wheels at the stern; Cook's steamers, built on the same model but without the armour; dahabiehs, pontoons, fishing craft, and a flotilla of smaller boats.

The quay is swarming with people: policemen, sailors, *employés* of Cook & Son, native and cosmopolitan functionaries, Soudanese soldiers, workmen, engineers, bisharis,

fellahs, Arabs, Bedouins. One hears the sound of hammers striking on the anvil, beating iron in the workshops on the quay. People are leaving dahabiehs or steamers returned from the south, or going aboard others about to set out there. Noisy, motley bands of men carry furniture, mattresses, baskets of crockery, cases of provisions brought by rail from Assiout, and arrange them on deck and in the cabins of craft bound for Wady Halfa. From time to time, the long shrill whistle of a steamer on the point of starting rends the air; the dull rumble of a train resounds; the crowd swells and roars, and there are cries, calls, quarrels, mingled with the hoarse barking of raw-boned dogs wandering stealthily about, with drooping tails, at the water's edge, looking out for and ravenously devouring the filth thrown from the vessels.

And between those terrible-looking mountains, with sides engraved with royal cartouches dating back thousands of years; before this island, crowned with ancient monuments, in the serene and solemn tranquillity of this grandiose landscape, the commonplace echo of these quite modern sounds, the aspect of these things of to-day, bursts upon one like something contrary to sense. One has a painful sentiment of broken harmony, and one feels inexpressible sadness, a sort of bitter annoyance of the present, and a great longing for times that are no more.

I seated myself in a boat which took me to the island. At the top of the narrow pathway bordered by stones, which starts from the landing stage and skirts the kiosk, the keeper, an Arab in a black gown, his arm encircled like that of a simple rural constable in France, by a brass badge bearing his name and standing as a functionary, gravely asked me for my permission to visit the place—a card delivered by the department entrusted with the preservation of Egyptian monuments. I showed it him, and he politely bowed with a most courteous smile, and seemed to be strongly sniffing backsheesh.

One is astounded at the exquisite politeness, enhanced by affable manners, and the lordly, cold, caressing ways of these people, who carry all they possess in the way of garments on their backs, who live on twopence a day, and who, at the slightest favourable opportunity, would cut your throat without moving a muscle of their faces.

Here I am before the unroofed temple. It is almost intact, bears the cartouche of Tiberius, and is the least ancient and most elegant edifice of Philæ. Its columns and the dies above will for ever await the workman to complete them, to cut and polish the rough hewn parts of the columns, to carve the monstrous faces of Typhon on the smooth surface of the dies. Of an elongated rectangular form, with the great axis placed perpendicularly to the Nile, it commands the river, preceded by its beautiful terrace, with solid buttresses, superbly matched. Fourteen columns, with capitals representing flowers of the lotus in different stages of growth, rest on broad walls extending halfway up the edifice; the smooth-sided dies surmounting them support an entablature from which a prominent cornice projects. A door opens at each extremity of the grand axis.

The sun plays upon all this hewn stone, glides along the columns, clings to the capitals, to the door-cases, makes the lotus flowers radiate, encircles the lower part of the cornice with a radiant band; and strong, transparent, and distinctly pronounced shadows are cast upon the ground, rolling round the shafts, accentuating the relief of the sculpture, encircling the part where the cornice ends with a dark stripe.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF PHIÆ. FROM A DRAWING BY GEO. MONTBARD.

Pure fresh air, loaded with strong effluvia of plants coming from the Arabian bank, and penetrated by warm currents from the Libyan desert, beats on the polished sandstone, skims over the beautiful pale columns, the massive walls, and courses in gentle waves across the delicate profiles at the top.

Sparrows that have built their nests in the temple twitter all around, flutter from wall to wall, rest on the petals of the lotus, the edges of the capitals, hop chirping from one end of the cornice to the other. Bees hum; pink butterflies, blue ones, flitter hither and thither, balanced in the gentle breath of air. On the ground amongst the ruins are long lines of ants; unwieldy insects crawl through the rubbish; great brown beetles lie hiding between fragments of stone.

From there I went to the south of the island, returning slowly northwards. First of all, at the top of the terrace bathed by the Nile, was an obelisk broken off in the middle, standing near a ruined and isolated temple, with columns ornamented with lotus flowers and heads of Hathor, and dedicated to Isis by Nectanêbus. It is the only monument in the island dating from the Pharaohs. From here start two colonnades which form the dromos, and taking the direction of the Grand Temple, gradually open as they approach it. The longest, parallel to the river, has about thirty columns, the other, half that number. All the various forms of capitals surmounting them are sculptured, the subjects being taken from the lotus and palm. Most of the large slabs forming the ceiling have fallen. On those remaining in position, sprinklings of stars appear on a blue ground. Incised, coloured pictures of Tiberius and Caligula are still tolerably fresh.

Whilst I am taking notes and sketching, a group of Arabs come upon the scene: two of them carry ladders, another a water level and a long rule, the fourth a box of wafers; they mark on the shafts of the columns, with thin paste, the height the waters of the Nile will attain at a great rise, when once the dyke has been erected. The poor fellows were accomplishing their task gaily and with unconcern, ignorant that for thousands of years their ancestors had come to that very spot to pray to Isis, the good goddess; that their Pharaohs, the great tyrants of humanity, had brought into bondage and set working at the monuments, the ancestors of these same white people who now gave them these vandalic orders. They had no idea, these great simple children, that to put a little gold into the pockets of their present masters, they were about to assist in causing one of the most noble wrecks of their bygone glories to disappear, to place a sacrilegious hand—they the descendants of the subjects of Rameses—on the sacred island where their Pharaohs came to offer to the "sovereign of Ilak and the provinces of the south" the first-fruits of their victories.

Happily, I learnt the next day that the iconoclastic contractors, then at Assouan, had been unable to agree, and that, owing to want of funds, the *affair* had been postponed for two years, that is to say to the Greek calends. The scheme was shelved, and I must say that rarely has news of any kind given me more frank and complete delight.

Leaving the unconscious native workmen to their task, I directed my steps towards the first gateway of the Grand Temple, where the dromos ends. Before arriving there one comes to the extremity of the eastern portico, a sort of small obscure chapel with doors covered with inscriptions and hieroglyphs, and dedicated to Imhotep by Ptolemy Epiphanes.

The first gateway is immense, measuring over one hundred

and fifty feet in height, and gigantic sculptures cut in the massive stone are spread over its smooth flat sides. Here it is Hathor before colossal statues of divinities; there Ptolemy Philometor striking down his enemies; on one of the inner sides of the door, that on the right, one reads, on a stella, the commemorative inscription of the conquest of Egypt by the French arms.

The first gateway is connected with the second, which is not parallel to it, by a spacious court surrounded by porticos. The western portico forms part of a small isolated temple, dedicated to Hathor by Ptolemy Evergetes II., and his wife, Cleopatra. Under the eastern portico open two doors, each communicating with a separate room. In the first of these rooms, near the gateway by which one enters, a staircase leads to the upper stories and terrace; the other room, near the second gateway, served as the library.

This second gateway, which shuts in the court, is of more restricted dimensions than the first, and is literally covered with figures and hieroglyphs. It leads to a first portico communicating with a second by a door situated in the axis of the opening of the gateway. Ten columns support this vestibule. Half-effaced remains of colour show that their shafts were painted. The capitals are so still, and the blue and white, as fresh as if recently laid on, display the outline of the palms and lotus leaves very distinctly. Eagles, inscriptions, figures of divinities, painted on the ceiling, have preserved their surprising qualities of tone. The naos comprises a series of apartments, some in the axis of the temple, the others lateral. In the first of these latter, beneath which were crypts, are to be found the ordinates of the astronomical position of the island, inscribed there by the members of the Scientific Commission that accompanied Napoleon to Egypt, according to their own calculations. Opposite this apartment, to the left of the entrance, is a corridor communicating on one side with the exterior, on the other with a staircase leading to a chapel of Osiris, situated on the terrace.

In the last central room at the back, the secret shrine, which forms the sanctuary, properly speaking, and where one sees a sparrow-hawk's niche in pink granite, the walls are decorated with sculptures, one, amongst others, representing Ptolemy II., Philadelphus, being suckled by Isis.

One feels singularly impressed, whilst wandering through these vast, silent halls, with walls covered with lines of fantastical figures of gods, sacred animals, kings in rigid attitudes, mute, motionless, for the most part frightfully mutilated, and all deeply incised in the sandstone; and one is a prey to that persistent, irresistible, melancholy feeling—which is not without its charm—anent the past, a strange distant past, barely brought to light.

And, even now, whilst all learned Europe is making excavations in Egypt, protecting its monuments with jealous care, bringing to light unappreciable treasures, classing them in their museums with boundless solicitude, persons have appeared upon the scene who calmly propose to destroy Philæ, and that with the tacit agreement, the sanction, of the highest functionary in the land.

After that, one no longer dares feel indignant at the Christian image-breakers, the indifference of the natives, the maniacal tourists carrying Egypt away bit by bit in their trunks, or at the covetous fellaheen, cutting the mortal remains of a Pharaoh up in pieces, in order to sell them more easily.

I went up on to the terrace of the large gateway: the view from there is fairy-like. The Nile runs peacefully on either

side of the island. To the west, between the piles or enormous black rocks forming the peak of Bigeh and the prolongation of the granite masses of the Arabian chain, is the entrance to the cataract, bordered by a succession of capes, promontories, and small patches of sandy shore. In the interstices of rocks a few palm-trees draw a little life from the handful of soil left behind by the waters in retiring. To the right, bordering a narrow bank, nestling against the base of a rampart of rocks, and forming a greyish-green band, stretches a line of palms with violescent pink stems. Then, closing the horizon far away, appear the yellow sands of the Libyan chain, broken up from place to place by the dark rugged granite.

Due north, on the right, and quite close to the entrance to the cataract, at the foot of the Arabian chain and almost touching the river, rise two enormous rocks connected together, to which the Arabs give the name of Koursi Pharaoun—the throne of Pharaoh. Their sides are covered with inscriptions and hieroglyphs—the pomp of Egypt inscribed on granite. Behind and towering above them, the Arabian chain, devoured by the sun, rises bristling and wild. A few palms, some slender mimosas, have grown at the foot of the impoverished slope. A little farther on the right an enormous, roundly, thick-set sycamore, as big in itself as four or five fine trees put together. Arabs lie stretched out beneath its shade beside squatting camels.

To the east, between two rocky hills, expands a bare, flat, and absolutely arid space—the desert leading to Assouan. In the foreground, starting from the enormous sycamore, the bank develops into a long green ribbon of cultivated fields, upon which a healthy acacia, a sycamore with a multitude of branches, the tufted plumes of palms stand out in a dense blot. Clusters of white and yellow houses, a slender minaret break up the monotony of the green by their bright aspect. Flocks of oxen, goats, sheep come to drink at the river; buffaloes, with long horns curling back towards the spine, sink into it and remain motionless, their heads stretched forward, their muzzles out of the water. Women go down there to fill their pitchers, children bathe there, swimming across the branch of the river separating them from Philæ. One hears the monotonous grinding of the water-raising machines, to which small brown oxen with short horns are harnessed; half-naked fellaheen manœuvre the balancing poles of their chadoufs in regular motion; and the quite pastoral charm of this rural landscape is brought prominently in evidence by the uniform desolation of the adjoining desert.

To the south, we have, first of all, on the right Bigeh, with its doleful crags, its belt of trees, bordering the bank and broken up here and there by advancing rocks, pointing out, capelike, in the Nile. To the left rises the bare, parched Arabian chain, presenting a dirty greyish-black colour. At the extremity of the fields, between the river and the base of the mountains, appear two green oases, clusters of sycamores, mimosas, acacias, topped with the tufts of palm-trees. Slender, needle-like minarets shoot up from these verdant nests. Right in the background, blocking the horizon like a wall, the Libyan mountains rise almost vertically; a narrow fringe of trees runs along the base, and sharp jagged points pierce the sand covering their summits.

The sun, having reached its zenith in the blue expanse, blazes with dazzling brilliancy, with countless beams, caking the rocks, cracking the earth, heating the sap, casting its splendour on the waters, embracing all with its magnificence.

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I went down again; once more I walked over the island, contemplated the majestic monuments, once more examined the scattered ruins. I wandered amongst the old fallen-down

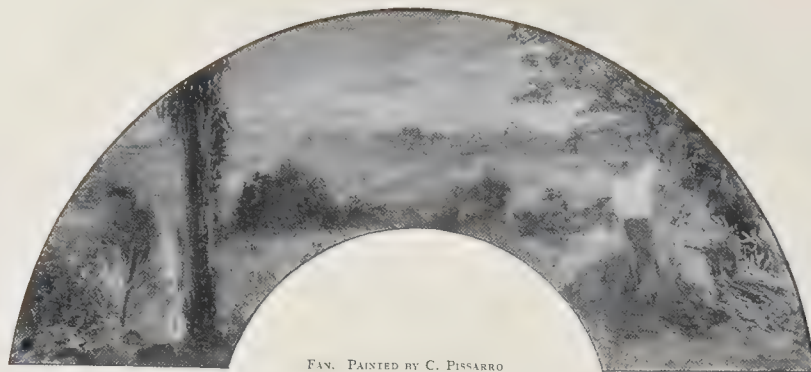


COLONNADE OF THE DROMOS LEADING TO THE GREAT TEMPLE OF ISIS.
FROM A DRAWING BY GEO. MONTBARD.

walls, the mounds of broken pottery, the fragments of pottery strewn on all sides; I smoked a last pipe on the terrace, shaded by superb palm-trees, of the northern quay, facing the entrance to the cataracts; then I attained the bank. The Nubian boatmen, with water up to their knees, had run a plank out from the boat to serve as a foot-bridge, and, leaning with my hand on their shoulders, I embarked and seated myself in the stern. They began intoning their chorus full of wild rhythm, and brought me back to Chellal, where Hassan was awaiting me on the bank.

G. MONTBARD.

4 Y



FAN. PAINTED BY C. PISSARRO

THE CAILLEBOTTE BEQUEST TO THE LUXEMBOURG.—III.*

THERE are, in all, exactly sixty-five pictures in the bequest.

What an amount of work—what a world of ideas, or sensations, of palpitations of Art this whole number of pictures represents! They call up the image of Monet in a smock with a felt hat slouched on his head, tramping all through the fields ever since the dawn, and in all kinds of weather, wherever there might be an artistic impression acquirable that could appeal to his painter's vision.

We see him in the smoky atmosphere of stations (see 'Gare St. Lazare' at page 232), braving the crowd, the continual hubbub of the passers-by, the deafening whistles of the locomotives, the squeaking of the waggons on the rails, the din of the porters, the ringing of the electric bells, and the sound of the horns; and there he stands in the midst of it all, attentive, concentrated, quite isolated from everything that does not bear upon the note to be rendered, that spiral ascent of the smoky vapour, or the observation of the patches of blue sky athwart the riven clouds of carbonaceous density!

And again, we come across him during a sojourn at Vétheuil, singing of the poetry of the hoar-frost that lurks in those early mornings on the borders of some pond, which the moping sun has wrapped in a shimmering envelope composed of all the subtlest blue and roseate tints.

Unfortunately the pen is powerless to render the delicate charm that arises from this exquisite page, and its utmost limits are summed up in saluting it as it flits beyond our ken.

Then there is the mud-marked snow, down-trodden and besmirched, that surrounds 'L'Eglise et la village de Vétheuil' (here illustrated); but for the sake of a happier relief the painter shows

us simultaneously the spires that are silhouetted upon that immaculate wedding-whiteness, presented by the clock-tower and the humble outlines of roofs across the sky.

Side by side with this mournful "congealed" vision of the corner of the village, stationary in the stillness of the wintry cold, stands a contrast, 'La mer sauvage à Belle Isle' (illustrated at page 360). This is the tumult of the elements. Both wind and wave rage against the savage ruggedness of the black rock, in a paroxysm of scudding foam. It is the Breton ocean that year after year carries with it those "Islanders" whose names, alas! swell the list of the annals of maritime martyrdom.



THE CHURCH AND VILLAGE OF VÉTHEUIL. FROM THE PAINTING BY CLAUDE MONET.

And there is always infinite variety in the message of Monet! 'La Seine entre Vétheuil et la Roche Guyon' renders nature under tranquil and smiling conditions. Those

* Concluded from page 310.



THE ORCHARD. FROM THE PAINTING BY CAMILLE PISSARRO.

'Chrysanthèmes rouges' are a patch of blood-red colour in a vase, then come 'Pruniers en fleurs' and 'Un Verger.'

'Un Jardin' in the country deals with the disorder of a dinner-table in the open air, marking the close of a repast with crumpled finger-napkins, the dessert that remains uneaten standing in a fruit dish, upon which the sun-rays riot, filtering through the foliage.

Finally a last curious impression. The enshrouding of the 'Tuileries' in the warm mist that emanates from the heat of the summer afternoon.

These studies of "atmosphere," which one word comprises and expresses, the contribution of Claude Monet to the Caillebotte collection, are worthy to take their place in a museum — they symbolise in the highest degree the fractions of the singing soul of this great artist.

Let us now get to the work of Degas.

The painter of the 'Ballet-dancers' has drawn in the medium of pastel, amongst many others, two of his favourite models, one of whom more particularly, 'La Danseuse' (illustrated at page 231), has all the tenderness and delicacy of a Watteau.

On the sloping stage of the opera, the dancer glides to the footlights with the lightness of a bird. It is really the materialisation of a flutter of wings that this graceful creature executes, arrested in her flight by the mediums of Degas' impeccable line. But as we are still at the theatre where everything is illusion

and artifice, the artist brings us back to realities by showing us, behind a side wing, the silhouette of a gentleman in a black coat vainly attempting to dissimulate his belated appearance of fatigued and dissipated rakishness.

'La Danseuse assise' (illustrated overleaf), fastening her shoe, reaches the highest perfection of modelling, and is remarkable for its dignified treatment.

What exactitude of attitude we find in the cartoon designated 'Choristes!' In the wan illumination of the footlights, the irony of the awkwardness of the singers assumes, in sooth, a deathlike aspect of weirdness. In this page that almost borders on the region of caricature by the intensity of its truth, one grasps all the artificial side of that life on the boards, its aggrandisement, its disillusion; one is tempted to add that these puppets of Degas compel us to comprehend the glory of the mummer's crown of thorns.

We will now return to the open air to follow Sisley and Pissarro.

The former takes us for a walk along the Seine, showing us the site that dominates the sides of Mont Valérien; but this is no longer the joyous river that Caillebotte loved. Here the stream flows sadly, following its sluggish, mournful course, with restful pauses here and there, in the course its threadlike form designs. Then it resumes its march in silence through the surroundings of nature in a pitying mood.



PORTRAIT EN PLEIN AIR. FROM THE PAINTING BY CAILLEBOTTE.



LA DANSEUSE ASSISE. FROM THE PAINTING BY DEGAS.

The branches from the shore are bowed before its passage, and the message of the leaden sky is a wailing minor melody that contributes its burden of melancholy to the landscape.

In two canvases of M. Camille Pissarro the parallelism of gaiety and depression is more striking. 'Le Coin du Village' that he has perceived at the outset of the winter absolutely reflects the approach of the frosty season that is about to spread itself over the entire horizon, indelibly fixing, or at least arresting, all exterior life. The trees look bleak, despoiled; the earth grows hard, sterile, rocky. The closed windows of the houses already indicate the preventive barricade erected in defiance of the winds that are the heralds of the advance guard in the army of winter.

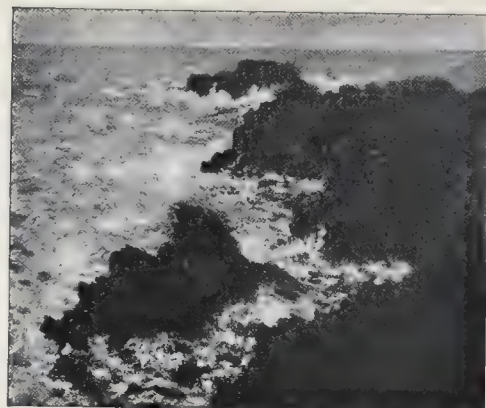


A FARMYARD. FROM THE PAINTING BY SISLEY.

But the snows have melted, the frozen soil relaxes and awakes, the windows are again opened to admit the sun into the flowering *potager* to ripen alike the homely vegetables and gaudy luxury of fruit. . . . This is spring!

"Summer is queen in the land," the country is in fullest sap, and in 'The Orchard' (illustrated on page 359) a woman is plucking the wealth of the borders, the treasure-laden branches.

At last the harvest is over, and in a plain where the wheat is garnered the labourers devote themselves to their usual occupations whilst a gentle luminosity envelops them. The composition of this last picture is most happy, and the



LE MER SAUVAGE À BELLE ISLE. FROM THE PAINTING BY CLAUDE MONET

shape of *l'éventail* (see page 358) that the artist has chosen lends itself admirably to the different planes of value of the whole conception.

Then there is Renoir, the painter of Parisian landscape, views of Montmartre, of Champrosay, the summer residence of Alphonse Daudet; of Chatou, the township of Parisian commerce.

This painter, that has since given us on canvas such interesting profiles of children, shows himself to us in the work that characterized the first half of his career—the attentive observer of luminous effect athwart leaves—of patches of colour formed by the sun-glints striking either on branches, or on stuffs, or on flesh tints. But the picture in point—where this study develops in a remarkable manner, now throwing into relief, now casting into shade, the individuals he has sketched with the veriest realism—is the 'Bal du Moulin de la Galette' (illustrated on page 231).

There is truth itself evolved by the aspect of the dancers at this public ball. The vulgar surroundings, the poses of the bucks of the slums, that

are turning round with those girls with their towzled hair, models escaped from the studios or apprentices from the milliners, all are, as it were, instantaneously photographed. This is the rowdy element, the life of the "bastringue," with its braying orchestra and accompaniment of strong, evil-smelling drinks, the "green" poison that dominates in this overheated atmosphere surcharged with its teeming burden of humanity.

Finally, to bring to a close this long procession of paintings, unequal truly in value, but all curious and of a high æsthetic interest, I must conclude with Cézane—previously mentioned—who scintillates through the medium of a view taken in the south at 'L'Estaque.' The flux of the sea seems, by its ascending action, to drag the very earth and the surrounding mountains in its train.

The force of a great brain has communicated to this picture the invisible fluid that charges the air with electricity and circles magnets round the roots of the very trees that rumble under the earth.

Cézane has not exhibited since 1877, an epoch when an insane ridicule estranged an immense amount of struggling artistic talent. Hidden away in some provincial nook, he has doubtless cultivated his acres with philosophy, thinking from time to time of Lamartine's—

"Mais la nature est là,
Qui l'invite et qui t'aime,"

and that shall console mankind to the end of all time for the incredible imbecility of a contemporaneous majority that "all like sheep" have flocked in a contrary direction.

JEAN BERNAC.

THE ILLUSTRATION OF BOOKS.

FIFTH LECTURE.—THE MAKING OF WASH DRAWINGS AND THEIR REPRODUCTION BY MECHANICAL PROCESS.*

WHEN I speak of wash-drawings I would really refer to all painting or drawing in colour or monochrome in tone, as distinguished from work in line, which was the subject of my last lecture.

Many persons do not like line work, never master it, and are insensible to its beauty when they see it. For these there is another method of expression, although I cannot repeat too often that an illustrator should be able to work in more ways than one. One may make one's illustration in colour, in oil, in gouache, in body colour, in wash, in fact paint a picture in any of the usual ways. But even with the best and most careful methods of reproduction, it will be almost invariably found that in the various stages of photographing, etching and printing, very much, if not all, the charm has disappeared, even though the result be printed in colour, for up to the present no colour can be perfectly reproduced, or rendered into black and white, even by the best engraver in the world. And no colour can be reproduced except by the artist himself. A few men like Detaille, De Neuville, and Lynch have, I believe, invented a special colour scheme for the requirements of colour reproduction, and some of the engravings made from their pictures by Messrs. Boussod and Valadon are very wonderful; but in the best examples, I imagine, there is an enormous amount of careful touching up and going over by hand, which places these reproductions in the category of proofs rather than of prints. Certainly there is a vast difference between them and the colour work usually seen in the same firm's commercial publications, good as they are, and there is a yawning gulf between these and the colour print we have with us always. Therefore, if you wish to work in oil, I should suggest that you work in monochrome, and further I would advise you to make your designs in simple black and white; that is if the reproduction is to be printed with black ink; for the nearer your original is to the colour in which it is to be printed, the nearer will the engraver and printer be able to approach it. I would also suggest that perfectly dead colours

should be used, because varnish or any sort of glaze, shine, or glitter will tell in the photograph, and even the most careful engravers are rather given to reproducing the photographic copy than the original, even though the latter be at their side.

One method that has been successful lately, is mixing oil colour with turpentine until it flows like water, and then working on paper. This reproduces most excellently. The only drawback is that the colour rubs off easily.

Body colour and gouache are much used. Only it must be remembered that you should keep to the same colours and the same method of work all the way through each drawing. It is very interesting to combine body colour with wash; often in the original design the combination is most pleasing, but the camera does not approve of it, and frequently plays the most unexpected tricks with these combinations. Therefore, either stick to body colour, lamp black, ivory black and white, or pure wash. In the latter case, there is nothing which photographs so well as charcoal grey, made by Newman and Co.; the most delicate washes reproduce beautifully. It is rather hard to manage, but once you can manage it, it is almost perfect. It is best for work in a very light key; in the extreme darks, it is liable to get heavy and sombre and gritty; and if you want a positive black, you would do well to put it in with ink or some stronger black, even at the risk of knocking things rather out of tone. The only objection to charcoal grey is, that it is rather difficult to work over it. Still, in illustration in wash, you will always get a cleaner, sharper effect by doing your drawing at once, getting your effect right with the first wash, than by any amount of tinkering at it.

In this pure wash work you should be careful, very careful, not to let any meaningless pencil lines show through, as they always photograph, cannot be taken out, and, at times, spoil the whole effect. In fact, imperfections in wash drawings always reproduce more perfectly than the perfections themselves, and it is as well to keep your paper reasonably clean, avoid smudging, blots and lines; otherwise you will be dis-

* Concluded from page 307

appointed in the result. It is often very effective in an original drawing to put in a lot of colour, but it nearly always comes out wrongly in the reproduction. On the other hand, although body colour often comes badly with wash, if you work over, or into, either your wash or body colour with pen, chalk, or pencil of the same substance as the wash, the result is harmonious often, and excellent. I mean, if you make a drawing in wash with Indian ink, and work on it with liquid Indian ink in a pen, the result will be right. If you touch up charcoal grey with charcoal, the wash and line unite; these things, however, you will soon learn by experience, even though that experience is gained in a rather painful manner. Still, at present, the better magazines and papers are not a practising ground for students, as they were some time ago, and you must be able to do good work before you can expect any intelligent editor to print it.

Drawings or paintings, in fact all work in tone, is reproduced mechanically by what is known as the half-tone process, which I referred to briefly in my last lecture.

The drawing is photographed, but in front of the sensitized glass a microscopically ruled screen is placed to break up the tone into dots or lines, really to get the same effect as the wood-engraver obtains with his dots and lines. Otherwise, the tones being flat, or even if they were graduated, would print as a black mass; but these screens break up the masses into little squares which receive the printing ink on their faces, and the colour or original effect of the picture is thus preserved. It is rather difficult to explain this, but the screen produces white lines in the darks and dark lines in the whites. You can see them by looking at any block. Afterwards the process is exactly the same as for line drawings. This reproduction of wash work is very uncertain: good effects are obtained, and about as often failures. The delicate tones are not infrequently altogether lost. There are no positive blacks or whites, but a uniform grey tint covers the entire block, in which all delicacy is often hidden. Therefore, to get a good effect when printed, the drawing should be simply made; that is, if it is for cheap engraving and rapid printing; but if for the best books and magazines, wood-engravers may be employed to remedy the imperfections of the photograph and the mistakes of the etcher. That is, whites may be cut, blacks toned down, lines thinned, or large spaces on the block may be left for the engraver to work upon. Most remarkable work of this kind may be seen in the better American magazines.

There are many qualities in a drawing which that senseless machine the camera will never reproduce. There are also a few points which it is very difficult (in tone work) for an engraver to render. But both may combine to obtain most interesting results.

For instance, it is very difficult to give in a wood engraving the look of paint on canvas without losing much of the picture itself, for if the wood engraver begins to try to imitate texture he not infrequently loses the subject. But the mechanical process seems to do this very easily, especially if the brush marks on the canvas are at all prominent. But the delicacy is frequently lost; so, too, are the strong blacks. A good wood-engraver, however, can remedy these defects by treating the metal block just as though it was wood, engraving on it,

cutting out, save where it is right, all the mechanical look. But two qualifications are necessary: first a good engraver, and second, a publisher who is willing to pay for this engraving, which is expensive. The majority of publishers will not do so. Though they will pay for the work of a good or notorious author, they will employ a feeble artist, a poor engraver, and a cheap printer, and talk of how much better the work was done thirty years ago. Of course it was; it was decently drawn and mostly badly engraved, vividly printed, but well paid for: now the photograph is the standard, and the results are all about us. Therefore you must think of the result and so make broad simple masses, keep your work as flat as you can, remembering that all blacks will have the little white dots of the screen more or less showing through them; these can be kept out by the engraver, but they certainly will appear in the cheapest work; remembering also that all delicate grey tones will be eaten up by the screen, and must not be put in if you can help it; and finally, that unless the whites are cut out they will never appear, but instead, you will have the dotted grey.

In the very near future many of these imperfections will disappear, for you must not forget that it is scarcely ten years since half-tone began to be used at all. But look, whenever you see them, and they are everywhere, at the reproductions of half-tone work; try and study out how the artist got his effect; go to the art editor who published the drawing, and ask to see the original; talk with artists who do good work in black and white—they are mostly human, intelligent, and willing to help and advise you; go to engravers' shops, and find out what the engraver will tell you; and to printing offices, and see your book through the press.

I have already spoken of the reproduction of line drawings by the half-tone process. One is sometimes tempted to wish that all line work could be reproduced by half-tone, and tone work could be reproduced by line, because if the line is delicate or the drawing is thin, the screen over it gives a tint which is pleasing, at times makes it look like an etching somewhat; especially if the tint be judiciously cut away. You might look at American work where very great delicacy has been obtained in this way. Engravers are now endeavouring to get the tint just where it is wanted, and I have no doubt they will succeed. When they do, photo-engraving by the half-tone process will be greatly improved.

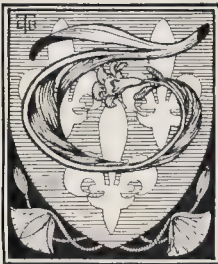
Finally, study the requirements of the process not only as artists, but from the point of view of the engraver. Go down to his shop and find out how the work is done; make him show you and tell you; insist on seeing proofs of your drawings, good proofs too; make corrections in them, first learning what corrections can be made. You cannot have blacks put in your engravings if they did not exist in the drawings, and, roughly speaking, you can only tone down, not strengthen any engraving; but you will find, save in cases of blacks, it is only toning down that the engraving wants, thinning and greying of lines.

All this I have no doubt is very dry and uninteresting and tedious, but unless you get these things into your head in the beginning, your drawings will not photograph well, engrave well, or print well. And well—if they don't, you will not get any illustration to do, and you may have yourselves to blame for it.

JOSEPH PENNELL.



THE LILY IN ART.



THE Lily, rivalled only by the rose, has ever from the earliest recorded ages, and in most countries of the Eastern hemisphere, ranked above all other flowers for beauty and historic fame. Fénelon affirmed that nothing equals the whiteness of the lily, and perhaps this is no exaggeration, even when we think of the whiteness of snow, though it is not easy to

make the comparison, since winter is not "the time when lilies blow." Moreover, there is a strange glistening quality, caused by the formation of surface cells, to be observed if one closely examines the solid white petals of the thick sweet-scented blossoms, which glitter all over like an expanse of snow on a sun-lit hill-side.

The lily tribe embraces flowers of many forms and colours, and the word, doubtless because it came through association to suggest anything lovely, has frequently been misapplied to favourite flowers of entirely alien tribes, such as the iris, water-lily, amaryllis, and arum, but we naturally think first of the exquisite white Madonna lily (*Lilium candidum*), so familiar in the works of great Italian painters, as the emblem of purity in the hands of angels and saints.

The origin of its artistic glory is probably due first to St. Bernard, and secondly to a translator's mistake. St. Bernard, who was born in A.D. 1130, and built the Abbey of Clairvaux in A.D. 1214, was noted for his devotion to the Virgin Mary, in whose honour as Mother of the Redeemer he composed his celebrated work "Missus est," and wrote eighty sermons on texts from the "Song of Solomon," identifying her with the Bride, whose detailed beauties he regards merely as prophecies, of the Virgin's divine perfections,

and further makes both her and the Eastern princess types of the Church on earth. Having proved this satisfactorily to himself and his disciples, it did not require any effort of the imagination to apply the opening words of the second chapter of the "Canticles," "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys," to the Virgin, so these flowers henceforth became her emblems.

A splendid and allegorical treatment of this idea, untrammelled by realism, may be seen in Carlo Crivelli's picture of the 'Madonna in Ecstasy,' in the National Gallery. It is

very rich in colouring, with a golden background; various kinds of fruit depend from a bar over which is hung the drapery on which the Virgin stands, while the usual divine accessories, including two little angels who crown her, appear above. On a marble slab on her right, is a jug of pinks and roses, and on the left a clear, narrow-necked vase containing a stalk of white lilies.

St. Bernard, reading the Latin translation of the Hebrew text, and knowing nothing of the botany of the Holy Land, little thought the 'Rose of Sharon' and the 'Lily of the valleys' were identical, and not even either of the well-known flowers. The original is doubtless a little obscure, for Luther's translation reads:—"Ich bin eine Blume zu Saron, und eine Rose im Thal; wie eine Rose unter den Dornen," etc., whereas Dr. M. W. L. de Wette gives it thus:—(1) "Ich bin eine Narcisse Saron's, eine Lilie in



KIOTO WARE. IN THE FRANKS COLLECTION OF JAPANESE PORCELAIN IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL.
PROBABLY MADE AT DERUTA, NEAR PERUGIA, ABOUT 1450.
FROM A DRAWING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



LILIES. FROM DRAWINGS BY KIFU RISSHO

den Thälern, (2) wie eine Lilie unter den Dornen," etc. Our Revised Version retains the old wording, but notes in the margin that the 'Rose of Sharon' is, in Hebrew, "hobaz-zeleth," the autumn crocus.

The earliest Italian painters represent the Archangel Gabriel holding a sceptre or wand, but those subsequent to St. Bernard, such as Andrea Orcagna and Justus of Padua, who flourished during the fourteenth century, and their successors, replaced it with the lily, it being thought natural that he should bear the flower mentioned in the so-called prophecy, when announcing to the daughter of Joachim and Anna that she is the Bride elect of Heaven. On recognising it as the Virgin's flower, one is not surprised to see it in the hands of other virgins and penitents, such as St. Margaret of Cortona, and as a sign of purity in those of St. Nicholas of Tolentino, and St. Eustochia, the daughter of St. Paula and disciple of St. Jerome, who took the vow of perpetual virginity, being the first Roman lady of noble birth and of the Christian faith to take this step.

St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusian Order in A.D. 1084, besides leading a holy life, specially merits a lily as a

symbol of his praiseworthy accomplishment in turning a desert into a garden, when building the Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, and botanists have paid him the compliment of calling the variety of white lily, *Anthericum liliastrum*, which grows in Alpine meadows, after his name.

It is also an appropriate attribute of St. Antony of Padua, who died reciting the hymn, "O Gloriosa Domina," of St. Catherine of Siena; and of St. Dominick, who, during his apostolic labours in Languedoc, instituted the rosary, the beads being slipped on the string to mark "the recital of fifteen Pater Nosters, and one hundred and fifty Ave Marias, in honour of the fifteen principal mysteries of the life and suffering of our Blessed Saviour and of His holy Mother;" and of St. Filippo Neri, the founder of the "Oratorians," who constantly preached from the gospel of the Annunciation. It is of the third saint that Dante writes:—

"Dominic he was called, and him I speak of
Even as of the husbandman whom Christ
Elected to His garden to assist Him."
(*Paradiso*, canto xii., v. 70; tr. Longfellow.)

St. Francis of Assisi was born in A.D. 1182, and died in A.D. 1226. After a gay and somewhat dissolute youth he suddenly plunged into the extremes of asceticism, going about preaching the doctrine of Holy Poverty, drawing his text from St. Matthew vi. 28, 29: "Why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."



FROM A DRAWING BY HOKUSAI.

This text, referring probably to the red *Anemone coronaria*, has, moreover, given rise to another mistaken idea, relating to the Salic Law, and the fact that lilies had become the French royal emblem, expressed in the old proverb, "Les lilies ne filent point," meaning that the throne of France cannot be occupied by a woman. It is nearly certain that the customs of the Salian Franks had been preserved by memory only of many generations as a needful guide of a turbulent and semi-barbarous folk, and it was not till the reign of Clovis that the first written collection was made, wherein among the wrongs to be redressed were theft of domestic animals and ill-usage of women and children. Although these restrictions were necessarily much resorted to in early times, but little would be heard of them now, were it not for the existence of Chapter 59, with the rubric, "De Alodis," regulating the succession to private property. The first four paragraphs make it clear that women were allowed to have a share in the inheritance of private movable property, but by the fifth, the true Salic land, the "lod" or fief,



LILY FROM AN ASSYRIAN BAS-RELIEF.

awarded freely to warriors on condition of military service, could only be held by men, as they alone could defend it and rightly serve their chief. This law could not have personally concerned the supreme ruler of the Salian Franks, the giver of land, though it is true that he shared by lot all other booty of conquest with his subordinates, nor was there occasion for it to be called into question until the death of Louis X., le Hutin, in A.D. 1316, which was quickly followed by that of his infant son. The Regent, Philippe le Long, now determined to ascend the throne, under the title of Philippe V., and exclude his niece, Jeanne of France, from the succession, although some of the barons and princes of the royal family took her part, urged by fellow-feeling, as by this time nearly all the great fiefs had fallen from the spear to the distaff. Philippe's ambition was such that he not only resorted to an ancient law which had fallen into disuse, but further strengthened his cause by interpreting the text of the Gospel to signify that the hand which held a distaff must not sway the sceptre of the Kingdom of the Lilies.

Although St. Bernard was one of the first to give much importance to the idea of connecting the Virgin with the flowers mentioned in the "Song of Solomon," it could not have originated with him, since as early as A.D. 1048 Garcias IV., King of Navarre, founded the military order of "Notre-Dame-du-Lis," having been cured of a serious illness by an image miraculously discovered in a lily-flower; and the story of Clotilda, to which we refer later, touching "the flower of heaven," dates from the first half of the sixth century.

Other mention of the lily is to be found in the Old Testament, in Hosea xiv. 5, and in 1 Kings vii. 19 and 26, where we read how Hiram of Tyre, "a worker in brass like his father," worked for Solomon's Temple, and that "the chapters that were upon the top of the pillars were of lily work in the porch, four cubits," and how the molten sea "was an hand breadth thick, and the brim thereof was wrought like the brim of a cup, with flowers of lilies." Unfortunately these world-famous carvings are lost for ever, but we still have preserved in the British Museum two fine examples of Eastern lily-work in stone, in the beautiful Assyrian bas-relief, representing a lion and a lioness in a Paradoisos or park, the landscape being suggested by a vine, a palm-tree, and probably the *Lilium candidum*, the "lis de Junon" of the Greek myth.

There was a flower beloved of gods and men in ancient Egypt, whose history recedes farther back in time than that of any other, and emerges from the mysterious borderland of truth and fable. This is the lotus, "the Lily of the Nile" of

Herodotus, the white or blue *nenuphar* or the *Nelumbium speciosum*, of which Theophrastus relates how it begins to sink beneath the surface of the Nile and of the Euphrates at sunset, and during the night gets out of arm's reach, but gradually rises and finally expands as the sunshine floods the earth and heaven, hence becoming an emblem of the Dawn and of Horus, the personification of the rising sun, who is frequently represented in the hieroglyphics as a child appearing out of a lotus, evidently a true member of the water-lily tribe, and probably the *Nymphæa cærulea*, being blue and white. It is always the most prominent among the offerings on the altars, both in the papyrus of Ani and in the wall-

paintings of the Theban tombs, and there are two examples of this use in our collection of Egyptian sculpture.

It was by no means reserved for sacred uses only, as we see in the frescoes from the tomb at Thebes, representing two entertainments, where most of the guests hold flowers or smell them, whence we may conclude they were sweet-scented.

Nézami, the Persian poet, has a fable in which he traces its origin to the marvellous beauty of Joseph, the son of the Patriarch Jacob, from whose face a brilliant ray penetrated to the depths of the Nile, and caused the lotus to appear on the surface.

Many Oriental deities have their birth from the lotus. The British Museum contains, besides several statuettes of Buddhist divinities of Japan, seated on a lotus flower, a beautiful Chinese drawing attributed to an artist of the eighteenth century, representing Kwanyin, the Chinese goddess of mercy and fertility. She stands on a red lotus flower with a green centre, and waters the earth to give it increase.

The Japanese lotus in colour is white, rose, or pale pink, and in some of the native drawings it is pink striped and tipped with deep crimson. It is a frequent decoration

for Japanese and Chinese porcelain, and is treated both in a conventional and naturalistic manner. Such is not the case as regards the true lily, it not being a favourite flower with native artists, though many splendid varieties flourish in Japan. However, it is drawn in some of the flower-books, and there are at least three varieties of it among the sketches of Hokusai, besides the coloured drawing of magnificent orange and crimson lilies after a collection of thirty-six drawings of flowers by Kifu Rishshō made during the present century, and to be seen in Yedo.

Another so-called lily which has played such an important part in history and art, is the blue, white or yellow iris or flag, which, however, belongs to the distinct order of Iridaceæ. This is no other than "the fayre flower-Delice," of "The



ST. PAOLINA AND ST. EUSTOCHIA. FROM A PICTURE BY COSIMO ROSELLI IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



ASSYRIAN BAS-RELIEF.

Shepherd's Calender," of which, in his glosse to the month of April, Spenser says, "*Flower delice*, that which they use to misterme flowre deluce, being in Latine called *Flos delitiarum*."

Ignorant of strict scientific laws, Shakespeare clearly places it in the Order of Liliaceæ, for in the *Winter's Tale*, Act iv., Scene iv., Perdita says she brings—

"The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one."

Historians differ as to the original significance of the royal insignia of France. In Borel's "*Trésor de Recherches*," cited by Roquefort, the "*Glossaire*," under the word "*Leye*," says: "The oriflamme is so called from gold and flame; that is to say, a lily of the marshes. The lilies are the arms of France on a field of azure, which denotes water, in memory that they came from a marshy country." Roquefort gives his own opinion as follows:—"The Franks, afterwards called French, inhabited (before entering Gaul properly so-called) the environs of the Lys, a river of the Low Countries, whose banks are still covered with a kind of iris or flag of a yellow colour, which differs from the common lily, and more nearly resembles the flower-de-luce of our arms."

According to an old story, Clovis, when fighting against the Huns, and seeing little chance of victory, prayed to the God of his wife Clotilda, a Christian princess of Burgundy, and having gained the battle, out of gratitude for the divine assistance, allowed himself to be baptized by St. Remi, and in consequence of a dream of St. Clotilda, henceforth the three toads (whence the nickname of "Johnny Crapaud"),



THE MADONNA IN ECSTASY. FROM THE PICTURE BY CARLO CRIVELLI IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

which he had borne upon his shield were converted into lilies.

But it is stated, also, that as late as A.D. 1137 the fleur-de-lis appeared for the first time on the royal coins of Louis VII., "in allusion to his name of Loys, and because he was called Lodovicus Florus, or the young."

According to Chaucer, in the fourteenth century, it should be white, unless that was the only iris with which he was familiar, for in the Prologue to the "*Canterbury Tales*," he says of a "Frere" that "His nekke whit was as the flour-de-lys."

Originally the banner of Florence was a white lily on a red field, but after the expulsion of the Ghibellines in July, 1251, the Guefs changed it to a red lily on a white field, a circumstance to which Dante refers in Canto XVI. of the "*Paradiso*."

In the sixth canto of the "*Paradiso*," Dante speaks of one faction adopting "*i gigli gialli*," i.e. the yellow or golden fleur-de-lis of France, the banner of Charles of Anjou, who became the mainstay of the Guef party.

St. Louis chose as his motto a marguerite and lilies, in allusion to the name of the queen, Marguerite of Provence, and to the arms of France, and he wore a ring engraved with a garland of lilies and daisies with these words:—"Hors cet anel, pourrions-nous trouver amour"; or in accordance with another report:—

"Dieu, France, et Marguerite,
Hors cet anel n'ai point d'amour."

Having fewer associations than the true lily, the iris appears but seldom in the paintings of the old masters, but it grows by a fountain in Andrea Mantegna's picture of 'Samson and Delilah,' and the large blue flag helps to compose the group of flowers and fruit by Jan van Hüysum, in the National Gallery, and eight lovely studies may be seen in the British Museum, in the flower book of S. Holtzbecker, who worked about A.D. 1660.

In his *Fastis*, Ovid tells how Persephone wandered in the fields of Enna, with her maidens, who were tempted to pluck many different kinds of flowers, filling with them either their loose robes, or a cālāthus, a wicker basket widened towards the top in the shape of a lily flower, while she herself was gathering the slender saffrons and the white lilies when surprised by Pluto.

Ovid's version of the betrayal of Gabii to Tarquinius Superbus relates that Tarquin was walking in his garden when he received the news of his son's stratagem, and instead of giving the messenger any verbal directions, he simply struck down the tallest lilies, on hearing which his



ST. DOMINIC. FROM THE PICTURE BY CARLO CRIVELLI IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

son understood that he was to slay the leading men of Gabii.

In the treatment of sacred subjects by the old masters, the introduction of the lily is not confined to oil-paintings, for it occurs in many of the bas-reliefs of Luca della Robbia and his school, such as the beautiful 'Annunciation,' attributed to one of the della Robbias, in the Duomo in Florence; and in South Kensington Museum, framed in a border of fruit, is a Virgin sitting on the ground, and holding the Infant Christ, who is plucking a lily-flower.

In the British Museum there is a large majolica plate of lustre ware, probably made at Deruta, near Perugia, about A.D. 1480, on which is painted the Archangel Gabriel with his hands folded in adoration, and a lily over his shoulder, the stalk being held between his side and elbow.

When Elaine, the Maid of Astolat, died, her friends "set in her hands a lily," we read, but this is the poetical addition of Lord Tennyson, for no mention of the flower occurs in Sir Thomas Malory's rougher rendering of the "Morte d'Arthur."

And now we have sought these beautiful flowers in the works of sculptors and painters of long-past ages, and found them in the pages of poets of many centuries, and we have wandered among "lilies of all kinds," just as Shelley wandered in his "dream" among the visionary flowers, when he says:

"And, nearer to the river's
trembling edge
There grew broad flag-
flowers, purple, pranked
with white,
And starry river buds
among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies,
broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that
overhung the edge
With moonlight beams
of their own watery
light."

And we have come
to the end of the by-
gone history of every
one, including the
gorgeous iris, and
Shelley's

" . . . naïd-like lily
of the vale,
Whom youth makes so
fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremu-
lous bells is seen
Through their pavilions or
tender green."

"And the wand-like lily which lifted up,
As a menad, its moonlight-colour'd cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky."



ASSYRIAN BAS-RELIEF.

L. B. T.

CONSTABLE.

JOHN CONSTABLE, now the most celebrated, if not actually accounted the greatest, of English landscape painters, was during his life despised and neglected. Considering his social advantages it seems incredible that such should have been the case, for not only had he the gift of genius and the rank of Royal Academician, but his connections were people of consequence, who, by their influence, found buyers for his pictures. Among them was his best friend and supporter, Archdeacon Fisher of Salisbury. Mr. Fisher did not content himself with everywhere lauding Constable's talent, but by the purchase of the renowned picture called the 'White Horse,' rendered the painter a service which was of the utmost importance to him at that crisis of his life.

It was reserved, however, for the French to have the honour of raising Constable to his pedestal. In a letter to Archdeacon Fisher, he says: "My Frenchman has sent his agent with the money for the pictures," which, Constable adds, "look uncommonly well, and which he hopes will melt the stony hearts of the French painters." He had his wish, for after the sale of those pictures, which were of large size, the buyer engaged him to paint seven others of small size for the Paris buyers. The large pictures, which were exhibited at the Louvre, caused Constable's work to be "looked for at Paris." Mr. Brockdon, in a letter to Constable, states that the French have been forcibly struck by them, and they have created a *division* in the school of the landscape painters in France. They, however, accused him of carelessness in the work, but freely acknowledged the freshness and striking effect of the paintings; moreover, he says that the next exhibition in Paris will teem with imitators.

Constable's prices at this time were absurdly low; imagine for instance, the grand work called 'The Lock,' being sold to Mr. Morrison, on the opening day of the Academy, for one hundred and fifty guineas "including the frame." It is more than probable that £15,000 would now be freely given for such an example of Constable's genius. We are informed that the "Frenchman" agreed to pay £250 for two of the large pictures, and that Constable gave him a small one of 'Yarmouth into the bargain.

The critics of that day were, to a man, down on Constable. He says: "My execution annoys most of them, as well as all the scholastic ones." He adds: "Perhaps the sacrifices I make for lightness and brightness are too great, but these qualities are the essence of landscape painting, and my extreme is better than white-lead and oil, and dado painting." Dado or flat, dull, monotonous work, was foreign to Constable's nature; his aim being always to produce the *chiaroscuro* which is ever present in nature, that charm of depth and glow which Rembrandt and the colourists invariably fought for. Constable's pictures are fashionable now, but it is more than probable that there are as few who know them, as there were in his day; his name and fame, however, are widespread, and his pictures are eagerly sought for in London, Paris, and New York. The French lead the American taste, and before long they will make many more of our masters famous. This will happen when they know the pictures of Wilson, Turner, Crome, Cotman, De Wint, Cox, and a host of other English painters. The judgment of the French is the court of appeal: the inartistic, political, and commercial English race only paint good pictures now and again: and

singularly enough, in the main, they cannot even appreciate the genius of their own painters. It is singular, indeed, that a nation which is denounced as barbarous in matters of Fine Art should, at intervals, have produced poets and painters of world-wide renown, which their own countrymen have invariably delighted to dishonour! It is something against this to have sent forth a champion who has virtually divided the French landscape school, and in addition has founded the most fashionable and costly school of modern times. Constable is still their head-master, however, and will continue to be so. However beautiful and skilful the Barbizon painters may be, Constable and our other great artists are always more luminous as well as richer and finer in colour. Constable's own words may be cited. He says: "Chiaroscuro is the only thing to be obtained, and at whatever cost; my pictures shall have chiaroscuro, if they have nothing else." In this respect, therefore, and in the reflex of the freshness of nature, Constable is the head and front.

Constable had several modes of work, as all anxious inquirers after processes for expression in painting must have. He had almost as many methods, and as many periods in his work in oil, as Turner himself. One day he would paint on the clean canvas, but always laid in a ground of burnt umber, tempered with richer or cooler colours. He would paint at another time on a deep, rich red ground, for here and there the preparation is plainly visible. Even through the blues and greys of his skies, the rich ground is to be distinctly traced. Sometimes, for *texture*, he would cover his canvases,

chiefly small, with a cream-coloured impasto, which he would paint with a rough hog-hair brush, and leave it with its markings to dry hard. Very frequently he worked on the common dark mill-board of commerce, after glazing the surface with size. *Tone* and *chiaroscuro* were always aimed for, qualities which nowadays are often scorned, as if they did not exist in nature! After painting on these boards with firm and rich colours, he would steadily ascend the chromatic scale, until he reached the reflected pearl lights of the sky, or the sparkle after rain. He left no chord unsounded, but rose from the ground-floor to the skylight of his art. To gain the freshness and dewy feeling of nature, he frequently sacrificed the 'breadth and repose of his pictures; for all know that sunshine scatters the light and shade of nature, and Constable and Cox were the only masters who strove to adapt this law to the laws of their art. When Constable painted broad and solemn effects with the brush, without the aid of the palette knife, he was frequently dark and heavy; and these pictures in consequence are often challenged as to their genuineness by the majority. Only the best experts know these Constable pictures. Indeed, as always, the painter's "voice," viz. his colour, is the only safe guide; for the technique and general arrangements of the composition follow as a matter of course. His force and delicacy do not appeal to those who have neither brains nor brawn—the effeminate weaklings—nor to those who paint loud stage effects out of time and tune like a street German band, nor to those, moreover, who have not eyes to discern the subtle qualities which lie deep under the surface of any object of



THE PALACE-KNOLL IMPRESSIONS, PICCADILLY. BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A. EXHIBITED AT THE R.A. OLD MASTERS' EXHIBITION, 1892

Art whatever, whether it be in paint, porcelain, metal, or marble. They only see something big in nature, thunderous clouds and striking contrasts of light and dark in the landscape. They are attracted by elephantine grandeur, but cannot look through the polarised-lighted microscope at nature's colourings, and study her wondrous infinities at the other end of the scale. In a word, they are deaf and blind to that still, small voice of 'quality,' which is ever present in every phase of nature. The only true students are the 'leaveners,' who are deep-thinking and keenly observant, and who call on the people to accept their verdict, like a great scientist, as a matter of *faith*. The majority, indeed, live on faith alone.

Constable, in his Constable-period, greatly indulged in the vagaries of the palette-knife, which instrument he used with singular dexterity. He painted with it to such an excess, however, that it was wittily said that he had cut his throat with it. He may have done this, but it is certain he killed his traducers, for the sickly and puerile productions of many of his opponents could not live in the presence of his brilliant knife operations. He painted, however, in his early and middle periods, with the brush, and afterwards adopted the use of the palette-knife to carry out the instincts of his nature, viz. to produce the *light* he saw everywhere before him. The pungent remarks about his use of the palette-knife induced him for a time to greatly modify its adoption, but he soon broke through his resolve, and, fortunately for the world, painted, drew, and modelled with it with greater effect than ever. He knew that the living light of the 'Leaping Horse' and 'Dedham Vale,' for instance, dulled and deadened all his brush-work, and he was, therefore, only happy when he was carrying out his unconquerable idiosyncrasy. Constable's art is therefore the most brilliant beacon in the school of landscape painting! Palette-knife work such as Constable's has an accident and vivacity which correspond to the "left" lights in water-colour painting. Those lights are jewelled, as it were, and may be called nature's brilliants. They are the ringing treble notes of the gamut of Art, and as Constable resolved to play the whole scale, he began with the rich deep notes in nature's diapason, and played up to the silver tones with the palette-knife, in the treble clef of dazzling cloud and dewy meadow. In truth he was so enthralled with nature's chromatic scale, from the tremble of the swell to her high notes in alt, and he frequently struck the chords with such force and vigour, that his audience started and felt that he was coarse and violent. He was coarse and violent apparently, when compared with the flaccid and peevish work of many of his contemporaries; but nature was his prompter, and she fired him in his work. Those gold and silver ores which he

1895.



ORIGINAL STUDY FOR THE 'CORNFIELD' AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.
BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

often used in their pristine state, so fascinated him in his love for broken tones that few, very few, could follow him. The electric lamp he carried was too dazzling for them.

The writer's celebrated Constable, which was maligned as "palette-knife scrapings" a few winters ago, when it was exhibited in London, is one of that class; a palette-knife picture of extraordinary power, but, of course, not meant for the dull unseeing eye. The large oil sketch at South Kensington Museum of the 'Leaping Horse' is another example of the great impressionist's work, and may be said, with others similar, to form the high bar for the feats of this great Art athlete. Those startling effects, however, as all true men know, were painted to keep the finished

work up to pitch. We know that no finished work can rival the brilliancy and abandon of a sketch, because the suggestiveness of the rapid impression is flattened and saddened by the refining process of *so-called* finish. If the polishers ask for what they ignorantly call 'refinement' from Constable, they might as reasonably ask for his life; for the soul which dwelt within his own mystic circle was the reflex of the Constable mind, and his alone, which in its function produced the qualities he saw in nature, viz. strength, depth, brilliancy, and vitality.

Constable was a striking figure, and a painter of high degree, whose art added one more gem to the diadem of English landscape painting. He has filled the vacant niche which was left for him, and it is impossible to imagine any other feature of landscape art which could so nobly have filled that niche. Curiously enough, the two great masters, Constable in oil, and Hunt in water-colours, were experts with the knife—their objects being the same. They strove to produce the brilliancy of the high lights of nature, and to carry these through the work: these are known as the "travelling lights." Constable laid on the colours with the palette-knife, and dexterously *drew* and modelled with it over the under prepared ground. Hunt, being a water-colour painter, took out passages with a sharp cutting knife, and frequently, as the writer can show in his collection of Hunt's drawings, made great gashes in garments, etc., for effect and contrast to the delicate flesh tones of his figures. The colours were then dropped into the spaces, and mosaiced, as it were, to give effect and contrast. Constable seemed born for a palette-knife painter, and he shines forth among his French disciples who painted with the brush and made their otherwise beautiful works look dull and flat by comparison.

As a draughtsman, Constable was below Turner, Gainsborough, Müller, and Bonington; and, indeed, many more

of our masters. He never had the grace and swiftness of those painters, and always showed, as it were, a heavy hand—masculine and muscular to a degree—but never so sensitive and aerial as Turner, Cox, and Müller. By force, dash and brilliancy, he would storm the citadel; he was a fighting, fearless man, and not a persuasive. Constable frequently painted in water-colours, but his real medium was oil. He could never have become a consummate water-colourist, because he was not delicate enough either in colouring or in drawing with the point. He could not, for example, draw with a swift and ringing touch in *outline* the Salisbury Cathedral, of which he was so fond, like many of our masters, and he could not, therefore, like Turner, show the crisp and nervous outline of such a building *through* the overlaid colouring of the drawing. However, as stated, he had other qualities, markedly Constable qualities, which made him a beacon of our school. Above all in his art he was, like Morland, English of the English; he painted the Midland meadows and homesteads with a loving heart. The silver streams, bordered with sedges, and reeds, and willows, were never truly painted till Constable came; and one day when locks and barges and quaint old gabled mills and farmsteads have given place to bald and formal structures, which the steam-engine will have called into existence, his landscapes will be historical. Sir Thomas Lawrence, the generous and gifted President of the Royal Academy, unconsciously made Constable wince when the latter called upon him to express his gratitude for his election to the rank of Royal Academician. Sir Thomas told Constable he might consider himself fortunate in receiving such a mark of distinction; because there were several *historical* painters of promise waiting for admission. The distinguished portrait painter was blind to the fact that the greatest historical painter among them *had* been elected! He could not conceive that Constable's historical landscapes would one day be of great value for their faithful delineation of the *actual* scenes before him. He had no costumed models or imaginings of accessories, no building-up or inventions of the past; on the contrary he had God's landscapes before him, with the habits and costumes of the people who lived in them. What would we give now for such a translator of Shakespeare's time, with the parks and manor-houses, with figures of the period in every station of life to enrich and people the scenes? Constable, therefore, like Hogarth and Morland, was an historical painter, although not of the class Sir Thomas was thinking of.

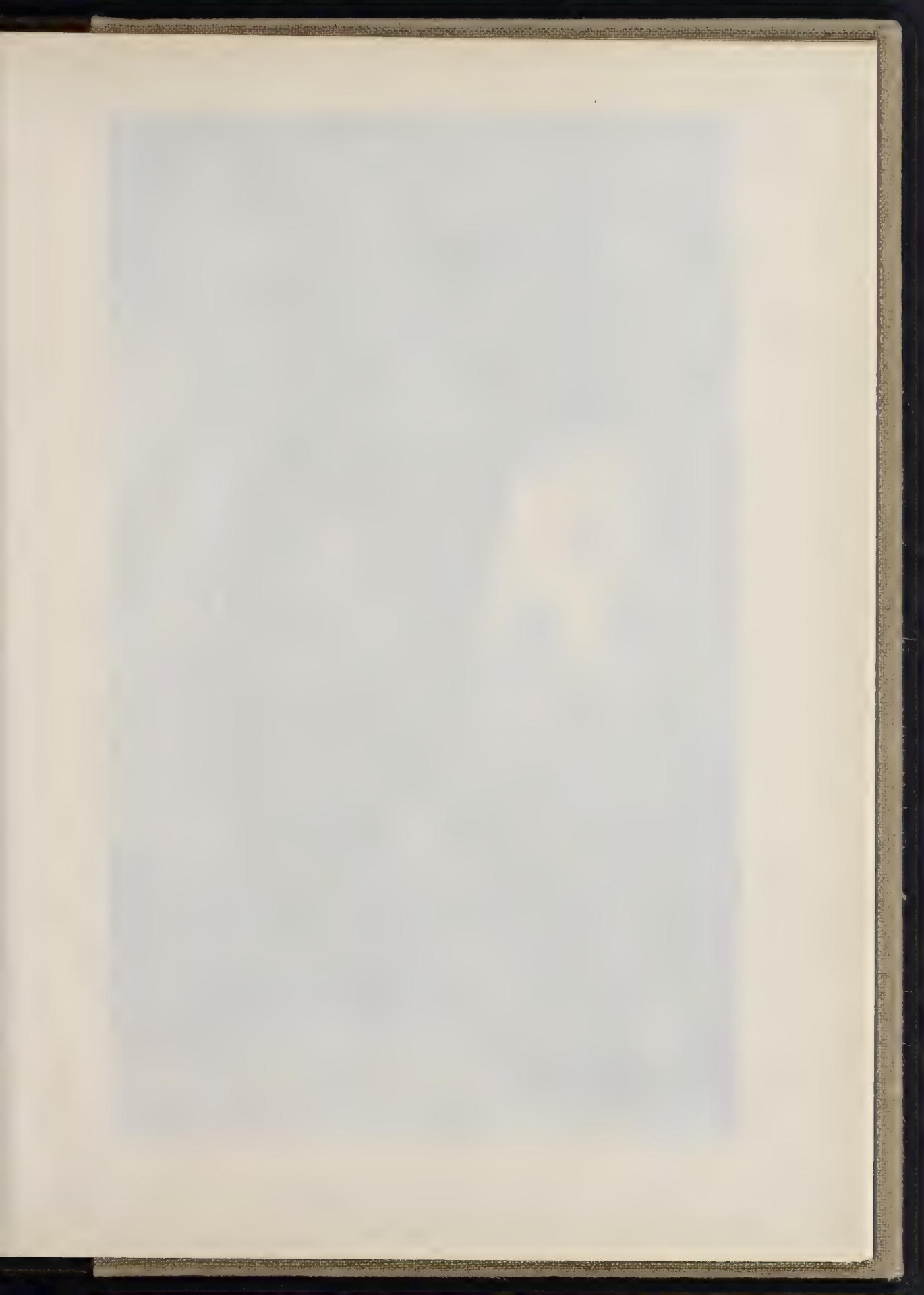
It has frequently been claimed, as a crown to the genius of Turner, that he never repeated himself. In the main this is not true, for Turner's effects were often repeated, and his peculiarities of technique and arrangement of lines and masses were always Turneresque. Constable certainly, like Richard Wilson—whose genius is second to none—continually repeated himself; for we have as many 'Dedhams' and 'Locks on the Stour,' as we have 'Lake Nemis' and 'White Monks' by Wilson, and 'Going to the Hayfield,' by Cox, with white horses and figures to make up the theme. Many argue, however, that this repetition of subject exhibits a state of perfection such as is constantly found in the complete work of a mechanic or specialist, whose life has been devoted to the making of one thing only. Hunt and Hine in water-colours, for instance, although we all know they never *literally* reproduced the same picture, still, in the main, their perfection of skill is chiefly due to their repetition of subjects and to their absolute knowledge of the materials at their disposal.

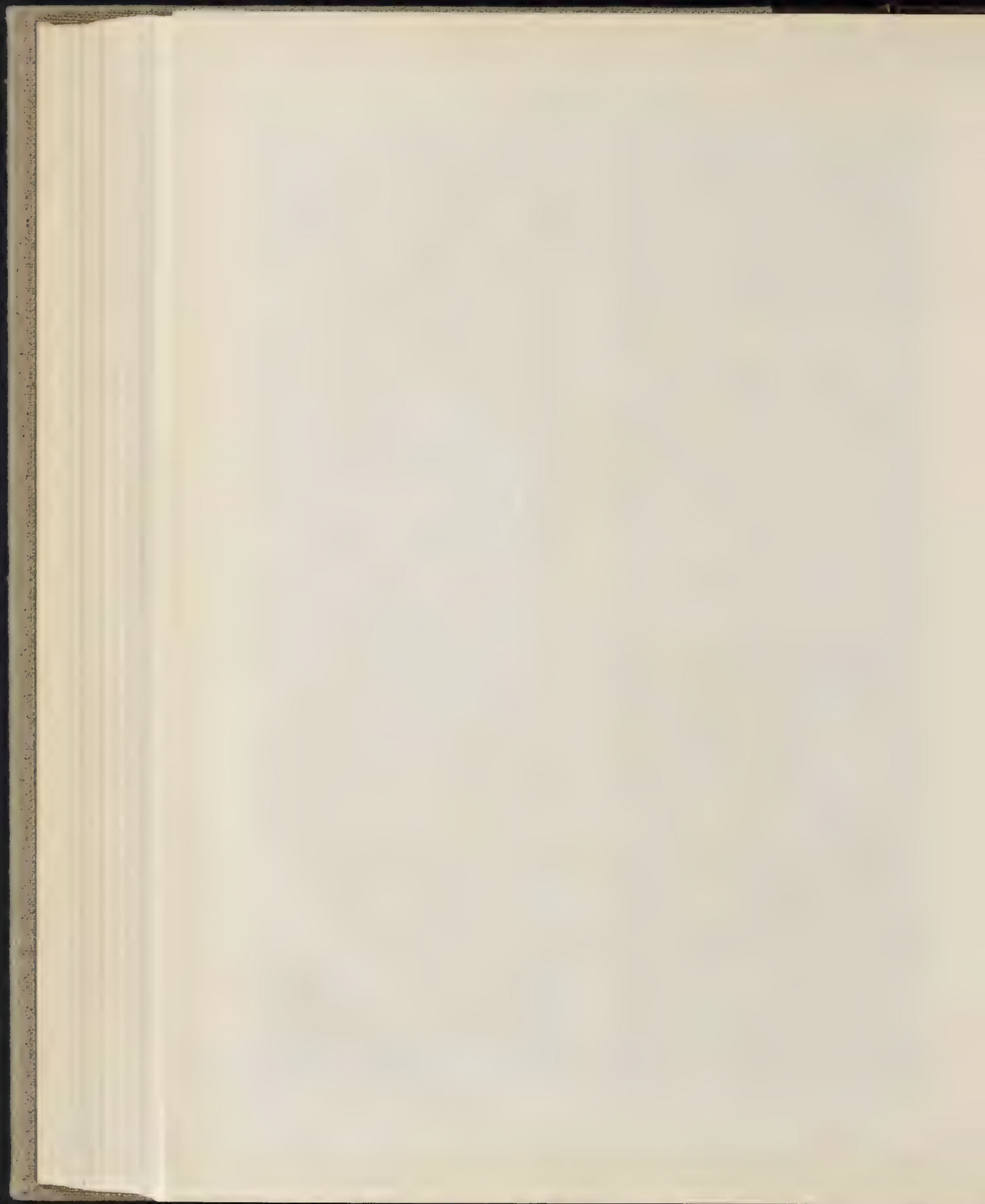
Certain it is that no 'Dedhams' or 'Hampsteads' have ever been painted with the force and brilliancy of the reflex of nature, as those we see by Constable. He loved God's pictures, not the ideal pictures of man. Listen to his words: "None of the great painters were *eccentric* in their work." Again: "There never was a boy-painter, nor could there be; the art requires a long apprenticeship, being *mechanical* as well as intellectual." Mannerists are cunning people, and the misfortune is the public are not able to discriminate between their pictures and true painting. He cared little for the usual classifications of Art, he judged by intrinsic merit alone. Good Art was with him high Art, however *humble* the subject; and mediocre Art, let the attempts be ever so sublime, was in his estimation low Art.

All men of genius have something in common, however dissimilar their productions, but genius and mediocrity have nothing in common. Raphael and Ostade may be classed together, but never Raphael and Carlo Marrata. He had another pithy saying: "He felt that the supernatural need not be unnatural." An artist who undervalued every class of Art but the heroic, said he could not conceive to what Jan Steen owed his great reputation, unless to the high encomiums Sir Joshua Reynolds had passed on his style. Constable replied: "And could he owe it to a better authority?" Speaking of the taste for the prodigious and astounding, he replied: "Genius is in the still small voice."

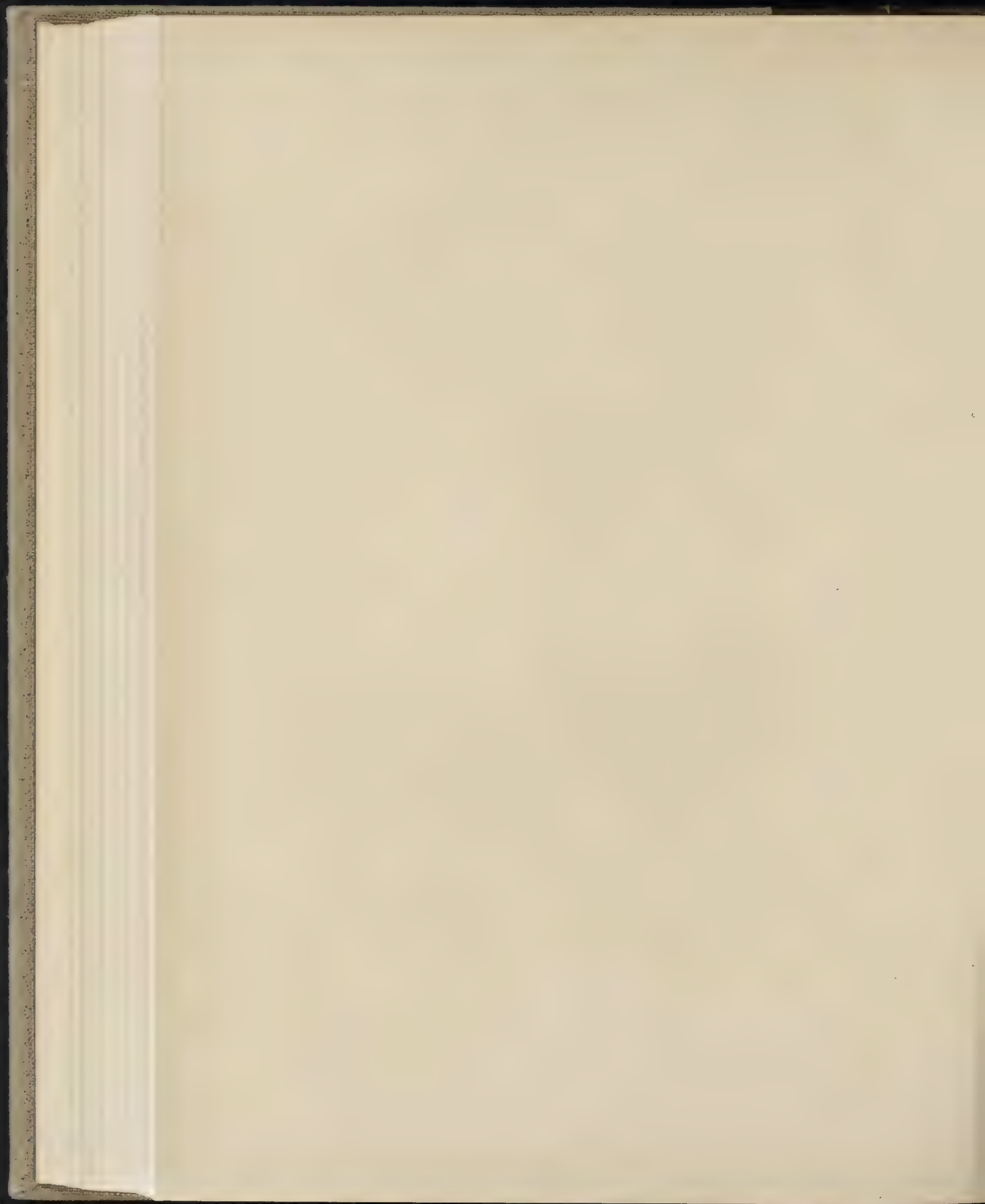
Constable, like Turner, was a great admirer of Wilson, with whose sufferings he had a strong sympathy. Constable lectured as well as painted, and said many things of great weight. After speaking of Rembrandt, Ruysdael, and Cuyp, he says on the death of these great men the art rapidly declined, and during almost the whole of the succeeding century, little was produced beyond mannered and feeble imitations of their art. From this degraded and fallen state, it is delightful to say that the art of landscape painting revived in our own country in its purity, simplicity, and grandeur, in the works of Wilson, Gainsborough, Cozens, and Girtin. Those painters have become points, marking the epochs of landscape, and corresponding numerically with those of the eminent men who have materially enlarged the boundaries of each of the other departments in Art, Literature, and Science.

He speaks of Wilson as opening the way to the genuine principles of landscape in England; he appeared at a time when this art, not only here but on the Continent, was entirely in the hands of the mannerists. It is gratifying to water-colour painters to hear the words of Constable about their art. He praises Cozens and Girtin, and says they possessed genius of the very highest order, though their works are comparatively few, and in water-colours only. Like all great artists Constable was a keen observer and a deep thinker. He was continually studying nature, and pondering over the best modes and methods of expressing her characteristics. He knew the great art of the masters, and founded his style on theirs. Like the Dutch he was a stay-at-home, but he studied and absorbed all the fine Art he could see, and gradually formed his own style with the help of nature. He knew that many travelled and talked, but *few* could really read what they saw and talked about. Many know, as they call it, the collections in Europe, but how many can absorb the true knowledge like a thirsty artistic soul? The non-appreciation of his work during his life was a great grief to Constable, and he complained bitterly of this neglect. He says of himself that he is "totally unpopular, and will be on this side the grave; the subjects









are nothing but Art, and the buyers wholly ignorant of that; my art flatters nobody by imitation, it courts nobody by smoothness, tickles nobody by petiteness, it is without either fal-de-lal or fiddle-de-dee; then how can I hope to be popular?"

His house was filled with his unsold pictures, and courting notice, he advertised "Mr. Constable's Gallery of Landscapes, by his own hand, is to be seen gratis daily by application at his residence." When the French decided that Constable was a great painter, the French King gave him a medal to confirm their verdict. *We* had, therefore, to wait for the foreigner to acknowledge this hitherto despised genius, and this genius an Englishman, one who had painted the most un-sad, un-leathery, un-sleepy, but otherwise lifelike, bright-eyed, Argus-eyed, silver-seamed landscapes in the world. To-day *even* we are despising and degrading the memories of other of our great painters whose names will before long be brought forward probably by the French again, and be household words in every land. To begin with, we ourselves ought at least to take means to preserve from destruction the English pictures we already possess in our public galleries. In the National Gallery, to wit, we are told by high authority that in consequence of the English pictures having been painted with bitumen, nothing can be done to save them. It is certain, however, that so far little has been done to try and save them!

Constable was one of that band of masters and martyrs in Art which included among others the names of Wilson, Crome, De Wint, Cox, and Holland. When Constable died, he had a house filled with unsold pictures, many of which have since become famous throughout the world. Among them was the celebrated 'Cornfield,' now in the National Gallery, which his friend, Mr. Purton, urged should be secured for the National Collection. On August 21st, 1837, Mr. Purton writes to a friend: "I have had this day the melancholy gratification of again visiting the gallery of our lamented friend Constable. The great number of his works left in his possession proves too clearly how little his merits were felt by those who could afford, and ought to have possessed them." Mr. Purton adds: "I fear unless some means are adopted to save the pictures, they will fall into the hands of artists only, for a mere trifle, and will remain buried, till dug up and brought to light in another age."

Mr. John Wigzell, of Maddox Street, whose experience, together with that of his late partner, Mr. D. T. White, as to Constable's pictures, extends over more than half-a-century, possesses a catalogue, probably unique, of that celebrated collection of which Mr. Purton writes, with the names of the purchasers, and the prices of the pictures affixed. The date of the catalogue is May 15, 1838, and the sale was at Fosters', in Pall Mall. This catalogue and Leslie's *Life of Constable* do not quite agree in some most important particulars. For instance, 'The White Horse,' which had been sold to Archdeacon Fisher, is among the pictures for sale in this catalogue, and is named as having been exhibited in the Academy in 1819. The 'Lock,' also, which was purchased (see Leslie's *Life*) by Mr. Morrison from Constable out of the Academy Exhibition in 1824, is also named in the 1838 Catalogue for sale among Constable's possessions. Here, indeed, is a mystery which may one day be solved. Mr. Wigzell thinks, after Constable came to his fortune he might have bought some of his grand pictures back, as Turner did in the case of 'Sun rising in a Mist,' and others.



HAMPSTEAD HEATH. BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

Mr. Golding Constable had a great objection to his son being an artist, consequently the young genius had to attend to the mill business at Bergholt, and paint and study from nature when he could. No artist could have confined his studies to a more limited area than Constable, but Providence had made him one of the chosen, and, like John Bunyan and William Hunt, had shut him up for a great purpose. Although the space for his study was limited to a few hundred yards round Bergholt and Flatford, this space contained the materials for the greatest pastoral pictures in the world. Here Constable found the subjects for 'The Lock,' 'The White Horse,' 'Hay-wain,' 'Willy Lotts' House,' 'Valley Farm,' 'Young Waltonians,' and many more. He was, as it were, imprisoned there, at least he chose to make it appear so; but, in reality, he centred his genius to the pictorial development of the

scenery he knew best and loved most. It is said he knew every tree for miles round Bergholt, and had names for most of them. He got by heart the tones and tints of those silvery willows and sedgy-banked streams, these forming a setting to the pearl-sky reflections, which apparently glided along, and were lost and found again among the "faint, sweet, cuckoo flowers, and wild marsh marigolds," in the "swamps and hollows gray" of the Bergholt meadows. He had, too, by heart the mills and locks and barges which he could draw and paint from memory. Listen to the master, and he will explain his imprisonment. "The sound of water escaping from mill-dams, willows, old rotten planks, slimy posts and old brickwork; I love such things, and painting with me is another word for feeling; I associate my careless boyhood with all that lies on the banks of the Stour; these scenes made me a painter, and I am thankful."

In November, 1819, Constable was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and it is probable that his large picture called 'The White Horse,' which was exhibited at the Academy in that year, may have gained him the honour. The Academy, however, did not appear to have greatly valued the new Associate, for there was an interval of ten years between his election as Associate and his election to full membership. At page 63, in Leslie's Life of John Constable, is the following: "On the 10th of February, 1829, Constable was elected an Academician." That this distinction should not have been conferred on him at a much earlier period of his life, is a proof that the progress of an original style of Art,

in the estimation even of artists, is very slow. No painter of equal genius was ever less known in his own country.

In a letter to Miss Bicknell, his future wife, May 24th, 1812, Constable says:—"I have always succeeded best with my native scenes; they have always charmed me and always will; *I have now a path marked out distinctly for myself, and I am desirous of pursuing it uninterruptedly.*" This path Constable found on the banks of the Stour and followed it, and painted its dewy freshness and sun-lit shimmer *in oil* beyond the record of his predecessors. Strangely enough, artists kept him back in England, but artists brought him forward in France. Prejudice, no doubt, among the leaders in Art, including Sir Thomas Lawrence, and it may be even Turner himself, caused this neglect, and Sir George Beaumont, with his pedantry, of course added his influence against him. This was proved when Sir George urged upon Constable the necessity of painting his pictures the colour of a Cremona fiddle. Constable replied by placing the Cremona on the lawn at Coleorton Hall and appealed to nature to judge between them.

The Academy, too, has been blamed for the neglect of Constable, but it must be allowed that he was elected by a majority or he could never have been an Academician. I end with the great English pastoral painter's own impressive words—"The landscape painter must walk in the fields with a humble mind; no arrogant man was ever permitted to see nature in all her beauty."

JAMES ORROCK.

'THE HOLY WOMEN AT THE TOMB.'

PAINTED BY W. BOUGUEREAU. ETCHED BY H. MANESSE.

IN M. Bouguereau's picture we are concerned with one of the final scenes of the 'Story that Transformed the World.' The artist has followed closely the account given by the second Evangelist, and we cannot do better than quote the simple familiar words,—“And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him.

“And very early in the morning the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.

“And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?

“And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great.

“And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted.

“And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted; Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him.”

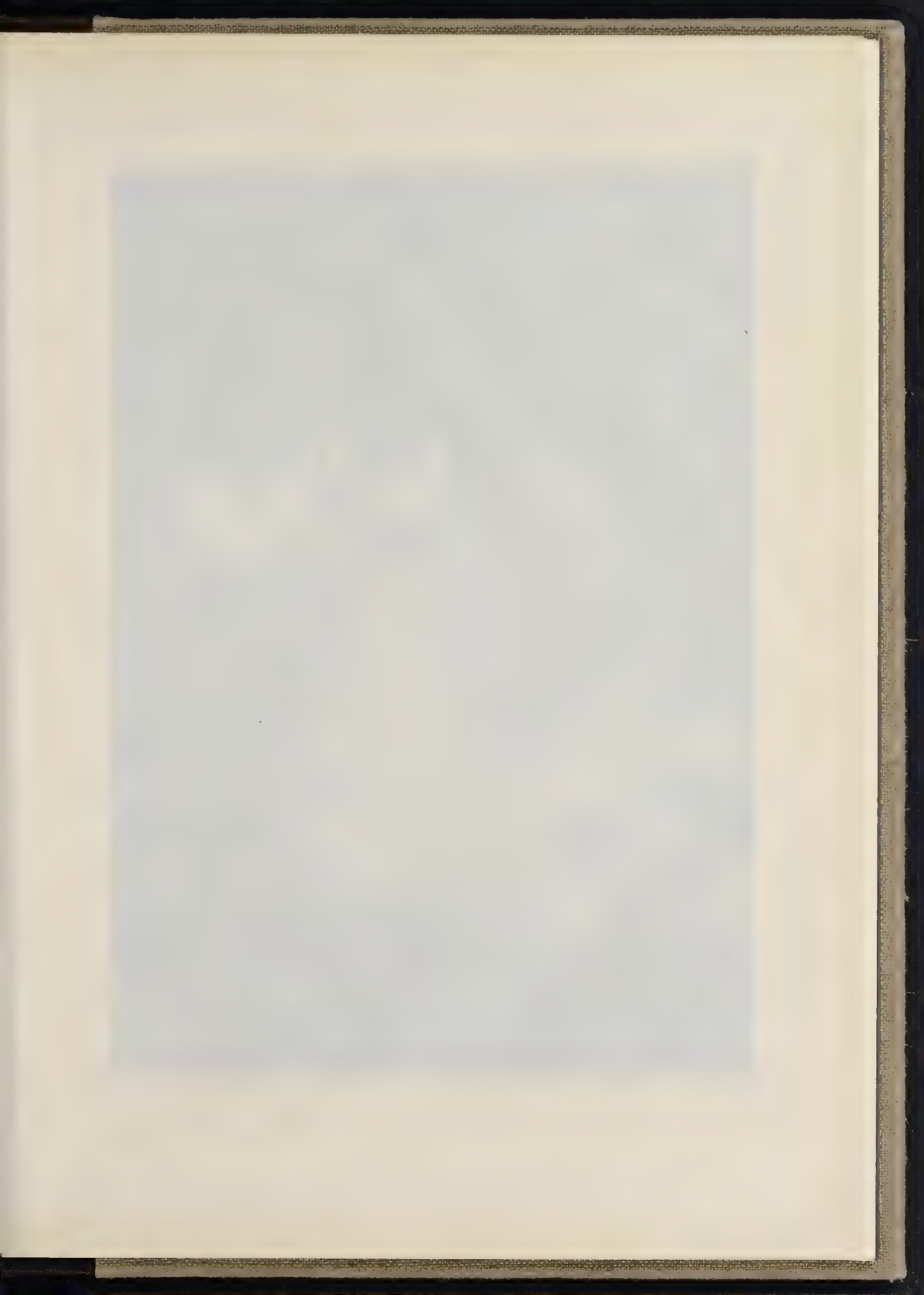
Very fascinating and full of charm throughout the ages of the Christian Church has been the story of the group of noble and devoted women who gathered round the Master's footsteps on earth, and “ministered to him of their substance.” Their unquenchable faith, their sublime devotion, their heroic fidelity, have made them patterns for all time. Foremost of the band in loving service stands forth the figure of Mary Magdalene, whom tradition has identified with the “woman which was a sinner,” who washed the feet of the Master with

her tears and dried them with her hair at the house of Simon the Pharisee; to whom much was forgiven, for she loved much. It has seemed so sublimely fitting that the woman whom the Master lifted out of a life of shame, should have devoted herself to such eager and grateful ministry for him as Mary Magdalene did up to the very last.

'ALWAYS WELCOME.'

FROM THE PICTURE BY MRS. ALMA TADEMA IN THE COLLECTION OF MERTON RUSSELL COTES, ESQ., BOURNEMOUTH.

THERE is a dainty seriousness about this picture which charms us at once. The quaint little maiden in her old Dutch cap and strangely fashioned dress, is, indeed, a ray of light in a dark place. And one can well imagine she is a better medicine than many a bottle of doctor's stuff. As one usually finds in Mrs. Alma Tadema's pictures, a vein of true pathos underlies all the cunningly arranged accessories—the embroidered coverlet, the panelled wall, the open bible with its ancient clasps. And though these all help to make up the harmony of the picture, our interest is concentrated, as it should be, on the face of the sick woman—very sick, indeed, she is—with those pathetic eyes, that seem to hope to draw life from the sunny-haired little creature perched upon the bed. The child is a real child, and the way her little hand holds that of the invalid is a charming touch in the picture.





ALWAYS WELCOME.
FROM THE PICTURE BY MRS. ALMA TADEMA.
In the Collection of Merion Russell Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.

Alma Tadema



ETCHING BY D. Y. CAMERON. FROM WEDMORE'S "ETCHING IN ENGLAND."

SOME ART BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

A NOTABLE batch of books upon artists and Art subjects is that issued this season by Messrs. George Bell & Sons. They include an illustrated chronicle of the work of "Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A.," a critical dissertation on the "Art of Velasquez," by Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson; an anthology of "Great Masterpieces"; a monograph on "Etching in England," by Mr. Frederic Wedmore; a work on "Modern Illustration," by Mr. Joseph Pennell, and a volume on "Ladies' Book Plates," which comes into the category by reason of the drawings by a number of contemporary designers that appear therein.

The sumptuous quarto upon the life-work of the President of the Royal Academy relies chiefly on its illustrations. So much may be said without in any way casting a slur upon the chronicle of Mr. Ernest Rhys which accompanies it, or the prefatory essay by Mr. F. G. Stephens. In a portly quarto volume, with some fifteen photogravures and one hundred and five process blocks and wood engravings, the text is obviously not put forward as the chief attraction; nor when the subject of the discourse is living is it possible for contemporary critics to write quite dispassionately. The more a biographer may really admire and appreciate the talent of his hero, the more difficult is it to express that opinion, and to assess the work at what he believes to be its true value, because wholesome praise in such case is apt to read like fulsome flattery. Hence, without disrespect to the joint authors responsible for the matter of the present volume, we may dismiss their share with a brief congratulation in having accomplished a difficult task without infringing the limits of good taste. It is not surprising to find that many of these photogravures and process blocks are admirable. The 'Golden Hours,' belonging to Lord Davey, a comparatively unknown work, will perhaps excite the first interest; but the beautiful 'Summer Moon,' 'The Daphnephoria,' 'Cydon and Iphigenia,' and others already familiar in the print-sellers' windows, stand the

1895.

test of reduction marvellously well. It is interesting to see the famous 'Cimabue's Madonna carried through the Streets



ORIGINAL SKETCH BY CONSTABLE.
FROM PENNELL'S "MODERN BOOK ILLUSTRATION."

of Florence' reproduced by photogravure. So far it had been only known to most people by an admirable woodcut in THE ART ANNUAL for 1884. The two may be well compared, as a test instance of reproduction by wood engraving and by photogravure, which in this case certainly leaves the balance heavily in favour of the latter. We have chosen as an illustration from this book the two studies for 'Hit,' as being specially suitable to subscribers to THE ART JOURNAL for

students of modern literature know so well, the author presents an appreciation of a great artist, such as only one who is himself accustomed to handle the brush as well as the pen, could hope to give. Among the reproductions, 'Venus at Rokeby,' and a most interesting study for the famous 'Les Meninas,' owned by Mr. Banks, of Kingston Lacy, are perhaps the most striking. It is instructive to compare the process blocks in this book with those in the previous volume



THE ORIGINAL SKETCHES FOR 'HIT,' BY SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A. FROM "SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON."

1895. Our presentation plate, long delayed, is an etching from the finished picture of 'Hit;' and these sketches are interesting to possessors of the large plate, as showing the development of the artist's idea.

"The Art of Velasquez" is conceived in a different manner. Here, notwithstanding the merits of the twenty photogravures and two-score of process blocks, the text by Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson deserves one's first consideration. Probably no other living writer—in England, at all events—is so qualified for the task of sympathetic criticism of the great Spaniard's works. Written in his vivid and picturesque style, which all

we have noticed. Here, the blurred definition and the chance accidents wrought by time, which are apparent in photographs of the original paintings, are all frankly presented. The object has been evidently not to make attractive illustrations, but to provide records of the pictures themselves as accurately as the medium permitted.

"The Masterpieces of Great Artists" is a selection from the works of more famous painters which the general verdict of critics has decided to be the best, or at least the most typical example of each particular master. Although the idea is not quite new, in no previous case has it been accepted as an



'Golden Hours,' By Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A. From the picture in Lord Davey's Collection. From "Sir Frederic Leighton."



MISS J. C. REID'S BOOK PLATE.
FROM "LADIES' BOOK PLATES."

miniature of the artists of our own country who have expressed themselves by the medium of the bitten line. It is excellently illustrated with fifty well-chosen examples, includ-



A PICTURE POSTER. BY LOUIS RHAD. FROM "PICTURE POSTERS."

ing reproductions of works by Turner, Geddes, Wilkie, Whistler, Seymour Haden, Frank Short, D. Y. Cameron, and many others. Mr. Wedmore, in delicately balanced

integral part of the scheme, that each reproduction should be an untouched photograph from the original painting. Herein lies the special merit of this book, which is supplemented by an admirable text contributed by Mrs. Arthur Bell, who, as N. d'Anvers, has won reputation as a competent critic of Art.

"Etching in England" consists of a series of studies in

appreciation, devotes a few pages to each, weaving the whole into a consistent narrative of the position of the English school in the art of *eaux fortes*.

"Modern Book Illustration," by Mr. Joseph Pennell, is a work of quite another order. Audacious and full of destructive as well as constructive criticism, it passes in review the illustrators from Bewick to the last young genius who has just arrived. Nobody will agree with all it says, but everybody will find much to admire for the plucky manner in which

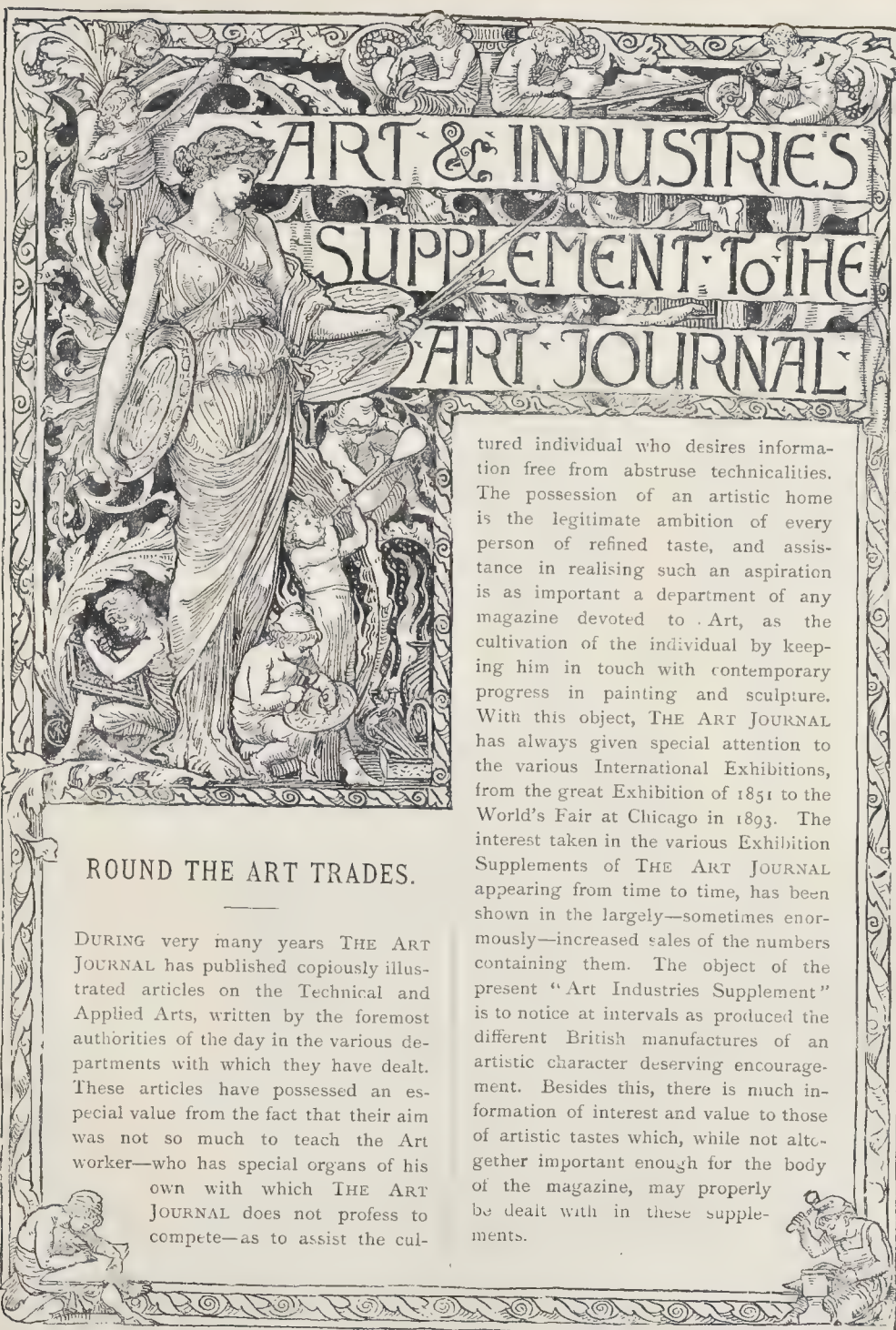
Mr. Pennell, himself an American, has planted the standard of England amid all the foreigners he notices, and put forward a powerful claim for the artistic qualities of the English illustrator, often enough forgotten by those familiar with the work of his contemporaries in other countries.

"Ladies' Book Plates" is attractive, far beyond the very restricted limits of its text, by reason of so many graceful designs by the younger artists of to-day—beginning with Walter Crane, Kate Greenaway, and others, to the newer arrivals, R. Anning Bell, Lawrence Housman, D. Y. Cameron, the Birmingham School, and others already familiar, to the work of Paul Woodroffe, and many another whose name will probably strike most readers as unknown previously.

"Picture Posters," a brief history of the rise of the *affiche illustré*, is a very well-written introduction to a subject which has rapidly attracted the taste of collectors. Those who are not already infected can hardly imagine the proportions the hobby has already assumed—in France and America especially. Here, nearly one hundred and fifty of the best, or at least the most representative, are capitally reproduced. The English school is already striking out a new line of its own, and, if appearances may be trusted, will soon inaugurate a new style for the coloured placard, which shall, at least, add to the gaiety of cities, without jarring upon the most esthetic taste. As a record of a new development of applied art, this volume is the most piquant, if not the most profound, in the group we are considering.



MISS F. WOOLLANS' BOOK PLATE.
FROM "LADIES' BOOK PLATES."



ART & INDUSTRIES SUPPLEMENT TO THE ART JOURNAL

ROUND THE ART TRADES.

DURING very many years THE ART JOURNAL has published copiously illustrated articles on the Technical and Applied Arts, written by the foremost authorities of the day in the various departments with which they have dealt. These articles have possessed an especial value from the fact that their aim was not so much to teach the Art worker—who has special organs of his own with which THE ART JOURNAL does not profess to compete—as to assist the cul-

tured individual who desires information free from abstruse technicalities. The possession of an artistic home is the legitimate ambition of every person of refined taste, and assistance in realising such an aspiration is as important a department of any magazine devoted to Art, as the cultivation of the individual by keeping him in touch with contemporary progress in painting and sculpture. With this object, THE ART JOURNAL has always given special attention to the various International Exhibitions, from the great Exhibition of 1851 to the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. The interest taken in the various Exhibition Supplements of THE ART JOURNAL appearing from time to time, has been shown in the largely—sometimes enormously—increased sales of the numbers containing them. The object of the present "Art Industries Supplement" is to notice at intervals as produced the different British manufactures of an artistic character deserving encouragement. Besides this, there is much information of interest and value to those of artistic tastes which, while not altogether important enough for the body of the magazine, may properly be dealt with in these supplements.

SOME ARTISTIC FURNITURE.



CABINET OF DARK MAHOGANY,
LOUIS XV.

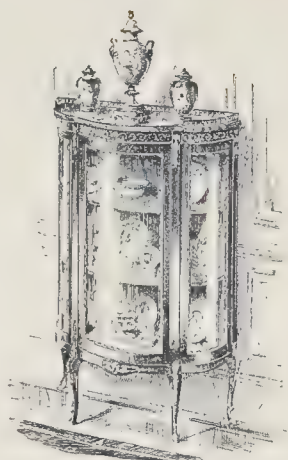
ONE of the most admirable ideas which could have occurred to an enterprising firm desirous of proving at a great International Exhibition that modern handicraft and workmanship were no whit inferior to those of former days, was that of Messrs. Hampton & Sons, Pall Mall East, in executing for Chicago an exact reproduction of the famous Banqueting Hall of the Marquis of Salisbury at Hatfield.

This monumental exhibit has, since the Chicago Exhibition, been on view last year at Antwerp, and will shortly be erected at the firm's show-rooms in London. We give an illustration of a portion of the Hall, showing the Minstrel Gallery, and may have occasion to refer to it again when the erection in London is completed. For the present we will occupy ourselves with some of the new designs in furniture which this firm are just producing.

The styles in the design of furniture which are most favoured by fashion at the present time are those of the traditional French schools, Louis XIV. to Louis XVI., and the classic Chippendale, Sheraton, and Adam. It is not necessary here to enter upon the debated questions as to how far seventeenth or eighteenth century furniture is suitable for modern Victorian rooms, or why we possess no style of design in furniture in this present day, with characteristics

sufficiently distinct and complete in their relation to each other, to be worthy of the title of the Victorian school. No one will dispute that if these traditional schools are to be made of real artistic value in the garnishing of the rooms of a modern house, it will be necessary to somewhat adapt them to nineteenth-century needs, working intelligently in their spirit and avoiding mere slavish imitation, restraining their occasional frivolity and extravagance while losing nothing of their elegance and grace.

In this direction, Messrs. Hampton and Sons are doing excellent work, as will be seen from the illustrations.



CHINA CABINET WITH ORMOLOU MOUNTS,
LOUIS XVI.

The elegant drawing-room glass-topped curio cabinet of dark mahogany in the Louis XV. style, illustrated opposite, is worth noticing. It is intended for the exhibition of china, curios, etc., and the mounts are of ormolu, chased by hand. In the same style is the cabinet of dark, or Chippendale mahogany, with bevelled glass plates. It is a beautiful piece of well-designed and executed work. The Princess tea-table, also illustrated, is elegant, graceful, and made in dark mahogany, and both with and without ormolu mounts.

To those who are admirers of the style of Sheraton, the *escritoire* of inlaid mahogany reproduced may be confidently recommended. The ornament is elegant and tasteful, and the



THE MINSTREL GALLERY OF MESSRS. HAMPTON AND SONS' REPRODUCTION
OF LORD SALISBURY'S BANQUETING HALL, AT HATFIELD.

workmanship excellent. A Chippendale mahogany table, with "shaped" top and fretwork border, is also well worth illustrating, showing the skilful way that lightness and grace have been combined with strength.

The marble-topped china cabinet in the Louis XVI. style, with ormolu mounts, is an interesting and handsome piece of drawing-room furniture.

There are hundreds of other examples that might be given of the original and excellent patterns which can be inspected in Messrs. Hampton's show-rooms. These designs are produced by the firm's own designers, inspired by old models of the long-accepted styles. The work is executed at their own factory, and



CURIO CABINET OF DARK MAHOGANY, LOUIS XV.

making and joinery work leave nothing to be desired as regards workmanship and finish. If the fashion for classic styles in furniture is a passing fancy, as some people tell us, it is none the less highly satisfactory to find its demands supplied in a spirit of intelligent discrimination combined with admirable craftsmanship.

After a glance through Messrs. Hampton's catalogue, which is one of the finest we have seen, it would certainly appear almost impossible for a person of cultured and artistic tastes, whether desirous of furnishing a palace or a villa, or of merely purchasing a single piece of furniture, if he were to find himself unable to gratify those tastes in the show-rooms at Pall Mall East.



THE PRINCESS TEA-TABLE.



SHERATON ESCRITTOIRE OF INLAID MAHOGANY.



CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY TABLE.

RECENT GLASS WORK.

WE have from time to time drawn attention in THE ART JOURNAL to the excellent work in glass and ceramics put forth by the old-established firm of Messrs. Phillips, 175, Oxford Street. We illustrate, herewith, a superb piece of glass cameo cutting, which has just been executed for this firm by Mr. T. Woodall, who is well known for his work in this branch of Art industry. It is a cameo plaque of a diameter of seventeen inches, with a ground of plum-coloured glass, upon which successive layers of extremely thin opal glass are blown. Out of this raw material the artist, after six months' incessant industry, has produced this beautiful work of Art. The design is Mr. Woodall's own, and represents Venus sporting with Cupids.

The work is, of course, done entirely by hand on the cold glass, every portion being laboriously cut by the scapula, and all the delicate shades and tones are gained as required by cutting the opal layers to various depths, for the plum-coloured ground gives an exquisite blue tint to the thinner parts of the cameo. Mr. Woodall has excelled himself in this his latest production, which is absolutely flawless, and it will be understood what this means when it is explained that in this method no mistake is capable of rectification. It is difficult to praise too highly work of this kind executed under the only conditions

for real Art production. An artist as skilful in design as in



CAMEO PLAQUE BY T. WOODALL. 'VENUS AND CUPIDS.'

execution, and able to take time to carry the work to proper perfection, can hardly fail to produce something of real excellence.

Of course, such works of Art as these are within the reach of only the very few, for their price runs into hundreds of guineas, but it is something to know that there is sufficient demand to encourage their production at all.

Another method equally satisfactory in its way is the *pâte-sur-pâte* work of Mr. Solon. The vase of which we give an illustration is a new piece by this well-known craftsman. From the illustrations, it might easily be thought that the two pieces had been produced by similar methods, though as a matter of fact their execution is quite different. Mr. Solon places white clay and slip on the unbaked vase and models out the design that his fancy creates, after which it is glazed and fired. This process he has brought to perfection, and it has been so often described that we need not dwell on it here. This piece of work is interesting in showing what he is engaged upon at the present time. The design represents 'The Wheel of Life.'

Amongst many beautiful things to be seen in Messrs.

Phillips' handsome show-rooms are some vases in which a novel effect has been gained by prismatic variations of the delicate ground tints, upon which the decorative designs are afterwards painted in the ordinary way. This blending of one tint into another upon china is the result of a recent chemical invention, and is capable of great variation with most charming effects. We regret that it is impossible to give an idea of it by reproduction in black and white.

There is another novelty, the exclusive property and patent of Messrs. Phillips, which we might mention in conclusion, as it affects the decoration of the home. Everybody is familiar with the delightful effects of small electric lights hidden in flowers upon the dinner table; but housewives have hitherto viewed with alarm the destruction to tablecloths involved through the necessity of cutting holes for the wires. The clever invention of Messrs. Phillips entirely obviates this injury to tablecloths, as the contact is made by three needle points which pierce, but do not injure, the tablecloth, establishing a contact completing the circuit for each lamp by

joining a flat piece of gauze beneath.



VASE IN PÂTE-SUR-PÂTE. BY M. SOLON.
'THE WHEEL OF LIFE.'

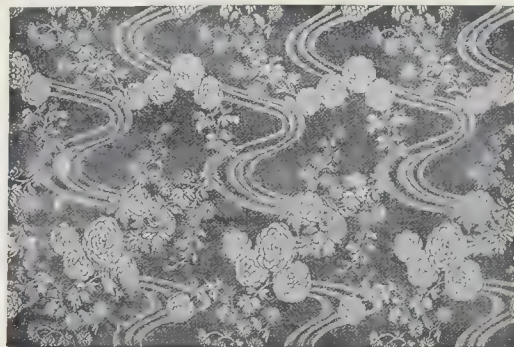
BRITISH SILK BROCADES.

TO trace the story of the manufacture of silk in Great Britain, brings us into contact with elements of tragedy and romance which one might have thought would have been quite foreign to the practice of a peaceful and beautiful craft. Every one knows that silk weaving was established as a first-

class national industry by the Huguenot refugees who fled to this country after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685.

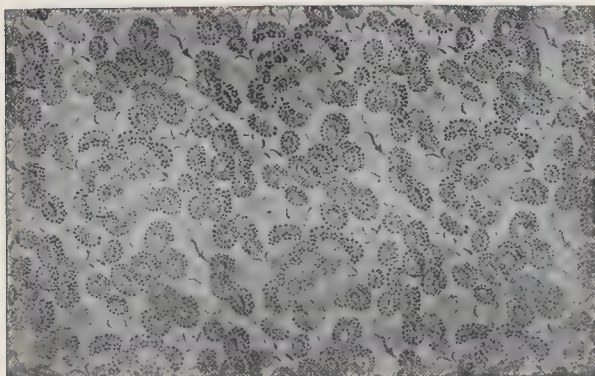


THE HONEYSUCKLE BROCADE.



THE DUBLIN BROCADE.

In 1715 the trade received an immense impetus through the somewhat unscrupulous enterprise of one John Lombe, who journeyed to Piedmont, and gained by means of bribery a knowledge of the secrets of the Italian manufacturers. He returned to England, built a mill, and practised the know-



THE MEADOWSWEET BROCADE.

ledge he had gained, acquiring an immense fortune, but was poisoned at the age of twenty-nine by a hired agent of the Italians of Piedmont whom he had outwitted. This is an instance of the romance bound up with the history of British silk manufacture, into more of which we cannot here enter, but will occupy ourselves with a consideration of the specimens of native silk brocades which we are kindly permitted to reproduce herewith.

It is satisfactory to learn, on the authority of the pioneers of the British Silk Renaissance, Messrs. Liberty & Co., that the industry, which seemed only a few years ago upon the eve of extinction in this country, has now once more become a growing and flourishing manufacture. Silk fabrics, which bear favourable comparison with the best productions of the looms of France and Italy, and are superior in durability, purity of material and beauty of design and colouring, are now being produced, not only in Spitalfields, the historic home of English silk-weavers, but also in Yorkshire and Scotland. The revival of this once-important national handicraft has been aided by the greater regard bestowed on the quality of the silk employed, increased manual dexterity in the weaver's craft, hand in hand with scientific and mechanical improvements; and above all by a more intelligent selection of designs and colour harmonies, coupled with the commercial triumph of decreased cost in production. The formation of the "Silk Association of Great Britain and Ireland," and the holding of various exhibitions of British silks under patriotic and distinguished patronage, also helped to set the trade again upon its legs; and it is now amply demonstrated, that if our climate is not suitable for the cultivation of the silkworm, it is at least possible to produce in this country manufactured

silk which will hold its own with any that can be made elsewhere.

All the examples given are dress goods woven on British looms for Messrs. Liberty & Co.—who, by the way, from increase of business have recently become a limited liability company—and are by the firm's own designers, and, of course, prepared exclusively for them. Of the variety and charm of the colours it is impossible for us to convey any idea, and as nearly all are manufactured in more than one, we must concern ourselves with the designs only. It is not necessary to enter into questions of price, but it will not be amiss to say that the sums for which all these goods can be obtained are quite moderate. They are well claimed to be novel, artistic, and inexpensive. The Honeysuckle Brocade is a bold and refined design on an

added undergrowth of jasmine, and is a most beautiful and effective fabric, intended, as are the others we are noticing, for tea-gowns and evening dresses. The Cherry Blossom, Dahlia, and Meadowsweet Brocades are woven of pure bright silk. The two former show Japanese inspiration in their design, in the



THE CHERRY BLOSSOM BROCADE.

undulating water effect in the Cherry Blossom, and the curious serpentine curves in the Dahlia design. The Meadowsweet is equally handsome and perhaps more native in design. The colour combinations in which these goods are made are carefully selected. We can leave these examples of a revived British industry to speak for themselves so far as any more need be said, and we think it is fair to say, in conclusion, that a large proportion of the credit for the improvement which is now so evident in every department of these textile industries should be given to the firm of Liberty & Co., whose initiation and enterprise must be reckoned with in every attempt to adequately consider the position at which these handicrafts have arrived to-day.

A NOTABLE ART HOUSE.

SO wide is their range in the world of Art, that from one or other of their many claims to attention, the house of Goupil & Co., whose successors are Boussod, Valadon & Co., appeals to all lovers of Art with varied interest, but with unvarying prestige. One thinks of them as the pioneers of the reproductive arts grouped under the names of photogravure and typogravure, which they have carried to a pitch of excellence in which they have few rivals; or as the publishers and printers of the *Figaro Illustré* and *Figaro Salon*, and the numerous superb books upon which their imprint stands as a guarantee of some of the best work of which the printer's art is capable; publications which have made French printing, and especially printing in colours, a standard of technical quality both in the old world and in the new. One of the most recent of these *éditions de luxe*, 'Mary Stuart,' a vindication of the character of the great queen, proved so popular, that it has been humorously claimed to have established for her at length the right to be styled "St Mary!"

In other walks of Art the house is also famous. It has been the means of introducing to favour in this country the works of the finest Continental Schools, not restricting itself to any particular school or cult, but widely catholic in its appreciation of all that is excellent. The mere mention of a few of the names—Benjamin Constant, Gérôme, Detaille, Leloir, Corot, Millet, and other leaders of the Barbizon School—shows how unrestricted is the range of men of the first rank, who have been introduced to our public by the mediation of the Goupil Galleries. One of the most notable exhibitions in modern Art was the great Whistler Exhibition, held in 1892 in the firm's old galleries in Bond Street.

The house was founded in Paris many years ago by the late Adolphe Goupil, who died as recently as 1893. He had the gift of discerning genius, and was a most generous patron to many a young artist once unknown and struggling, but to-day *arrivé* and famous. The chief house is that at Paris, in the Boulevard des Capucines, and the works where all the various processes are carried on are at Asnières-sur-Seine.



THE GOUPIL GALLERIES IN LONDON.

Branch houses are in London, Berlin, New York, and The Hague, and we give herewith a view of the largest of the new galleries in Regent Street, to which the London house moved early in 1893.

One of the reproductive processes which Boussod, Valadon & Co. have invented and brought to perfection, is known—for want of a better name—as "fac-simile." It is an ingenious method of reproduction in colours giving the most exquisite and delicate effects, the whole picture being printed at one impression from the plate, which has been previously prepared with colour; the

resulting to all intents and purposes, a real water-colour drawing. 'The Virgin of Deliverance,' after Hébert, is a reproduction of a recent subject which has been published in this unique method.

It must not, however, be supposed that the firm occupies itself solely with mechanical processes of reproduction. On the contrary, it has commissioned many important etchings and holds the record both as regards the largest etching ever published and the price paid for it. Those who inspected the



THE WEDDING GIFT. AFTER WALTER.
Copyright, 1894, by Boussod, Valadon & Co.

Duke and Duchess of York's wedding presents when they were on view at the Imperial Institute, may remember the



THE VIRGIN OF DELIVERANCE. AFTER HÉBERT.
Copyright, 1894, by Boussod, Valadon & Co.

duction of one of the plates now on view in the Goupil Gal-

magnificent proof on Japan paper of the etching of Rembrandt's 'Ronde de Nuit,' which was presented to the royal pair by the firm on that happy occasion. This plate, which measures $27\frac{1}{2}$ ins. by $33\frac{1}{2}$, occupied Mr. Walner for five consecutive years, and the honorarium was £4,000. The price of each of the fifty proofs was one hundred guineas.

We are enabled to give a small repro-

ductions—'The Wedding Gift,' a plate after S. E. Waller. Other fine subjects are '1814,' after Meissonier; 'Victims of Duty,' after Detaille; 'The Eve of Austerlitz,' an etching after Dawant, and many more after English and French artists, such as Heywood Hardy, De Neuville, Marcus Stone, Flameng, and others.

We cannot do better than conclude with an account of a recent act of generosity on the part of the firm which has not yet been chronicled in these pages. At the Garnier sale in Paris they purchased a picture by Alfred Stevens, 'The Return from the Ball,' and in spite of some most pressing and advantageous offers from private customers, when it was made known that the Government desired to obtain the work for the Luxembourg, at once placed it at the disposal of the French nation for the cost price. More than almost any other house, Boussod, Valadon & Co., have made their mark upon the Art of this century, and nobody will dispute that the reputation which they possess has been fairly and legitimately earned by honest enterprise and untiring efforts to maintain the highest possible standard of excellence in all departments.

PHOTOGRAPHIC REQUISITES.

THERE are few trades in which more improvements in methods and processes are incessantly being put forth than in that which caters for the outfit of the professional and amateur photographer. If one wishes to be "up to date" in the photographic world, it is necessary to follow its movements with more than ordinary care, for its progress is rapid and continuous. It is astonishing, moreover, to find how numerous are the allied industries bound up with photography which come within the scope of a large photographic house, such as Marion's, of Soho Square, of whom we wish to speak. Their reputation is an established one, and it is hardly necessary to



BEATRICE. A LIFE STUDY BY W. & D. DOWNEY. PUBLISHED BY MARION & CO.

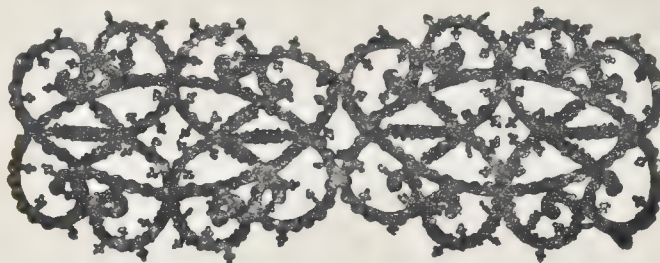


FOND REGRETS. A LIFE STUDY BY W. & D. DOWNEY.
PUBLISHED BY MARION & CO.

inform anyone that they supply everything that a photographer can possibly require. Amongst their recent productions are some improved photographic plates which are called the Instantaneous "120," which is the speed determination by Hurter and Driffell's units. Some most successful results have been obtained with these plates in recent yacht races. They are also showing a new sensitised paper known as "Mariona," having a matt, or dead, surface, for producing artistic effects in photographs by printing-out or partial development, and some excellent work has been done with it. Other useful productions are the Ferro-Prussiate, Melagraphic, and Gallate de Fer

papers, for copying drawings, tracings, patterns of lace, etc., by exposing to light and simply washing in water to fix. These papers are invaluable to architects and designers generally. Another speciality is the Persé Film Camera, which is intended for the needs of travellers. Its advantages are that it will carry from fifty to seventy negatives of celluloid film, obviously superior to glass for the purposes in view; it is easily renewed, and can be manipulated without any knowledge of the chemical part of photography, and is, moreover, light in weight and compact in bulk. The firm also produce special plates for the use of astronomers.

Another of the firm's many departments is the publication of artistic photogravure plates, being reproductions, in Imperial size, of studies from life by W. & D. Downey. The accompanying illustrations, published by permission, of two of these beautiful subjects will help to give an idea of the good work that is being done in this direction. They are admirably reproduced, and are triumphs of artistic photography, inasmuch as they appeal to one directly upon their pictorial merits, subordinating, as in 'Fond Regrets,' the mere human interest of a photographed individual to the pleasure caused by an artistic and harmonious arrangement.



JET MANTLE TRIMMING. BY T. H. & J. MUDDIMAN.

BRITISH DRESS TRIMMINGS.

IT was a revelation to many when Messrs. T. H. & J. Muddiman, of Finsbury, demonstrated at the Chicago Exhibition that it was not necessary to send to Paris for trimmings and fringes in bead work, guipure, and passementerie even of the most costly and elaborate kind. It is gratifying to learn that since that time this active and progressive house has been more and more successful in overcoming the difficulty of inducing British buyers to believe that work of the highest

handsome embroidered dress band, with the design worked in variously coloured silks, ornamented with spangles upon a black velvet ground. We give also illustrations showing the designs of two of the many jet trimmings for man's which they are producing. It is always patriotically pleasing to find British firms competing successfully in point of excellence of design and quality of workmanship with foreign manufacturers—especially when they are engaged in a business in which foreigners have admittedly long held the palm of pre-eminence. But more important still is the fact that such a trade as this gives employment to a superior class of skilled designers to originate, and of workers to execute. A young lady cannot be too intelligent or too well-educated for the work of producing the ever-changing designs which are required in such a business as this, and inasmuch as the work is principally hand-needlework, one of the first things which the firm had to undertake was the education of their workers to a point of skill which could come up to the standard of the best French houses.



EMBROIDERED BAND FOR DRESS. BY T. H. & J. MUDDIMAN.



JET MANTLE TRIMMING. BY T. H. & J. MUDDIMAN.

class can be executed in this country. The firm are able to speak in the most satisfactory way of the encouragement they have received in domesticating this important Art industry in this country.

From the inspection of some of the productions which they are preparing for the coming season, we gather that ornaments and trimmings in jet are expected to be more fashionable than ever, while in coloured goods spangles are still largely introduced. We reproduce a portion of a



ART & INDUSTRIES SUPPLEMENT TO THE ART JOURNAL

OPEN IN MAY.

The National Art Collections.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, *Free*, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Thursdays and Fridays, 6d., 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—10 a.m. to 6 p.m., daily, *Free*. Monday, Wednesday and Friday Evenings, the Manuscripts, Prints and Drawings, Coins, Porcelain, &c., 8 to 10 p.m., *Free*. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Evenings, the Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek and Roman Galleries, 8 to 10 p.m., *Free*.

THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, South Kensington, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., daily, *Free*. Mondays and Saturdays only, till 8 p.m.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., *Free*. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 6d., 10 a.m. till 6 p.m.

THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM AND NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—Same arrangements as the South Kensington Museum.

THE DULWICH GALLERY.—10 a.m. to 6 p.m., daily, *Free*. Saturdays till 7 p.m.

GUILDHALL MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY. Open daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., *Free*.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Burlington House. - 127th Annual Exhibition. Daily, from May 6th, One Shilling.

THE NEW GALLERY.—8th Annual Exhibition. Daily, from May 6th, One Shilling.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, S.W. 103rd Exhibition now Open, 10 to 6. One Shilling. ADAM E. PROCTOR, Hon. Sec.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, Piccadilly, W. The 77th Exhibition now Open, from 10 to 6. One Shilling. W. T. BLACKMORE, Secretary.

May, 1895.

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AUTOTYPE.

"The Glorious Sun
Stays in his course, and plays the
alchemist."
King John, Act III., Sc. I.

NO better proof of the value of an invention need be offered than that it has weathered with success the lapse of twenty years. To-day the word Autotype—originally, we believe, suggested by the late Mr. Tom Taylor, M.A.—has taken its place in every standard dictionary of the language, and a description of the process is to be found in every encyclopædia.

Like most good inventions, Autotype had to fight its way through times of trial, though to people who realised its value—and amongst such we are happy to include those responsible for the management of *THE ART JOURNAL* at the time of which we speak—it was impossible to doubt the sphere of usefulness that lay before it. In its original and comparatively imperfect form, it was the invention of Mr. J. Wilson Swan, of Newcastle; and the late Mr. Winsor, of the firm of Winsor & Newton, was one of the first to appreciate its artistic possibilities. He erected a handsome gallery for the display of Autotypic Art, at 36, Rathbone Place, but for several years it was by no means a commercial success; and it was not, indeed, until the year 1874, when the founders of the Autotype Company, Messrs. Sawyer & Bird, took over the business, that it may be said to have fairly turned the corner. They improved and perfected the process, infused enterprise and energy into the business, and added one by one new and successful departments to the original undertaking, until it gained the unassailable position which it holds to-day.

The answer to the question, 'What is Autotype?' is briefly as follows. It is a method of obtaining prints from photographic negatives by the employment of a mixture of gelatine and permanent pigments, rendered sensitive to light by means of bichromate of potash, and spread upon a foundation of suitable paper. The paper so coated is exposed under an ordinary negative to light in the usual way, warm water is the only developer required, and the comparative simplicity of the process is one of its many merits. No treacherous silver salts are used, all the delicate gradations of the prints are represented by permanent pigments that are mechanical and not chemical. Consequently, an Autotype can be printed in colour appropriately representing the original—engraving black, Vandyke brown, sepia, red chalk, &c.—and the method can be adapted to a variety of surfaces, and of processes; without the Autotype invention the modern methods of photogravure, for example, would not have been possible.

We reproduce on this page 'The Good Shepherd,' from an



THE HOME OF AUTOTYPE.

autotype of a drawing by Fred. J. Shields, and 'The Haywain,' opposite, from an autogravure after John Constable, R.A., as examples of the work which the Company displays in profusion at their gallery. It may be of interest to mention that the well-known firm of Baun, Clement & Co., Dornach, whose reproductions of the masterpieces of classic Art have done for Art what railways have done for commerce, hold the patent rights of Autotype for France, and their reproductions are produced entirely by this unchangeable carbon process.

Another important method of reproduction, perfected and introduced into this country by Mr. J. R. Sawyer, of the Autotype Company, is that of collotype printing for the illustration of books. For some years it ran neck-and-neck with a similar process invented by Mr. Ernest Edwards, but the latter was

unable to make a commercial success of his invention, and until their patent expired the Company had the exclusive field. The first great triumph of collotype was the fac-simile reproduction of the New Testament portion of the Codex Alexandrinus, one of the three earliest Bibles in the world, by order of the Trustees of the British Museum. Thus, for the first time, scholars were enabled to compare page by page, with perfect accuracy, the text of the Codex Alexandrinus with the similar early Codices conserved respectively at Berlin and St. Petersburg. The Testament went into a second edition, and afterwards the complete Codex was reproduced. The Company claims for its Collotype process a perfect rendering of every detail in the negative supplied, and its process has been largely



THE GOOD SHEPHERD. FROM THE AUTOTYPE OF A DRAWING BY FRED. J. SHIELDS.



THE HAYWAIN. BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.
FROM AN AUTOGRAPHURE BY THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY.

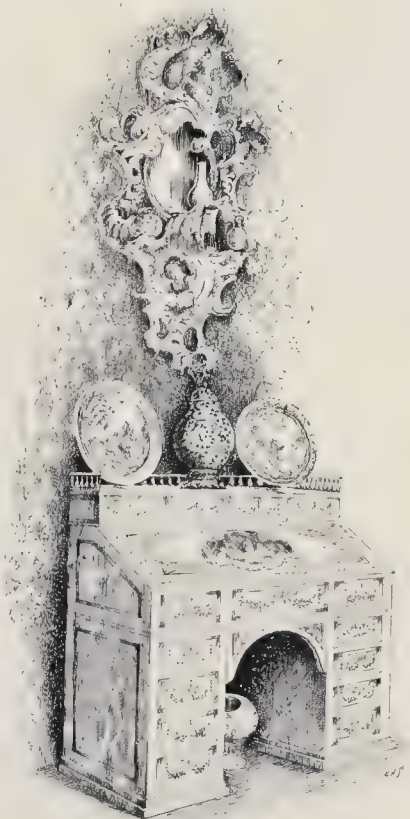
adopted for palæographical, numismatical, and microscopic subjects. The whole of the printing is done by hand machines, and vigorously supervised to ensure the highest class of results.

Our space is limited, but there is yet another process of reproductive Art directly connected with the Autotype invention to which we should like to refer, that of photogravure. This received an immense stimulus by an ingenious modification of the Autotype process, the invention of what is called carbon tissue, which it is safe to say is almost universally employed by photogravure manufacturers to-day. The Company have carried on this branch of their business for the last ten years, and employ skilled photographers, engravers and etchers to produce work of the best possible quality. It should also be mentioned that they are the pioneers of permanent enlargements of ordinary photographs, a branch of the photographic business in which again they were the originators, and still maintain the highest standard of quality.

We give an illustration of the exterior of the present "Home of Autotype" at 74, New Oxford Street, to which the Company moved from Rathbone Place in 1880. We have often admired, as passers-by, the quiet distinction of its decoration and the suitability and harmony of its general design.

A COLLECTION OF ANTIQUE FURNITURE.

HOW long the present fashion for the classic styles of furniture may last, it would be difficult to say, but it certainly shows no sign of abatement at present. It is not very often that the opportunity occurs of examining a collection of eighteenth-century furniture of the importance of that now on view at the show-rooms of Messrs. Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street. Naturally those who can afford to buy genuine antique pieces will not be put off with modern copies, however excellent, but it is obvious that as time goes on the supply is bound to become extremely limited, and it is only by the most diligent collecting in all parts of the country that it has been possible to get together such an exhibition as the present one. The treasures of moated grange and country mansion have been laid under contribution wherever it has been possible to induce the owners to sell, and as one examines some of these superb pieces, it becomes a marvel how the original owners could have parted, for any consideration whatever, with heir-looms of such beauty and value. Here are secretaires, cabinets, tables, chairs, screens, mirrors, bedroom furniture, and clocks, the work of those whose names



ANTIQUE ENGLISH SATINWOOD KNEEHOLE WRITING TABLE, INLAID WITH TULIPWOOD; ALSO GILT CHIPPENDALE MIRROR WITH CHINA BRACKETS.

are most celebrated in the history of English furniture; for the most part, owing to their superb workmanship, in almost as sound condition as when they left the makers' workshops. A special feature of the Exhibition are some pieces of old satinwood dated from about 1780 to 1810.

It may be as well to remark that, at this length of time, it is difficult to say that a given piece of furniture actually came from the workshop of a particular maker. The evidence relied upon in attributing work to certain names is its age, the excellence of the workmanship, and above all, the particular style of the design. But it is important to bear in mind, as Miss Kate M. Warren points out in her interesting essay upon the eighteenth-century school of furniture in the catalogue of the Exhibition, that in the latter decades of last century there were so many and such skilful designers of furniture that nobody then thought of calling it by any one name. Our habit of classing all the furniture of that period under the names of Chippendale and Sheraton is singularly unjust to many makers, whose names are practically forgotten, but whose work has as much merit as their remembered contemporaries.

Some of these, such as Shearer, produced work more in the style that we recognise as Chippendale, than that of



ANTIQUE MAHOGANY SECRETAIRE AND CHINA CABINET
ATTRIBUTED TO SHERATON.

Chippendale himself, and if fame were less capricious and more just it would elevate his name, together with those of Heppelwhite, Manwaring, Mayhew, and Ince, into a position as high as that of the two masters who have had more than their fair share of recognition.

We illustrate one of the most important pieces in the Collection, a mahogany secretaire and cabinet in the Sheraton style. It has a secretaire drawer fitted with ten drawers and pigeon-hole, a cupboard below with two panelled doors enclosing sliding trays, and above are two glazed doors enclosing shelves. The whole is finely decorated with elaborate paintings of masks, medallions, wreaths and ribbons, with exceedingly rich effect. This fine old example has had the interior restored and new lining added to the drawers, but the exterior is in as good condition as when it left the maker's hands, with the additional charm of softened tones that time alone can give.

Our illustration on the previous page represents a satinwood knee-hole writing table inlaid with cross-banded tulip-wood, and decorated with painted heads, wreaths, and festoons of fruit. It has a rail round the top beneath which are four small cedar-lined drawers, a sloping front covered with morocco and painted with a group of Cupids in the style of Cipriani. Beneath is a long drawer, and there are four small drawers on each side of the recess. Hanging above is a Chippendale mirror with brackets for china, in that tortured and sprawling rococo style which, we think, shows the master more in his weakness than in his strength, but it is characteristic of his work.

There are many more of the exhibits which we should like to notice if space permitted, especially some of the specimens in olive-wood, but we have said enough to show that the Exhibition is well worthy the attention of connoisseurs of old furniture.

THE ARTIST'S MATERIALS.



THE SILVER PALETTE AWARDED FOR THE
INVENTION OF CAKE WATER-COLOURS, 1781.

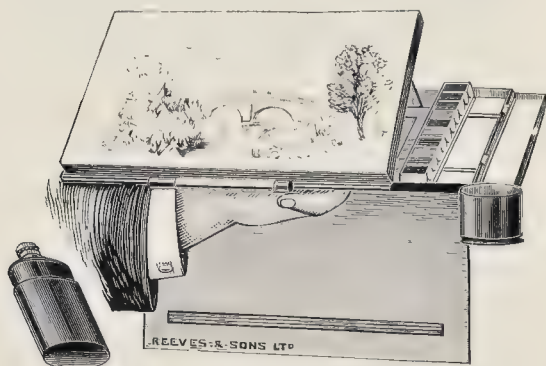
A FEW months ago we were privileged to be allowed a glimpse, in the studio of a well-known Associate of the Royal Academy, of some extremely fascinating experiments in the mixture of pigments, which he was making to obtain certain qualities of tint and shade, suggested by a study of the exquisite colour prints of some of those old Japanese Masters, such as Hokusai, Utamaro, and others, whose matchless mastery over colour is the wonder and

delight of every artist who beholds their work. The experiments made one think of the old days when every artist had to be his own colourman, and there were no professional artist's colourmen to take the trouble off his hands. Undoubtedly, the more an artist knows about the nature and the possibilities of his materials the better; but in these days he can well be content to rely upon some first-class maker for the staple colours of his palette, seeing that he can hardly hope to equal the precision of the manufacturer's methods, or the uniformity of quality which the latter obtains, without having to devote more time to the subject than he can afford. If he be minded to study the scientific combination of pigments and to gain undiscovered secrets of colour and tint, the artist's colourman is even then able to save half the drudgery, by supplying the necessary raw ingredients in a partially prepared state.

In connection with artists' materials the name of Reeves

and Sons, Limited, Cheapside, is a household word, but it may not be so generally known that its founder was the first manufacturer of artists' colours known. Mr. Thomas Reeves, who was himself, we believe, an artist, opened the first artist's colour shop at the sign of the "King's Arms and Bluecoat Boy," on Holborn Bridge, in 1777. He was the inventor of cake water-colours, and the Society of Arts awarded him their silver palette, which we illustrate, in 1781. Up to that time water-colours had only been obtainable in the form of powder, which every artist had to work up for himself. Thomas Reeves took a brother into the business, but, about 1793, they separated, and the latter opened an establishment in the Strand. These are the only artist's colourmen, so far as we are aware, whose names appear in any Directories of the last century. *The Times* and other newspapers of a hundred years ago contain their advertisements, respectfully inviting the attention of the nobility and gentry to their respective merits. Eventually the two businesses were amalgamated, under the present style of Reeves & Sons, and since then the progress of the house, if uneventful, has been continuous and steady. No artist need be told their reputation, and there can be few ordinary London citizens who have not occasionally stopped, even on the busiest errand, to gaze at the ever-changing attractions exposed in the window nearly opposite Bow Church, in Cheapside. The works, where the manufacture is carried on, employing some hundreds of hands, are at Dalston.

We illustrate two clever, well-thought-out conveniences, which are among the specialities that Messrs. Reeves have produced for the benefit of artists on tour, or anywhere where the regular *impedimenta* are impossible. The first, the colour-box sketch block, is for work in water-colours,



THE COLOUR-BOX SKETCH BLOCK.

and consists of a Whatman block, 10 in. by 7 in., bound in canvas, with elastic band, and containing a goose quill sable brush, a good pencil, and piece of rubber. There is also a pocket for detached sketches. A japanned colour box



THE LAWRENCE PHILLIPS PALETTE FOR SKETCHING IN OILS.

is attached to the end of the block, containing ten half pans of water-colours, held in their places by patent spring clips. A japanned palette slides into the binding when the arrangement is closed, and takes up no extra space. When in use the palette is drawn out, and the lid of the box also forms a palette of sufficient depth for large washes. The block can be held in a sloping position while the box and palette are horizontal, as is well shown in the illustration. An oval water bottle and cup are included, the cup being attachable to the palette. The whole appliance is held on the thumb, and is not heavy.

The Lawrence Phillips palette is for sketching in oils and is the invention of Mr. Lawrence B. Phillips, F.S.A., R.P.E., supplying a means of painting out-of-doors with ease and comfort never before attained. The appliance consists of a palette and panel carrier, hinged together, as shown in the illustration. The carrier contains two panels, which can be carried wet. The whole balances perfectly in the hand, and weighs, with panels, but 8 ozs. It will easily be seen that much labour is saved by the use of a L. P. palette, as it becomes unnecessary to carry a seat or easel at all; and, as the palette can be closed set with an ample supply of colour, it is possible even to do without a colour-box. The inventor claims to have painted a large number of *finished* sketches with the sole equipment of a L. P. palette and a few brushes.

For those who prefer to work with an easel, Messrs. Reeves supply a combination sketching easel and oil-colour box for open-air painting, which folds together rapidly and neatly, occupying little space, and being convenient to carry. A word of praise should be given to the excellence of the woodwork in these appliances, a point to which Messrs. Reeves devote very special attention.

THE WALLS OF THE HOUSE.

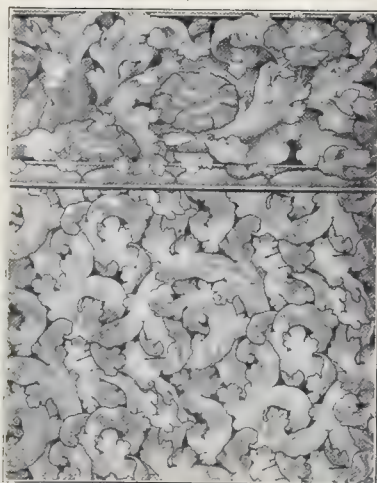
THERE is no branch of the industrial arts, as applied to domestic ornamentation, which to-day receives more attention than that of producing the coverings for our walls. Some of our best artists are devoting a large proportion of their time to the production of designs for the use of manufacturers of paper hangings, and all kinds of ingenious devices have been invented to improve the manufacture.

The earliest systems that were adopted to produce, at a moderate cost, decorative coverings to replace the tapestries and textile hangings of former times, were painting by hand and stencilling. They were followed by block printing, after which came, of course, the ordinary cheap machine printing, with which we are not here concerned to deal. The operation of printing wall papers, such as these we illustrate, from blocks is one that appears mechanically simple and easy, but it is nevertheless a true handicraft, and requires no little skill, judgment, and artistic knowledge on the part of the printer when the work is done by the English method. In France the colour mixer is the artist responsible for the result, and the printers mere living machines. Here we make every printer an artist, as in etching printing, and he is directly responsible for the mixing and matching of the tints, as well as for the accuracy of the printing. He makes or mars the beauty of the work he has in hand, according to the amount of skill and care he devotes to it; and the immense improvement in artistic treatment of the wall papers of to-day over those of not so very many years ago, sufficiently demonstrates the high technical skill that block printers have attained.

From time to time, since the Great Exhibition of 1851,



THE 'TEWKESBURY' WALL PAPER. DESIGNED BY MR. W. V. ASPEN FOR MESSRS. W. WOOLLAMS & CO.



THE 'WESTMINSTER' WALL PAPER AND FRIEZE. DESIGNED BY MR. ARTHUR SILVER FOR MESSRS. W. WOOLLAMS & CO.

we have drawn attention in THE ART JOURNAL to the productions of the house of Messrs. W. Woollams & Co., High Street, near Manchester Square, W., the original makers of non-arsenical wall papers. The few specimens which space permits us to reproduce here have been difficult to select, because of the large range of designs of high excellence which they offer to choose from, while many which are extremely beautiful are unsuitable for reproduction.

We reproduce opposite a new and beautiful design by Mr. G. C. Haité, R.B.A., called 'Westmeath,' full of refined and well-arranged decoration, admirably balanced, neither crowded nor diffuse, though it must be seen in its own colours to gain a full idea of its charm.

Mr. Voysey's design, the 'Rosebery,' was one of the most important of the firm's exhibits at Chicago, and we are glad to have the opportunity of reproducing it. It is printed in flocks which have the peculiar quality of reflecting the light in tints of varying colour and intensity according to the position from which they are seen, somewhat like shot silk but not so violent in their contrasts. These flocks are known as "Chameleon," and are made from materials wholly non-arsenical in their nature.

The process of flocking, producing sharp raised designs which look as if they had been stamped or cut out, is one of the most beautiful of the various arts of the paper-stainer. The

material is susceptible of treatment in various ways, and is very durable. The most modern and the richest outcome of this branch of the manufacture are silk flocks, and flock on silk backgrounds, of which Messrs. Woollams are exhibiting some superb examples.



THE 'ROSEBERY' WALL PAPER. DESIGNED BY MR. C. F. A. VOYSEY FOR MESSRS. W. WOOLLAMS & CO.

Mr. Arthur Silver's design 'Westminster,' illustrated on the previous page, is elegant and graceful, and looks quiet but rich, in light green with a gold ground. The 'Tewkesbury' design, by Mr. W. V. Aspen, is very interesting from



THE 'WESTMEATH' WALL PAPER. DESIGNED BY MR. G. C. HAITE, R.B.A., FOR MESSRS. W. WOOLLAMS & CO.

the fact that it is directly inspired by a fine piece of old Jacobean needlework.

In addition to modern designs and numerous fine chintz patterns, Messrs. Woollams & Co. have a large collection of wall and ceiling papers in different styles, such as 'Empire,' 'Louis-Quatorze,' 'Louis-Seize,' 'Pompeian,' 'Adam,' &c., to the purity of which they give close attention. They also have special private designs in 'Anaglypta,' and are importers of Japanese leathers.

OLD NANKIN PORCELAIN.

WHILE the taste for collecting the works of Art of the far East has existed for considerably more than one generation, it has only been within our own times that connoisseurs have been influenced by any scientific motive in forming their collections. Formerly, the collector was content to amass a certain number of miscellaneous curios, attracted to their purchase simply by their fantastic eccentricity of design and marvellous technical dexterity of manufacture. But now the modern scientific spirit leads him to attempt to classify his possessions, to learn all he can about the masters who created them, to arrange them in chronological sequence, to understand as far as possible the culture and sentiment of the highly endowed and singularly refined races that have produced them.

For the ideal connoisseur—who must be possessed of unlimited means, of unwearying patience, with the acumen of a born detective and the instincts of a true sportsman—we know of no pursuit that offers better scope for the employment

of all his especial powers than that of collecting works of Chinese or Japanese art. The difficulties with which he has to contend are unusually great, because in supplying fabrications of any particular article for which there is a demand the wily Oriental possesses no scruples, and has no equal; and, at times, the keenest European finds himself at fault.

At no time, however, has the interest in Chinese and Japanese art been stronger than at present, nor the demand for reliable specimens greater. We have pleasure in drawing attention to an important consignment of old Nankin Porcelain now on exhibition at the show-rooms of Messrs. Debenham & Freebody, in Wigmore Street, which has never been shown in this country before, having been recently imported from China by the firm.

Blue and white Nankin porcelain has been sought after in Europe for upwards of two hundred years, and was imitated by the Delft manufacturers in the eighteenth century. The collection we are noticing includes specimens of dragon,

so-called "hawthorn," and floral and figure patterns, and some of the pieces bear the maker's marks of artists who worked under the famous Ming (1426-1620 A.D.) and T'Sing (1662-1759) dynasties. The Ming dynasty was the golden age of China, when were produced those masterpieces of the ceramic art which have always been eagerly sought by collectors. Unfortunately, as we have hinted above, too much confidence must not be placed in signatures upon Chinese works of Art, and, —unless one have the knowledge of a very experienced connoisseur—it is safer to praise those qualities which one can see and enjoy without expert assistance, such as the rich cool tones, the velvety and lustrous glaze, the porcelain sonorous as a bell; than to insist upon the name of the maker. Among the plates, vases, beakers, jars and bowls comprising the collection, there are examples of the deep powder-blue, the celadon, and the crackled and other wares, but we have chosen for illustration three fine examples of the blue and white ware, which is perhaps the

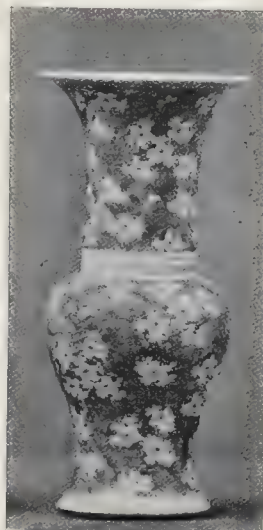


BLUE AND WHITE VASE OF NANKIN PORCELAIN. 18 in. high.

most important. The first vase illustrated has a landscape decoration, of which the effect is extremely rich and well arranged. Our second is a large and handsome vase, with a figure and floral design, daintily painted with a suggestion of light-hearted enjoyment in his work, very characteristic of the oriental artist. For the last we give an example of a beaker, painted with the famous "Hawthorn" pattern, really a kind of *prunus*, which, like the almond, blossoms before putting forth its leaves. This beaker shows Persian influence in its shape, the outcome of the intercourse between China and Persia in the seventeenth century, when the Shah, Abbas I., invited a colony of Chinese potters to settle at Ispahan. The Chinese must of necessity have the first place in every historical consideration of ceramics. They were the first workers in the world in porcelain, and were producing work of richness and variety, exhibiting the utmost skill and resource in the manipulation of their materials, at least two thousand years before the art was known in Europe.



BLUE AND WHITE VASE OF NANKIN PORCELAIN. 20 in. high.



BLUE AND WHITE BEAKER OF NANKIN PORCELAIN. "HAWTHORN," DESIGN. 18½ in. high.

Supplement to
THE ART JOURNAL,
JULY, 1895.

THE HOME OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

IT is related that an Englishman and a Frenchman were once discussing in a friendly way the difference between the colonies of their respective countries. The former asked what his friend could show on his side to compare with the lusty brood of nascent nations reared under the fostering wing of Great Britain. The Frenchman wittily replied that there was at least one colony founded by his nation which had proved an absolute success, to wit, England itself, where his countrymen had subdued the natives, established the reigning dynasty, and remained in possession ever since.

Apart, therefore, from the pastoral beauty of its country and the wonders of its mediæval architecture, Normandy, from its intimate associations with the history of his country, possesses greater interest for the Englishman than any other part of the Continent. Most people have visited the scene of the Battle of Hastings, but comparatively few have been to the places on the other side of the Channel that are associated with the name of the terrible William. Hitherto, these intensely interesting scenes have lain somewhat out of the main routes of Continental travel, and have been a little difficult of access. The London, Brighton and South Coast Railway have just inaugurated a new service which takes one direct to the heart of Normandy with the same convenience as the ordinary journey to Dieppe. As the service between

London and Caen is not yet very generally known, we have pleasure in describing it briefly here before giving a glance at the various places of interest of which Caen is the base, now brought for the first time directly into contact with London. The town of Caen lies some nine miles inland from the sea, but it so happens that the enterprising townsfolk have a navigable canal, cut, probably, for the purpose of facilitating the transport of the stone from their quarries, which have been famous from a very early period. We may mention the White Tower of the Tower of London, Canterbury and Winchester Cathedrals, Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster Abbey, and the greater portion of Windsor Castle, as having been built with stone imported from Caen. The canal has a large lock at the entrance from the sea, Ouistreham, and runs almost parallel all the way with the river Orne, which, however, is unnavigable. The distance from Newhaven to the port of Ouistreham is ninety miles, and the time occupied about five and a half hours. The London, Brighton and South Coast Railway have had two new boats, the *Calvados* and the *Trouville*, built specially for this traffic, which, owing to the navigation of the canal, is a little peculiar. They are sister vessels, each propelled by a double set of triple expansion engines attaining a speed of sixteen and a half knots per hour. We give a representation of the *Calvados* on page xx.



GENERAL VIEW OF CAEN FROM THE TOWERS OF THE ABBAYE AUX DAMES.



THE TOWER OF THE "MAISON DES GENS D'ARMES," CAEN.

Nothing likely to contribute to comfort has been forgotten in their outfit, the electric light is fitted throughout, the saloon in each is elegant and convenient, and private cabins can be engaged if required. We may add that we found both vessels excellently well behaved at sea, and the Company, desiring

to cultivate the route as much as possible by inspiring the confidence of the public, has placed them under the command of two of the most experienced captains in their cross-channel service, Captain Hartfield (*Calvados*) and Captain Hinton (*Trouville*), both well known amongst those whose engagements often call them across the "silver streak."

Arrived at Ouistreham, the lock is entered and the journey up the canal begun. On either hand are long avenues of trees, and along the bank runs a light steam tramway connecting Caen with the port. The traveller is landed in due course upon the quay at his destination, with the advantage of no troublesome change to make or new railway journey to commence. Once the convenience of this new route, the moderate nature of its fares, and the wealth of attractions which it taps are fully realised by our public, it can hardly fail, we think, to meet with extensive patronage. Caen is a town with about forty-five thousand inhabitants, and is the county town of the Département of Calvados. When we look in the records of time for chronicles of the part that it has played in history—from the days when it was a simple village of toll on a Roman road, on through the ages when William's Norman knights were gathered here for the attack on England; or, later still, when Cœur-de-Lion was summoning his subjects there to join his subjects of England in the Crusades—they must be sought in that in which Caen is above all its neighbours (except Rouen) most rich, its churches and its ruins, its abbeys and its convents.

Above everything else, its name is indissolubly associated with that of one man, the terrible name, as it afterwards became, of William II., Duke of Normandy, and later, William the Conqueror, or William I. of England. It was to his father, however, that Caen owed its birth as a city. He it was who walled it round, and set the foundation-stones to some of its churches, who organized its maritime enterprise, and who presented it to his wife as her dowry with "all its churches, fields, mills, fairs, tolls, and all dependencies." Under the rule of William, the town grew and strengthened exceedingly. He added to the fortifications, he erected towers on its bridges, he built, too, the castle on the heights above, from

which, at one and the same time, he could survey that land of which he had become King, and that Dukedom in which he had so many turbulent subjects—subjects who, ere long, were, by their refractoriness and leaguings with the French King, to cause his death.

To properly see the sights of Caen requires at least two days, and its churches and quays, its riverside walks and proximity to the sea make it a place where one's stay can be indefinitely prolonged. There are fifteen churches, a castle, an Art Gallery (of which the gem is Perugino's 'Marriage of the Virgin'), the Hôtel Dieu, founded by Henry I. of England, a Bibliothèque with 80,000 volumes, and numerous other buildings of historical and archaeological interest. Of quaint gateways, of gabled houses, of houses in wood which have stood firm while the centuries themselves have "grown old and been forgotten," there are numbers; gateways behind which murder has been done, and under which dukes, princes, and kings have ridden; houses in which celebrities have been born, and lived, and died—for, of celebrities, Caen has had its full share. Auber was born here, as was De Brieux, and also Malherbe, the poet, who has too often been confused with Malesherbes. And here, an outcast from his own land, and after he had lost his consulate at Calais, poor and neglected, died Beau Brummel, the whilom friend of George IV., and the once-noted *beau* of the Regency. We have not the space to describe fully the various attractions of the place; indeed, whole articles may be devoted to several of the churches alone, neither is there any need for us to enter into details which the guide-books (and there are several excellent ones obtainable) more suitably supply. We will content ourselves



THE ABSIDE OF ST. PIERRE, CAEN.



Abbaye aux Hommes

with a few remarks about our illustrations, and we will suppose that the visitor has selected an hotel in a central street, such as the Rue St. Jean, or the Rue Ecuyère. At the Hôtel Ste. Barbe, in the latter, we found English customs so well understood that it was even possible to obtain a cup of drinkable tea.

The most important church in the town is the Église St. Etienne, or Abbaye aux Hommes. It was commenced in 1064 by William to propitiate the Pope for his marriage with his kinswoman, Matilda of Flanders. It was consecrated in 1077, and received its founder's remains in 1087. After his life of toil and stress, William slept here quietly enough until 1562, when the Huguenots ravaged the church and scattered his remains, and though his grave is still there, all that remains of the great Conqueror is one bone preserved under a marble stone. Our illustration gives some idea of the grand Norman simplicity and magnificent proportions of this church, one of the finest in Normandy, which would appear to even better advantage if the old convent, now turned into the Lycée of the town, had not been built up so close to it on the left.

L'Église de la Trinité, or Abbaye aux Dames, was founded in 1062 by Queen Matilda, and her tomb stands in the middle of the chancel. Our general view of the town is taken from one of the towers of this splendid edifice.

Another architectural masterpiece is the Église St. Pierre, in the centre of the town, the fine abside and spire of which we illustrate. The turret of the apse and the chapels are Renaissance, but the general construction of the abside is Gothic. This work has immortalised the architect, Hector Sohier, who commenced it in 1521. Another fine church is St. Sauveur, in the Rue St. Pierre. It is full of lovely architectural detail, possessing a double nave with oak roofs, one abside being attributed to Hector Sohier, and the other to

some architect in the latter half of the fifteenth century. The spire is even more elegant than that of St. Pierre.

Of the ruined churches by far the most interesting is St. Etienne le Vieux, also founded by the Conqueror. Built in the purest style of Norman architecture, there is no reason why it should not have lasted as well as its contemporaries, but, unfortunately, it met with rough treatment in the wars of our English Henry V., who directed his artillery against its great doors and walls, and the marks may still be seen upon the principal doorway. Though his son, the peaceful Henry VI., did in some way, and to the extent of one hundred livres, partly repair the injuries of his father, St. Etienne le Vieux never recovered the attacks it had received in earlier days. The ruin is now complete, but even in its desolation it is beautiful with the beauty of death. Still, however, one can enjoy the spouting gargoyles, the great rose window with its delicate tracery, its pilasters and bending arches, in spite of the marks of the English cannon, and the smaller ones left by the revolutionists who made a target for their carbines of the doorway. The groined arches and fan tracery are now utilised as a carpenter's storehouse. We give also a representation of the tower of the "Maison des Gens d'Armes," a fine old fifteenth-century mansion about half a mile out of the town.

As examples of the pleasant day-trips which can be made from Caen we may instance Falaise and Bayeux. Falaise is nearly two hours' journey by rail, involving a change at Coulbœuf. Its chief attraction is the castle, which we illustrate overleaf, and it is probably as rich in historical associations as any building of its kind in the world. Here dwelt Duke Robert le Diable, father of William, and the concierge shows the very window from which it is said he looked down and first saw Arlette, William's mother, washing clothes in the

stream below. The village women still use the stream for this purpose, just as they did eight hundred odd years ago. One is shown the chamber where William was born, on the walls of which is to be read in French a curious—and, as it seemed to us, unnecessary—vindication of his character; also the dungeon where King John, who often resided here, kept poor little Prince Arthur, whom Shakespeare has immortalised, a close prisoner. There are other horrible dungeons and “oubliettes,” and a well of enormous depth in the Tour Talbot, the round tower on the

right, built by the governor left by Henry V. of England, who took the place after a heroic resistance in 1417. It changed hands several times in the great mediæval religious wars, being finally taken by Henry IV. of France in 1590, and the breach where his troops entered can still be seen, and has never been repaired.

By the way, it is a little disconcerting to find oneself in a country where ancient Norman blood is by no means the distinction that we are accustomed to consider it. A good story is told concerning the visit of a certain English duchess who discovered a poor relation at Falaise. Her ladyship manifested the keenest interest in the castle and its associations, explaining to the concierge, the reason that she herself was a descendant of William the Conqueror.

To this the concierge at once replied, with a bow, “*Et moi aussi, madame !*”

At Bayeux, the chief objects of interest are the Cathedral, commenced in the middle of the thirteenth century, and the unique tapestry of Queen Matilda in the Musée. This latter is said to have been the work of the Queen and her maids of honour, and commemorates the whole of the incidents which led up to the Conquest of England. It has a length of about 84 yards by 19½ inches high, and contains fifty-eight tableaux ending of course with the Battle of Hastings.

Whether the work of the Queen herself or not, it is certainly of almost contemporary age, and it is difficult to imagine the English visitor who cannot spend a delightful hour in examining an historical document of such interest and importance.

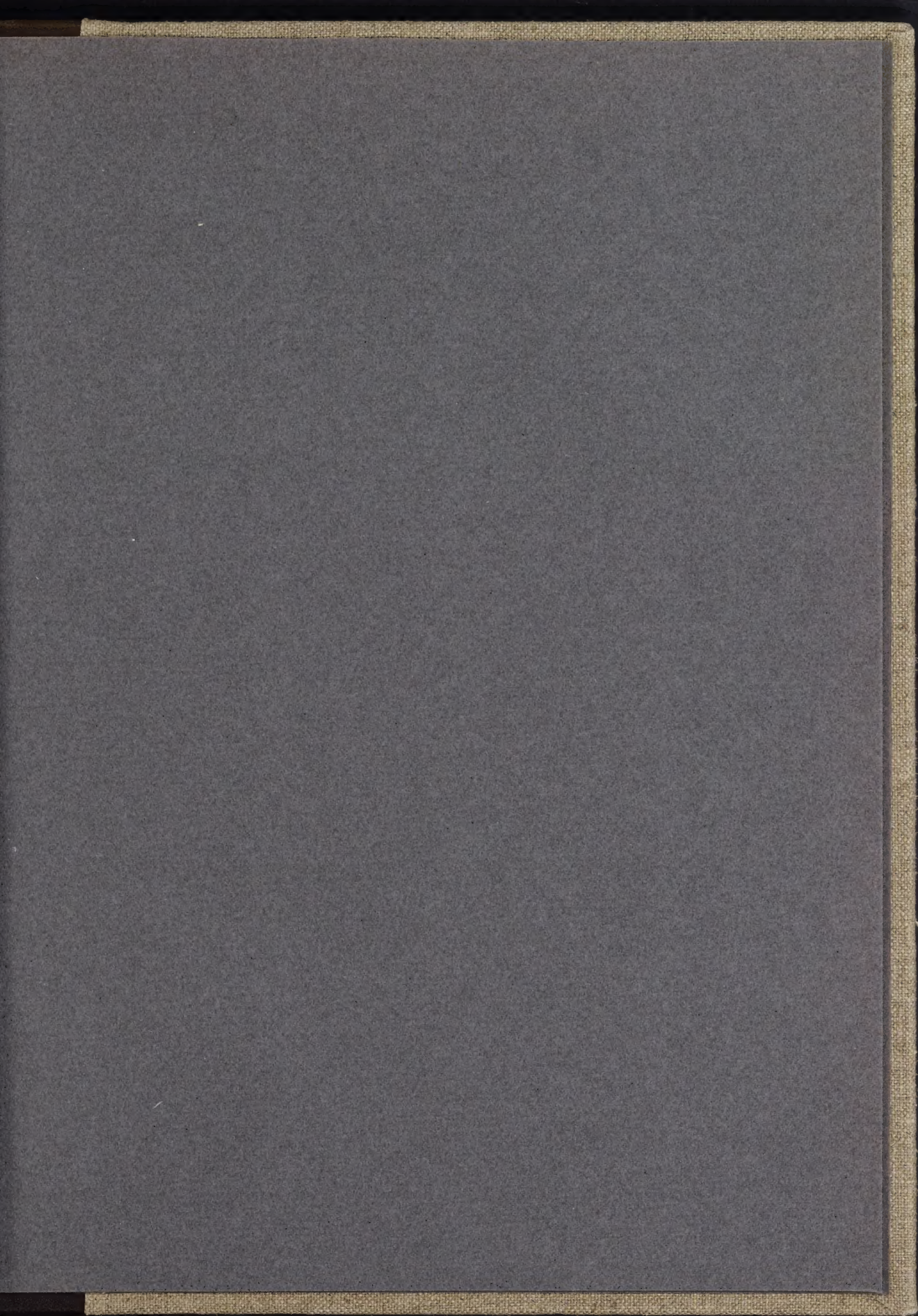
There are many other places of interest which may be reached from Caen, but we must conclude with a reference to the social life of the place, the band which plays in the pleasant Place de la République, the excellent Theatre, and the Café Concerts; these resources of modern civilisation are not without their attraction to holiday-makers. One leaves the old-world streets, the chestnut-lined squares, the superb churches of Caen with regret, and with a determination to return and still further investigate the objects of interest for which a brief visit only serves to whet the appetite.



THE CASTLE OF FALAISE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.



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